This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

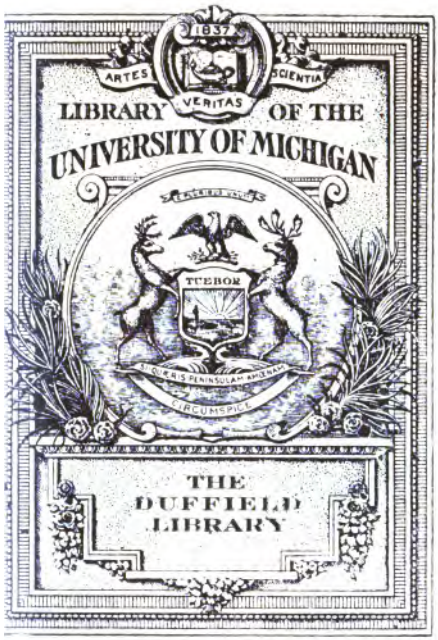
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 700,630



THE GIFT OF
THE TAPPAN PRESBY-
TERIAN ASSOCIATION

808.5
K59
1834

808.5
K59
1834

AN

ESSAY ON ELOCUTION,

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

AND

PRIVATE LEARNERS.

BY SAMUEL KIRKHAM,

Author of "English Grammar in familiar Lectures."

The manner of speaking is as important as the matter —*Chesterfield.*

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

BALTIMORE:

JOHN W. WOODS, PRINTER,

No. 1, N. Calvert street.

1834.

Tappan Presbyterian Association
LIBRARY.

Presented by HON. D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD,
From Library of Rev. Geo. Duffield, D.D.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by SAMUEL KIRKHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

808.5
K59
1834

PREFACE.

A PREFACE is to the reader, what a fence is to a horse, when it obstructs his progress to a field of sprouting herbage, which he considers himself justifiable to enter by leaping over the barrier. The reader wades through a long preface with as much reluctance, as he would pass through the ordeal of a ceremonious introduction to a large assemblage of guests, when invited to dine with a stranger. This repugnance to preface-reading, doubtless arises out of the fact, that prefaces are generally dull, and often but the prelude to a still duller book.

To the author, a preface is considered as privileged ground. Upon this arena, he deems himself at liberty to act without restraint—to tyrannise over the time and patience of his reader, by giving a loose rein to his fancy, and by pursuing a course as wayward and foreign to the subject before him as either his pedantry or his vanity may dictate. In the after pages of his work, he considers himself under obligation occasionally to cast a sidelong glance at the subject he is professing to discuss, and to pay some little respect to the laws of unity, and to a systematick arrangement of his thoughts. We cannot, therefore, but admire this bountiful provision secured to him by the power of custom, by which provision he is allowed, after having toiled through the tedious task of manufacturing a ponderous volume, here to throw off the shackles, and revel over this licensed corner of his field, and become as familiar, and egotistical, and inane, as his conscience and his common sense will permit. But it might be well for some writers (myself included, undoubtedly) to consider that custom is a

fickle dame, and that reason is not always found in alliance with her.

On this subject, however, custom has not been so parsimonious as to confine her liberality exclusively to the author. If she has granted him the privilege of being dull and prolix in his preface, she has as obligingly favoured the reader with the privilege of escaping from his *prefatory* dullness and prolixity, by *skipping over* them, and by commencing at the proper beginning of his book. And now, with becoming candour, I announce to my very gentle reader, that if he begins to grow weary of my own prosing, I shall not deem it unkind or uncourteous in him, should he avail himself of his privilege by breaking off at the close of this sentence, and by turning over to the pages which follow this my prelusive disemboguement; for, on the score of prolixity, I do not hold myself bound, under cover of my privilege, to show him any mercy. I have on hand a bundle of disorderly and incoherent ideas which are quite clamorous to be released from bondage; and being very conscientious, and compassionate withal, I seldom have the hardihood to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the distressed. It is, therefore, altogether for the purpose of fulfilling a moral duty, that I give these fugitives their freedom, and allot them a place in this, the most suitable, part of my work.

Prefaces generally open with a stupid *apology* for the sin of boring the publick with another book. But a book should be its own and its only apologist. If it is well written, and its subject is important, it needs no apology; but if the reverse—if its manufacturer has arrogated to himself the dignity and responsibility of authorship without considering whether he is able to manage his subject in a more masterly manner than his predecessors have done, or even if he has deceived himself in his estimate of his own abilities, an apology, so far from shielding him from rebuke for

his daring perpetrations with pen and ink, will but serve as so much dead weight to sink still lower his drowning cause.

An apology is generally deemed a mark of modesty in an author; but whether he render in this token of diffidence as an atonement for the transgression of thrusting himself between his predecessors and the publick, or whether he boldly assert his superiority over them, is of little moment; for, by the very act of writing and publishing, he *assumes* such superiority.

Of all the "labours done under the sun," the labours of the *pen* meet with the poorest reward. Even in this age of much light and more reading, an author is often compelled to live on short allowance, and trudge on foot, whilst his more fortunate bookseller revels in luxury, and rolls along in his coach. An ignorant fellow may easily grow rich by selling almanacks, tape, toys, turnips, and teakettles, where a talented author would starve.

Writers of dull books, however, if patronised at all, are rewarded beyond their deserts. We are under no obligation to sympathize with those authors who have "passed their nights without sleep, in order to procure it for their readers." The cumbrous labours of such men prove unavailing, from an apparently trifling difference of opinion between them and the world which they attempt to enlighten. With an honest zeal they maintain, that their productions are brilliant, but the world perversely denounces them as execrable: and thus, merely by being *outvoted*, their ponderous tomes soon lumber down into the tomb of forgetfulness. As in raising grain, the quantity of sound wheat is diminished by a rank growth of the straw, so, in the production of books, the amount of solid information they contain, seems to decrease in proportion to the fecundity of the crop.

By reflecting upon the pains and penalties of book-mak-

ing, and the deplorable fate which awaits the vast majority who join the *craft*, one might naturally conclude, that the experiment of authorship has become so hazardous as to deter fresh adventurers from entering the field; but such a conclusion is so far from being justified by facts, that it would seem as if the number of authors were increased in a ratio, corresponding with the increase of the difficulties and dangers which beset their path. Indeed, in modern times, authorship has become a mania, or, perhaps I should say, an epidemick, which appears to be infectious, and which threatens to inundate our land, and leave it encumbered with sand and rubbish.

To the no small annoyance of the community, this alarming malady has particularly affected the honourable fraternity of teachers; and thereby plunged many a thriving family into deep—mystification and doubt. When one of them happens to blunder on to the track of a straggling idea that he deems unique, or to get hold of a foolish conceit, or a new-fangled notion, every intellectual current in his cranium runs riot, and gives him no rest, until he has it written out and—*printed*. Hence, the onerous amount of maudlin abortions in the shape of *school-books* which is annually disgorged from the press. Without once taking into consideration the enormous difference between carping at the deficiencies, and condemning the faults, of others, and that of *avoiding faults* and *supplying deficiencies*, and, losing sight, also, of the important truism, that knowledge derived from experience, in order to subserve any useful purpose either in authorship, or in its application to business, must be drawn from *successful* experience, many of these book-mongers seem to take it for granted, that, to be able to raise plausible objections to the books that have fallen in their way, and to profess experience in teaching a particular science, constitute the grand climacterick of all that is re-

quisite in order to form a successful *writer* upon that science. But it is not the man who has merely *taught*, or who has taught *long*, or who is able to point out *defects* in authors, that is capable of enlightening the world in the respective sciences which have engaged his attention; but the man who has taught *well*. It is the man of genius and enterprise, he who has brought to the task of his calling uncommon powers of discrimination and a sound judgment, and whose ambition has led him, not to rest satisfied with following the tedious routine of his predecessors, but to strike out a new and a better track, or, at least, to render smoother and brighter the path long trodden. It is to such men, and such only, that we are indebted for all our great improvements in the construction of elementary works for schools and private learners.

Book-makers are too often like office-seekers, who first procure the place, and then bethink themselves of the qualifications necessary to the discharge of its duties. They too frequently set down merely to make a book, without considering, either the importance of the undertaking, or whether they possess the qualifications requisite for its successful accomplishment. But the course pursued by such writers, is as evidently inverted as that which would induce one to read a discourse backwards, or to commence a speech with the peroration, and close it with the exordium, or to attempt to discover the sources of the Nile, by strolling down the banks of the Scamander. There is not, perhaps, a more prevalent and mischievous errour than that which supposes the writers of bad books to be an innocent set of beings, who do little or no harm, unless, indeed, it is that which imagines that the authors of good books, are generally rewarded according to their merit. Bad books are like bad medicines, which, when they do no good, are sure to produce ill effects. If bad books were

entirely neutral, they would, of course, have no evil tendency; but the misfortune is, they are much read, and lead their unfortunate votaries into errour. One who is pursuing the path of errour, is certainly farther from truth than he was before he set out, for it leads directly from her temple; and before he can enter this temple, he has to retrace his steps.

But does not the *publick* always discriminate between merit and demerit, and distribute its rewards accordingly? Far from it. The publick is, indeed, a potent umpire, and one that opens a liberal purse to its *favourites;* but to its greatest *benefactors*, it generally proves a heartless tyrant, by taking care, that they shall first be duly starved to death, and then handed over to posterity for their rewards, which come in the shape of monuments, reared to perpetuate their memories.

The truth is, the general mass are not proper judges of books. Hence, their liability to be gulled. How often are they robbed of their time, by poring over pages of trifling, inane, and uninstructive matter—to the perversion of their taste and the debasement of their minds—when this mispent time, were it devoted to the perusal of works filled with sound sense and solid instruction, would afford them an intellectual banquet from which they might arise with minds refreshed and richly stored with that wisdom which adorns and dignifies human nature, elevates man to his proper rank in the scale of being, and qualifies him to fulfil, with honour and usefulness, his various offices in life.

But *school-books*, more especially, as they fall into the hands of children and youth—of such as peculiarly need lights to guide them, and encouragements to excite them, when defective or erroneous, are more pernicious than any others; for they prove either false guides, which lead their readers astray, or no guides, which leave them in darkness.

Hence, such books are worse than no books. What, then, is to be done, in order to avert the evil influence of bad books—an evil which has been rapidly increasing ever since Cadmus had the kindness to invent letters?—If this evil cannot be remedied, surely it may be easily retarded in its progress. Let parents, and guardians, and publick functionaries, at once set themselves at work to elevate the profession of *school-keeping* to the rank and dignity of the *other*, less important, learned professions, by increasing the salaries of instructers, so much as to enlist in this noble calling none but men of genuine talents and truly liberal acquirements, and, not only will bad books soon hide their diminished heads, but the youth of our country will receive *twice* as good an education as they now do, at a *less expense*, because, in a *far shorter time.*

When we reflect upon the mighty influence which early impressions have over the minds and conduct of men, the importance of putting good books into the hands of the young, as well as, of giving them proper, oral instructions, presents itself with increased magnitude. Errours imbibed in early life, are seldom rooted out in riper years. As a mere pebble may turn the course of a stream at the fountain-head, so, a virtuous hint, or a poisonous errour, instilled into the mind of a youth, may not only influence his career through this life, by directing him into the path of honour and usefulness, or by leading him into the road of infamy and disgrace, but its influence may extend to his well or ill being through the endless ages of eternity.

It may be justly said, that teachers and authors, in no small degree, preside over the destinies of a free people. According to the bias which they give to the minds of those who receive instructions from them, they either exalt or lower the dignity of a nation. How high a meed of praise, then, does he merit, whose labours are successful in im-

proving our systems of learning in such a manner as to give a new impetus to the intellectual energies of the rising generation! The seeds of knowledge which he sows, will be continually springing up in a more and more genial soil, as generation succeeds generation, and will produce more and more abundantly those luxuriant germs of liberty and science which adorn, and beautify, and polish, and exalt a free people. The benefits of his labours will shine forth with increasing lustre through those brilliant geniuses who will hereafter arise and pour fresh floods of light into the moral world—streams that will blaze along the track of time, bearing light and glory down to the remotest posterity.

When we take into consideration the vast and growing resources of our country, and associate them with the intellectual advancement she has already made, it may not be altogether forlorn to hope, nor chimerical to suppose, that the day is not remote in which the attention of our statesmen, and publick functionaries generally, will be more singly directed to the all-important object of raising our literary character to a far loftier height than has hitherto been attained by any nation. In such a day of prosperity as this, when it has become a moot point of national legislation how to dispose of *surplus revenue*—when the highest honours and rewards await the man of genius and scientifick enterprise, what but enlightened views and liberal measures can prevent literary, and scientifick, and political, and religious knowledge, from soon flowing through our land in channels broad and deep—knowledge, pure as the mountain rill, abundant as the waters of the ocean? What but the want of such views and such measures, can prevent this republick from soon raising a literary, as well as a political, standard that shall wave as a proud beacon to all the nations of the earth? I must confess my unwillingness to abandon the hope, that, to us such a day of national prosperity and lite-

rary pre-eminence is rapidly rolling on—a day in which our statesmen will become far more enlightened and liberalized; when talented authors will be more substantially encouraged; the profession of teaching, elevated; and bad books, discarded; when our national dignity, rising in its literary greatness, will shed an undying halo of glory around our political horizon; when our publick institutions will extend their civilizing, and humanizing, and christianizing influence over every island, sea, and mountain, and penetrate the remotest corners of the earth—a day in which Europe, Asia, and Africa, will thankfully look up to her for light and direction, and be proud to imitate her noble example—an era of literary redemption, and the advent of science, in which national prejudices will be overthrown, national animosities, trampled down, national restrictions, rescinded, and the sons of science rise up in every republick, and kingdom, and country, and hold communion at the fountain of Apollo—in short, a literary millennium, in which the Alps will salute the Alleganies, the Himalayas will make obeisance to the Andes, the Niger, the Volga, the Ganges, and the Nile, will claim kindred with the Columbia, the Mississippi, and the Colorado, and the waters of the Caspian and of the Superiour, will rise up and embrace each other.

Courteous reader, lest, by this time, you may think me inclined to be garrulous, if not *flighty*, upon topicks quite foreign to the subject before me, I will now put a bridle upon my wayward thoughts, and lead them directly into the channel marked out for preface-makers by the good old rules of criticism. Possibly the following pages will justify the conclusion, that the author of them does not possess the qualifications which he has prescribed as indispensable to the successful writer; and that, whilst he deals out his censures to others with an unsparing hand, he is himself

guilty of greater faults than those he condemns. Every one knows how much easier it is to point out faults, than to produce original excellencies. But whatever may be the defects of the work now merging into being, as author and compiler of it, I have one strong consolation, which is, that its utility will not depend alone on the efforts of my own talents. If the pages *penned by myself*, present little that is new and useful, a redeeming virtue may be claimed, by presenting *in those which follow*, much that has been long tried in the crucible of criticism, and which, like pure gold, has been found always to grow brighter by the process of refining.

It may not be altogether inappropriate, in passing, for me to explain the grounds on which is based the presumption of my coming forward to enrol my humble name upon the list of authors on Elocution. It is well known, that, but a few years ago, the tide of grammatical science, as it pertains to the English language, was at a very low ebb in our country, as well as in Great Britain. What the efforts of a few individuals have since done to swell this tide, and conduct it into the humblest walks of life, is equally known. Among those who have successfully laboured in the philological field, Mr. Lindley Murray stands forth in bold relief, undeniably at the head of the list. That the writer's own labours in the same field, have also contributed, in some degree, to effect that great revolution which has recently taken place in regard to the cultivation of grammatical science, and which so highly redounds to the honour and glory of the age in which we live, he is proud to believe. Since the days of Lowth, no other work on grammar, Murray's only excepted, has been so favourably received by the publick as his own.

As one proof of this he would mention, that within the last *six years*, it has passed through *fifty editions*. By its

unfolding, and explaining, and applying the principles of grammar, it has brought this hitherto abstruse science within the reach of the humblest capacity, and thereby encouraged thousands, and tens of thousands, to acquire a knowledge of this important branch of learning, who, otherwise, would have passed it by with neglect.

In the interiour of Pennsylvania and the State of New-York, in the Western States, in the lower regions of the vast valley of the Mississippi, and in many other sections of our country into which the author's work has penetrated, and become the general text-book in grammar, the number of those who are now successfully cultivating a knowledge of this science, is nearly or quite *twice as great* as it was before his treatise was introduced; and in many neighbourhoods, it has more than *quadrupled.* This flattering success, then, of his first essay in authorship, has encouraged him to adventure upon another branch of science which, for some years past, has particularly engaged his attention. That he is capable of doing ample justice to his present subject, he has not the vanity to imagine; but if his knowledge drawn from observation, and experience in teaching elocution, enable him so to treat the science as to call the attention of some to its cultivation, and induce others more capable than himself to write upon it, he will thereby contribute his mite towards rescuing from neglect a branch of learning which, in its important bearings upon the prosperity of the free citizens of this great republick, stands second to none: and thus, in the consciousness of having rendered a new service to his country, he will secure the reward of his highest ambition. Should this first edition be at all greeted by the friends of science, he will endeavour to improve his work, and ultimately send it forth with less imperfections resting upon its head.

Some may think, that, in a few instances, the author has taken an undue liberty with the *style* of the writers whose

labours he has appropriated. But when it is considered, that this work is designed chiefly to be read in schools, where grammatical improprieties would be extremely injurious to the germinating taste of the young reader, it will doubtless be conceded, that the sacrilege of disturbing the monuments of the dead—the profanation of removing a little of the rust and rubbish which adhere to the precious gems of an antiquated, or even of a modern, author, is, on the whole, a lighter transgression than either to neglect to furnish the rich banquet, or to get it up in a slovenly manner.

The scientifick portion of this manual, is far more defective than it would have been, had not the author, since making arrangements for publishing it, been prevented, by unfavourable, unforeseen, and uncontrollable circumstances, from devoting half that time and attention to its composition and arrangement, which even a tolerable degree of excellence in execution, required. His highest aim has been to treat the subject briefly and *practically;* and thereby to render his work *useful* to such as have but little leisure to devote to this science.

In the selected part, he has endeavoured to present such pieces as are calculated to cultivate the taste, enlighten the understanding, improve the judgment, and establish the morals of the young, and, at the same time, to inspire them with a fondness for reading, and a desire to excel in the science of elocution.

In conclusion, it affords the author no small degree of pleasure to acknowledge the obligation he is under to Dr. James Rush, who, with a liberality peculiar to superiour minds, and a courtesy exercised only by accomplished men, tendered to the author, in the compilation and arrangement of his work, such a use of his own, admirable treatise on the "Philosophy of the Human Voice," as he might think proper to make. This remark will sufficiently explain to the reader, the grounds of that *license* by which the author has drawn so many of his best materials from the rich depository alluded to.*

* It is the design of the Author to publish, in the course of a year or two, a Sequel to this work, and soon to follow that by a treatise on Rhetorick.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—ELOCUTION.

	Page
Elocution—Introduction,	19
Articulation,	25
Distinctness,	26, 27, 28
Of the Elementary sounds,	29
Of the Radical and Vanishing movements of the voice,	31
Of the Tonick, Subtonick, and Atonick elements,	32
Diphthongs and Monothongs,	33
Theory of Syllabication,	34
Of the unaccented Vowel sounds—defects in exploding them,	40, 41
Of the Consonant sounds,	42
Errour of blending syllables,	45
Pronunciation of AND,	47
Suppression and perversion of elementary sounds to be guarded against,	49
Affected pronunciation of particular vowels,	49 to 52
Of Tones and Modulation,	59 to 72
Semitone, Monotone,	60
Interval, Qualities of voice, Abruptness, Pitch,	61
Diatonick Scale, Note, Tone, Concrete and Discrete Slides, Radical Pitch,	61, 62, 75
Tones—Modulation,	64
Errours in regard to Pitch and Tones—Affected Tones,	67 to 69
Errours in Modulation—Monotony,	71
Artificial—Uniform Variety,	71, 72
Inflections of the voice, Circumflex, Concrete Slides,	75
Rising Inflection or Slide, of a third, fifth, and octave,	77
Falling Inflection,	77
Rules for the Inflections,	82 to 98
A Series—Simple, Compound, &c.	93 to 98
Rules for the Simple Series,	93
Rules for the Compound do.	97
Rules for Series of Series,	98
Wrong Inflection capable of perverting the sense,	100
Circumflex or Wave,	104
Single and Double Wave, Continued, Equal, Direct, &c.	105, 106
Analysis of Force,	113, 115
Radical Stress,	115
Vanishing, Compound, and Median Stress,	116
Accent—Aspirate elements,	117, 118
Emphasis—General Rule,	119, 120
Do. Simple and Compound,	124
Do. Superiour and Inferiour,	125
Emphasis of Radical and Vanishing Stress,	127
Emphatick Inflections,	128
The Meaning of a passage dependant on Emphasis,	129
Of Time,	134
Of Quantity,	136
Of Rhetorical Pauses,	138 to 140
Of the Emphatick Pause,	141
Of Poetry and Versification,	142
Blank Verse, Poetick Feet,	142
Manner of reading Poetry—Poetick Pauses,	144
On reading Blank Verse,	145
Cæsural Pause,	146
Rhetorical Action,	151
General hints to the reader and the speaker,	155
Hints on Pulpit Eloquence,	157

PART II.—SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

	Page
Paragraphs in Prose,	159
Manner of Reading do.	159
Alexander Hamilton, *Webster*,	162
Eloquence of Daniel Webster,	163
Moral Sentiments,	164
Paragraphs in Verse,	165
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin, *Dr. Leyden*,	166
Parting of Zal and Hinda, *Moore*,	167
A Dirge, *Croly*,	168
Hamlet's Reflections on Yorick's Skull, *Shakspeare*,	169
Reflections on the Tomb of Shakspeare, *Irving*,	169
On Studies, *Lord Bacon*,	170
Liberty and Slavery, *Sterne*,	172
On the Starry Heavens, *Flint*,	173
Scenes in Italy, *Lady Morgan*,	176
Affection for the Dead, *Irving*,	177
Character of Bonaparte, *Phillips*,	179
Speech—Bunker-Hill Monument, *Webster*,	182
Hezekiah, King of Judah, *Gleig*,	183
Destruction of Sennacherib's Army, *Byron*,	186
Psalm 137,	187
Version of the same, *Barlow*,	187
Version of the same, *Byron*,	188
Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy on Ambition, *Shakspeare*,	189
Wolsey's Address to Cromwell, *Shakspeare*,	189
Hohenlinden, *Campbell*,	190
The Burial of Sir John Moore, *Wolfe*,	191
Messiah, *Pope*,	192
On receiving his Mother's Picture, *Cowper*,	195
Man was made to Mourn, a Dirge, *Burns*,	198
To the Skies, *Bryant*,	200
Musick of the Ocean, *National Gazette*,	201
The Ocean at the Resurrection Morn, *Pollock*,	202
Address to the Ocean, *Byron*,	204
Colloquial Powers of Doctor Franklin, *Wirt*,	207
Intellectual Qualities of Milton, *Channing*,	208
Hamlet's Advice to the Players, *Shakspeare*,	210
Efficacy of the Sacred Scriptures, *Wayland*,	211
St. John, chapter 9,	214
Industry necessary to the Attainment of Eloquence, *Ware*,	216
On Eloquence, *Wirt*,	218
Caspar Hauser,	221, 224, 230
Traits of Indian Character, *Irving*,	240, 243
Speech of Logan, *Jefferson*,	247
Speech of Farmer's Brother,	248
Red Jacket, *Halleck*,	249
Psalm 90,	251
Version of the same, *Watts*,	252
St. John, chapter 12,	253
Version of the same, *Moore*,	253
There's nothing true but Heaven, *Moore*,	254
Secret Devotion, *Moore*,	254
The Soul in Eternity, *Byron*,	255
Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on Sleep, *Shakspeare*,	255
Apostrophe to Light, *Milton*,	256
Darkness, *Byron*,	257
Lochiel's Warning, *Campbell*,	259
Gray's Elegy,	261
Stanzas, *Dr. Percival*,	264
Dedications, *Lord Bacon*,	266
Reflections on Westminster Abbey, *Addison*,	267
Reflections on do. *Irving*,	269
On Subscribing for Books, *Flint*,	272
On Natural and Fantastical Pleasures, *Guardian*,	274
Thoughts on Death, *Bacon*,	277
On Ugly Women,	281, 284
Philosophy of Apparitions, *Quarterly Review*,	288, 291
Perpetuity of the Church, *Dr. Mason*,	294
Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, *Dr. Johnson*,	296
Rolla's Speech to the Peruvians, *Sheridan*,	297
Speech of Caius Marius to the Romans,	298

Reply of Mr. Pitt to Walpole, 301
On the Death of Gen. Hamilton, *Dr. Nott*, 302
Webster's Speech in reply to Hayne, 304
The Broken Heart, *Irving*, 307
Speech of Robert Emmet, 309
Brutus' Harangue on the Death of Cesar, *Shakspeare*, 314
Antony's Oration over Cesar's Dead Body, *Shakspeare*, 315
Speech of Henry the Fifth, *Shakspeare*, 317
Parting of the Three Indian Friends, *Moore*, 318
The Sailor Boy's Dream, 319
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death, *Shakspeare*, 320
Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul, *Addison*, 321
The Dying Christian to his Soul, *Pope*, 322
The Alhambra by Moonlight, *Irving*, 323
Moslem Domination in Spain, *Irving*, 324
Thoughts on Hand-Writing, *Verplanck*, 327
The Monk, *Sterne*, 332
Story of Le Fever, *Sterne*, 334

KEY

To the Characters Employed in this Work.

The Falling Inflection of the voice is indicated by the grave accent: thus, - - - - - - \
The Rising Inflection, by the acute accent: - - - /
The Circumflex or Wave, by the circumflex: - - - ^
A tonick or vowel sound that is to be *prolonged*, by this character – placed over the vowel: thus, - - - ā ē ī ō ū
A short vowel sound, by this ˘ placed over the vowel: thus, ă ĕ ĭ ŏ ŭ
The shortest Rhetorical Pause, by *two* dots: (. .) - - . .
A longer Rhetorical Pause, by *three:* (. . .) - - . . .
A longer still, by *four:* (. . . .) - - - - . . . .
Words *italicised*, are to receive a moderate degree of emphatick force; as, - - - - - - *man*
Words in SMALL CAPITALS, a higher degree of the same: MAN
Words in CAPITALS, a degree still higher: - - MAN

IN PART II.

The Figured Vowels employed in pronouncing words at the bottom of the pages, are used in accordance with Mr. Walker's Key, as adopted in Cobb's Dictionary: thus,

Fāte, fär, fâll, făt—mē, mĕt,—pīne, pĭn—nō, mŏve, nŏr, nŏt—tūbe, tŭb, bûll—ôil—pôund—*th*in, THis.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The twelve *additional* pages, together with the *enlargement* of each page, contained in this edition, cause it to embrace, at least, *fifty pages more matter* than the first edition. It is believed, also, that the *improvements* in this edition, will be found to bear a proportion corresponding with the enlargement.

ADDRESS TO TEACHERS.

On a preceding page, the author has intimated, that most instructers are lamentably deficient in their knowledge of elocution. The reproach contained in this allusion, was not levelled solely at teachers. That they are both guilty and amenable for *all* their pedagogical sins of omission, the author can hardly be so uncharitable as to believe. In their laudable and laborious calling, he is aware that they have many difficulties to contend with, many obstacles to surmount, many evils to encounter. Among these might be mentioned, bad books, perverse children, ignorant parents, and *lean salaries*. It is not, therefore, reasonable to expect, that, whilst their means and opportunities are thus utterly inadequate to such a task, teachers can accomplish every thing which the enlightened and liberally-minded desire to see gained by the noble business of instructing.

But notwithstanding all that may be said in extenuation of the defects and negligences of teachers, the dignity and usefulness of their high calling, mainly depend upon themselves. If they choose to elevate their profession, by acting in concert, they have the power to do it. It behooves all, then, who are thus devoted to the best interests of their fellow-beings, to look well to their qualifications and their doings, and to see if there is not yet left room for improvement.

It is not the author's object either to dogmatize, or to sermonize, to a class of men in which many are to be found with whose names he would deem it a high honour to be permitted to associate his own as an equal; but he is anxious, if possible, to point a remark that will excite a spirit of emulation among the spiritless, of ambition in the unambitious, and awaken all to a sense of the high responsibilities of their calling, and of the undying honours which will hallow the fame of those who excel in it. In accordance with this object, he begs leave to call the attention of teachers to the small work which he now presents to the publick, and to themselves in particular; and, at the same time, without arrogance or fawning sycophancy, to express a hope, that it will be found worthy to occupy a place as a class-book in schools, and travel the rounds of usefulness as the relative and fellow-companion of "English Grammar in familiar Lectures"—in reference to the extraordinary and unexpected success of which work, he may doubtless be permitted emphatically to say with Prospero, "your breath has filled my sails."

*** All necessary directions in regard to the method of teaching from this manual, will be found where they ought to be—*dispersed through the pages of the work*.—It may be added, that the selected portion of this work, will be found a suitable accompaniment of his Grammar, as a convenient and useful set of EXERCISES IN PARSING. In order to adapt them to this purpose, the author has taken much pains to correct them, and render them grammatical.

S. KIRKHAM.

Baltimore, July 26, 1833.

PART I.

ESSAY ON ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION treats of the just pronunciation of words arranged into sentences, and forming a discourse, and is here employed as synonymous with *enunciation*, or *delivery*.

Pronunciation may be considered in a twofold light. When applied to the correct sounds given to single letters or single words without reference to their mutual dependence on each other, it is styled *Orthoepy;* but when extended to the just enunciation of words arranged into sentences, and depending on each other for sense, it is called *Elocution.*

Elocution, in its most extensive sense, develops a set of principles, and lays down a system of rules, which teach us to pronounce, either extemporaneous thoughts, or written composition, with justness, energy, variety, and ease. It tends to direct the judgment and improve the taste of the reader or the speaker, not only in delivering his own sentiments, but also in ascertaining the most delicate shades and graces of thought intended to be expressed in a piece of composition enunciated, so as to present to the mind of the hearer, the full meaning of the author, in the most lively, impressive, and glowing, and forcible manner. It contemplates the development and cultivation of those powers of the human voice employed in speech, and directs them to such an adaptation and application in their movements, as will enable them to perform the high functions of their

office with all that energy, beauty, variety, and effect, with which, under such cultivation only, they are capable.

The first object of elocution is, to make a good *reader;* its second object is, to make a *good* reader; its third object, to make a *good reader;* its last and grand object is, to make an *accomplished* and a *powerful* SPEAKER.

That the study of this science is capable of making great orators of the generality of men, no one has the folly to contend; but to suppose, that a legitimate argument against the general utility of the science may hence be drawn, would be equally unreasonable. To the auditor, the force and beauty of every sentence uttered, and not unfrequently its *meaning*, depend upon *the manner in which it is pronounced.* Not only the stronger passions and emotions, such as love, joy, grief, pity, sorrow, envy, anger, and remorse, admiration, approbation, commendation, vexation, and reproof, courage, terrour, reproach, and the like, require each its peculiar intonation, but, likewise, all the less prominent affections and feelings.

In uttering our own thoughts we are not so liable to depart from the simplicity of nature, as we are in expressing the sentiments of others. By a misconception of the spirit and design of the author, readers and speakers often mar, and sometimes totally pervert, his meaning. Hence the importance of attention to rules, by the observance of which, misconceptions and erroneous modes of utterance may generally be avoided, and the sentiments of the author be expressed in a manner, at once, agreeable and impressive.

It is not, perhaps, possible to lay down rules for the management of the voice in reading and speaking, by which *all* the necessary tones, pauses, emphases, modulations, and inflections may be discovered and put in practice. To accomplish this, much depends on the judgment and natural taste of the learner; and much more, on the example and instructions of the living teacher. Yet it will not be denied by those who are competent to decide, that strict attention to a judicious set of rules, grounded in the nature of language and the philosophy of the human voice, will prove highly serviceable to such as are at-

tempting to form a chaste and an accurate enunciation. If it be admitted, that principles and rules are useful in the attainment of any art or science, it cannot be denied that they are equally so to the votary of the science of reading and speaking.

But in order to approach perfection in any art or science, attention to rules alone will be found insufficient. The student in elocution should remember, that the vocal powers, like those of the mind or the other powers of the body, are strengthened and matured, and brought under subjection, only by a long and persevering *exercise* of them. For his encouragement, also, he ought to bear in mind, that those functions of voice exerted in speech, are as susceptible of improvement by cultivation and practice, as those, for example, which are employed in singing. Who would expect to attain a high degree of excellence in playing upon a wind instrument, without frequently blowing upon it? or to become a skilful mechanist, without learning the names and use of the tools of that art to which he was devoted? or to become a clear and sound reasoner, without carefully and frequently exercising his thinking and reasoning faculties upon different subjects and in various methods? Let no one, then, cherish the thought, that he can excel in elocution, without a careful attention to the nature, and character, and application of the *principles* of the science: but, at the same time, let the ambitious student bear in mind, that, as by strict attention to principles and rules, and by long practice, with native endowments by no means extraordinary, the vocalist attains a perfection in harmony which awakes the soul to the enjoyment of the most delightful emotions; the musician is enabled to produce those thrilling and spirit-stirring sounds which affect the feelings and the senses as if drawn out by the voice of a heavenly enchanter; the mechanist, to rear a monument of skill and ingenuity which calls forth the plaudits of an admiring world, and carries down his name to posterity; the mariner, to traverse the vast wilderness of unknown waters, and reveal to his fellow men their distant islands and boundaries; the logician, to penetrate the dark depths of errour and chaos, and bring up from among the rubbish the precious pearls and gems of truth;

the philosopher, to pierce the veil of ignorance and speculation, and ascertain and establish the true system of the universe; the geologist, to disclose the treasures buried in the bowels of the earth; the painter, to make the russet canvass glow with life; and the sculptor, to make the inanimate marble breathe; so, by similar attention and exertions, *he* may learn to make that which is dull in composition, appear interesting; that which is commonplace, novel; that which is plain, elegant; and what is tame, eloquent; and in short, to bring out of that which is truly excellent, all those latent beauties and rich graces of thought, in such a manner as to excite the deepest interest, and elicit the highest admiration, of his auditors.

A *good reader* has always at his command, not only a vast field of the most refined and rational enjoyment—even the whole field of literature and science—over which he himself may revel, but, also, the ability to conduct others into it, by a way, at once, the most enticing and delightful. In this respect, he possesses so enviable an advantage over common people as to render it a matter of astonishment that we so seldom meet with one thus endowed. When occasion calls forth his peculiar talent, he appears among them like the stately magnolia, towering above the vulgar trees of the forest, and shedding upon them the sweet fragrance of its blossoms.

But what a disagreeable contrast is presented in the performance of a *bad reader!* In his hands, the most glowing sentiments appear tame; the most burning thoughts are congealed; attick wit becomes burlesque; satire is rendered pointless; beauty is transformed into deformity; and all ornaments of style wither; and thus, a piece of the most polished and eloquent composition, appears to as great a disadvantage as would a pleasure-garden with its walls overturned, its gravel-walks marred, its fountains and statues dilapidated, its trees and shrubbery scathed, and its plants and flowers trodden down.

Who can behold, with delight, a race horse with a broken limb? a bird with a crippled wing? a plant growing crooked? or a beautiful stream choked up with sedges and rubbish? And yet, how often do we witness a far more painful spectacle in

the exhibition of one of those literary monsters vulgarly called *bad readers!* Before the performance commences, we have displayed the insipid formalities of the prelusive scene, during which our champion of vocal utterance is devoutly engaged in bringing his body to an artificial bearing, in adjusting his collar and cravat, in smoothing down his visage, and in putting his mouth in a proper posture for the wordy combat. A few moments having been taken up in acting this distressing prologue, he at length gets under way; but having mistaken his key-note, our ears are assailed with a piercing and unseemly shrillness of tone which affects us about as agreeably as the unexpected cry of a snipe or a killdeer, or the creaking of a rusty hinge; or he advances in a hoarse, dissonant, croaking tone, as if in imitation of the combined powers of the peacock, the bullfrog, and the alligator, which may be supposed to have joined in a concert; or, perhaps, with a view of correcting his mistake, he suddenly falls into a dull, disagreeable, dragging, humdrum monotone; or gallops off on the sharp back of a quaver: and not to be daunted by the most gigantick obstacle, he prances, and paces, and hobbles, and flounders along through his performance, to the infinite disgust, and inexpressible mortification, of his hearers. His articulation is indistinct; his pronunciation, affected; his accentuation, erroneous; his emphasis, misapplied; all appropriate inflections are reversed; pauses are either perverted or trampled under foot; melody is put upon the rack, and harmony expires; all rules are set at defiance; correct taste is put out of countenance; the meaning of the author takes the alarm and escapes from view; the modesty of nature is put to the blush; and the whole group of proprieties is sent jibbering down to chaos.

To see a piece of elegant composition tattered and torn, and mutilated and mangled, by such a reader, is severer torture than to listen to the jarring notes of a discordant choir, to an untuned organ, or to a cracked fiddle. I would rather ride post over a hubby road in December; walk barefoot over a sandy plain in July; or be compelled to live a fortnight in a smoky house; or to devour a Ratcliffe novel at one meal; or to read a chapter

in Basil Hall's Travels, or a page in Emmons' Fredoniad, or a critique on an American writer in the London Quarterly, than to have my nerves agitated, my understanding stultified, and my patience exhausted, by listening to such a vile performer on the grand harmonicon of human language. I would rather listen to the croaking of frogs in the winter—I would sooner hear an owl hoot on a Sunday, or a simpering dandy chat with a belle—I would sooner listen to the buzzing of a moscheto of a hot summer's night, or to a patent-jenny-spun speech in Congress on the Tariff Bill, or to the thrumming of a dandyzette at her piano, or to a band of musicians playing upon bassviols and bassoons—I would rather hear the jingling of broken glass upon a pavement, or the trampling of feet through crusted snow, or a group of madcap boys bellowing after a fire-engine, or the refusal of a friend to lend me money—I would sooner hear a woman scold, or a child squall, than be compelled to listen to an *affected* speaker, or a *bad* reader.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION may be treated under the six following, general heads:

1. ARTICULATION,
2. TONES, (Including Modulation,)
3. INFLECTIONS,
4. FORCE, (Embracing Accent and Emphasis,)
5. TIME, (Including Pauses,)
6. ACTION.

The first four of these divisions are merely the names of properties or qualities belonging to the human voice; the fifth is a circumstance accompanying its movements; and the sixth, a concomitant of good delivery.

CHAPTER I.

OF ARTICULATION.

A good ARTICULATION consists in a clear, full, and distinct utterance of words, in accordance with the best standard of pronunciation.

Importance of Articulation.

A distinct and an accurate articulation forms the groundwork of good delivery. So important a quality is this to a reader or a speaker, that, without possessing it, in some tolerable degree, he will never be listened to with attention or interest.

A clear and *distinct* ARTICULATION, so far from constituting, as is too often supposed, merely an incidental and indifferent characteristick of a good reader or speaker, is, in fact, a *primary* BEAUTY,—indeed, the GRAND BASIS upon which all other beauties and excellencies of enunciation rest: and any one may readily convince himself of its *vast* importance, and its superiority over *any* and *every other* good quality of utter-

ance, only by attentively observing a few of our best and of our worst speakers and readers.

What was that mighty charm by which the late John Randolph bound the senses, and seized the passions, of his auditors? As far as his *manner* of delivery was concerned, it must doubtless be obvious to every one that ever listened to him, that the grand secret of his masterly power in oratory, lay in the *distinctness* of his ARTICULATION. The same may be said of our Durbin: and, indeed, with him *this* appears to be, not only the *primary*, but the PRINCIPAL, ingredient of that eloquence by which he lays hold of the sympathies, and, as it were, with a Timothean power, takes the hearts, of his hearers captive at his will, and transports them to the haven of bliss.

In farther confirmation of what I would enforce, I might cite the example of Henry Clay, of Daniel Webster, of William Wirt, of Alexander Hamilton, of Fisher Ames, of Henry Bascom, of John M. Duncan, of Alexander McClelland,—of a Summerfield, a Mason, and even a Master Burke, together with a hundred other master spirits whose glowing geniuses adorn, or have adorned, our western hemisphere. But the citation would be gratuitous. No one has any thing more to do than to open the eyes of his understanding, to *look*, OBSERVE, and BE CONVINCED. Let *conviction* then lead to *attention* and PRACTICE. To young gentlemen, especially, who are just launching their bark upon the waves of a professional life, this appeal should be IRRESISTIBLE.

Who ever listened with rapture, or even delight, to a reader or a speaker, whose articulation was indistinct? The thing is impossible,—an absurdity,—a mockery, which tramples upon the philosophy of the human voice, and the elementary principles of human nature.

The first example cited, is, moreover, a remarkable instance of the wonderful effects of industry and perseverance in overcoming the obstacles of nature in order to the attainment of excellence in oratory; for who, unless it was Demosthenes himself, (whose voice was by no means similar,) ever possessed, naturally, a more disagreeable, uncouth, piping, creaking voice,

than John Randolph of Roanoke? And yet, whose voice, by cultivation, ever became so alluring, so fascinating, as his? It fell on the ear like a soft strain of musick, and haunted the hearer like the spell of an enchantress, or the soft murmur of a distant waterfall. And the second example is no less remarkable in showing what a bewitching charm,—what a mighty power may be wielded, by a voice naturally fine and feeble. These examples are, also, both instructive, as evincing the importance of a reader or a speaker's adhering to the *natural* tones of his voice, be they at first, ever so peculiar, disagreeable, or unpromising. Although natural tones may be softened down and attuned by cultivation, yet they must never be exchanged for *artificial* ones; for the same holds true with the voice, as with the sentiments, of an orator: both must be *real*, and his *own*, or they will be rejected by his auditors, on whom it is impossible to palm counterfeit ware. These examples should also excite emulation in others. If, when labouring under so great disadvantages, men have, by dint of application, and attention to *distinctness* of *articulation*, attained such lofty heights of excellence in the field of eloquence, what encouragements are not held forth to those whose voices are naturally strong and melodious!

Let no one plead, that, because a good articulation is generally *neglected*, it, therefore, becomes a matter of little moment. It is a paltry trick of sophistry to bring forward the faults of others for the purpose of extenuating our own misdeeds. This mischievous delusion must always result disadvantageously to him who adopts it. No malefactor ever found the halter less severe on account of the numerous victims which the gallows claims; nor did a damned soul ever experience a mitigation of the torments of hell in consequence of the vast multitudes that throng in at its gates.

It is a great mistake to suppose, that, in order to fill an extensive space, so as to be clearly understood by the most distant hearer, a reader or a speaker must necessarily raise the pitch, and increase the volume and force, of his voice. Who has not observed, that partially deaf persons much more readily appre-

hend what is said to them in a clear, moderate tone of voice that is perfectly *distinct*, than what is uttered in a loud tone, and in a rapid and indistinct manner? Of course, the same holds true in addressing an audience or an individual whose sense of hearing is not impaired: and it is not a little singular, that a consideration so important to publick speakers, is, by them, so generally disregarded. If they would only reflect, that the clear and distinct enunciation even of a feeble voice, is far more efficacious than the boisterous precipitancy of a strong one, it is apparent, that, at the bar, in the sacred desk, in our legislative halls, and elsewhere, we should have more...*speaking*, and less...*bawling*. With distinctness, the sing-song whine of the most canting speaker, does more execution than the voice of a Stentor without it. Although a fluent, and even a rapid, flow of words, where the sentiments uttered, render it proper, is often advantageously adopted by a reader or a speaker, yet his fluency should never be permitted to encroach upon a distinct articulation.

We readily understand, then, why the ancients regarded ARTICULATION as the primary requisite in delivery. This grand quality being overlooked, all other acquisitions in oratory will prove unavailing, or, in other words, will fall short of their object, just in proportion to the neglect with which articulation is treated.

The persevering efforts of Demosthenes, who, in order to correct his faults in articulation, betook himself to speaking with pebbles in his mouth, also when undergoing the labour of walking up hill, and likewise amid the roar of dashing waves, is as familiar to every one as an ordinary nursery tale—*and about as much regarded!* But it would be doing great injustice to that illustrious orator to bring his genius down to the same level with his who should, in our day, by the cultivation of his vocal powers, attain the same height in eloquence that he did. The modern candidate for oratorical fame, stands on very different, and far more advantageous, ground, than that occupied by the young and aspiring Athenian, especially since a correct analysis of the vocal organs, and a faithful record of their operations,

have been given to the world by Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia—a name that will outlive the unquarried marble of our mountains. In his "Philosophy of the Human Voice," this branch of learning is, for the first time, reduced to a *science*, and established upon the unbending principles of an inductive philosophy. By the lights of science, then, which shone not upon the ancients, may the modern votary of Hermes be guided on his way to the temple of fame.

The most important and particular directions for acquiring a good articulation, will doubtless be found most convenient if presented in the form of Rules.

RULE 1.

Particular regard should be paid to a clear and distinct pronunciation of the *elementary* sounds employed in vocal utterance.

Of the Elementary Sounds of the English Language.

According to the analysis of Dr. Rush, there are *thirty-five* elementary sounds, employed and combined by the voice in pronouncing the various words of our language. Some of these sounds are represented by the twenty-six letters which constitute the English Alphabet; and others, by combinations of two or more of these letters.

A perfect Alphabet would consist of a separate symbol for every elementary sound; but the letters of our alphabet, being imperfect in this respect, are employed to represent the sounds which denote their *names*, and also, *other* elementary sounds, employed in the utterance of syllables. Hence, there is often a material difference between the elementary sounds, heard in pronouncing syllables, and represented by particular letters, and those sounds which constitute merely the *names* of the same letters. A few examples may serve to point out this difference, which ought to be specially attended to in practising upon the elementary sounds of the human voice.

In the words *a*-pe, *a*-che, *a*-te, the sounds of the element *a*, corresponds with the sound given to the *name* of that letter; but

a different elementary sound is represented by the same letter in the words *a*-ll, b-*a*-ll, f-*a*-ll; and a sound still different in *a*-t, h-*a*-t, th-*a*-t; and yet another sound in b-*a*-r, m-*a*-r, *a*-rbour. In the word n-*o*-te, the letter *o*, represents the sound given to its *name;* but in the word n-*o*-t, it is the representative of quite a different elementary sound; and of a sound slightly different again in the word n-*o*-r; to which may be added a fourth elementary sound in m-*o*-ve. Similar remarks might be extended to *e* in m-*e*, m-*e*-t, to *i* in p-*i*-ne, p-*i*-n, to *u* in l-*u*-te, h-*u*-t, f-*u*-ll; but those variations in the sounds of the vowels, are familiar to every one, although every one has not noticed, that these *five* vowels are employed, without combining them, as the representatives of *fifteen*, distinct, elementary sounds of the voice. *Th* in *th*-ink, has a different sound from *th* in wi-*th*, *th*-is. *Ch* in ar-*ch*-angel, represents the elementary sound commonly denoted by *k*, but quite a different sound in ar-*ch*-er. As these graphick characters called letters, then, are employed to represent, not only the sounds which denote their *names*, but, also, *other* elementary sounds which enter into the pronunciation of syllables, the aspirant for excellence in elocution, should deem no attention too minute—no course of labours too arduous, which may be found requisite in order to obtain a *complete mastery* of all their elementary sounds.

There are many elementary sounds for the representation of which we have no *single* letters. To make up this deficiency in our alphabet, these sounds are represented by *two* or more letters combined. By pronouncing the words *th*-ump, brea-*th*, brea-*the*, so-*ng*, *sh*-ut, *wh*-at, *ch*-ur-*ch*, *ou*-t, in a slow and drawling manner, it will readily be perceived by those who have not heretofore attended to the subject, that the combinations *th*, *the*, *ng*, *sh*, *wh*, *ch* and *ou*, express each an elementary sound which is not represented by any single letter in the alphabet.

The same letter is not only employed to represent different elementary sounds, but the same elementary sound is often expressed by various letters, or by various combinations of letters. In the words s-*o*-n, d-*o*-th, d-*o*-es, the letter *o*, is employed as the representative of an elementary sound commonly expressed

by *u*, as in s-*u*-n, d-*u*-th, d-*u*-z. In the words p-*u*-pil, n-*ew*, l-*ieu*, v-*iew*, b-*eau*-ty, the letters *u*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew* and *eau*, are employed to represent one and the same elementary sound, a sound commonly denoted by *u*. The *e* in th-*e*-re, *ei* in th-*ei*-r, and *ai* in *ai*-r, have the same sound as *a* in sn-*a*-re.

Of the Radical and Vanishing movement of the Voice.

Among the wonderful contrivances of nature in directing the operations of the vocal powers in the production of speech, in no one thing has she displayed greater wisdom than in that which relates to the simple elements called by Dr. Rush, the ***Radical*** and ***Vanishing movement*** of the voice. To this philosophical inquirer, the world is indebted for the following analysis of these important functions.

If the vowel *a* be pronounced without intensity or emotion, and as if it were a *continuation*, and not a *close*, of utterance, *two* successive sounds will be heard: the first, the nominal sound of the letter *a*, issuing from the vocal organs with a certain degree of abrupt fulness; the last, a feebler sound of the element *e*, which gradually diminishes until it terminates in silence.

To the unpractised student, the *diphthongal* character of *a* will be more clearly demonstrated, if its sound be *protracted*, and uttered with an emotion of surprise, at the close of an interrogation, thus, 'Do you call that *a*?'

The character of this opening fulness and feebler vanish, may be still more clearly manifested by pronouncing the element in the following various ways: let the opening be strong and full, and the vanish less forcible, with a *pause* between the opening sound *a* and the vanishing sound *e*, and then a shorter pause, and then a shorter still, and so on, until both the opening and the vanish become blended into one sound, thus, *A*——*e*, *A*—*e*, *A*–*e*, *a*-*e*, *æ*.

Similar experiments may be practised upon the diphthongs, *i* as heard in *i*-sle, *y* in dr-*y*, and *ou* in *ou*-r, and upon the simple elements, *e* as heard in *ee*-l, *o* in *oo*-ze, and so forth.

This opening fulness of sound here described, Dr. Rush has denominated the ***Radical movement;*** because the following or

vanishing portion of the elementary sound, rises concretely from it as from a base or root: and the last portion he calls the *Vanishing movement*, on account of its becoming gradually weaker, until it finally dies away into silence.

Division of the Elementary sounds.

The hoary division of the letters of our alphabet into *vowels* and *consonants*, handed down to us from the Greek and Roman etymologists, does not seem to be strictly philosophical, nor fully descriptive of their relative characteristicks. A consonant is not only *capable* "of being perfectly sounded without the help of a vowel," but, moreover, of forming, like a vowel, a *separate syllable*.

Dr. Rush has judiciously adopted a division and classification of the elementary characters of our language, in accordance with their use in *intonation*. He arranges them under three general heads: the Tonicks, the Subtonicks, and the Atonicks.

The *Tonick* elements are those whose sounds display the properties of the radical and vanish in the most perfect manner. There are *twelve* of them; and they are heard in the sounds commonly given to the separated italicks in the following words:

A-te, *a*-rk, *a*-ll, *a*-t, *ee*-l, *e*-rr, *e*-nd, *i*-de, *i*-t, *o*-ld, *oo*-ze, *ou*-t.

The tonick sounds consist of a distinct *vocality*, or raucous quality of voice, by which they are contradistinguished from aspirate or whispering sounds. They have a more musical quality than the other elementary sounds, and may be uttered with greater abruptness and force. They are also capable of indefinite prolongation; and admit of the concrete and tremulous rise and fall through all the intervals of pitch.

The *Subtonick* elements possess, variously, but in an inferiour degree, properties analogous to those of the tonicks. Whilst they admit of being intonated, or carried concretely through the intervals of pitch, they are inferiour to the tonicks in all the emphatick and elegant purposes of speech. They are *fourteen* in number; as,

B-oat, *d*-are, *g*-ilt, *v*-ice, *z*-one, *y*-e, *w*-o, *th*-at, a-*z*-ure, so-*ng*, *l*-ate, *m*-ate, *n*-ot, *r*-oe.

Of the subtonicks, *b*, *d*, *g*, *ng*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, have an unmixed vocality; *v*, *z*, *y*, *w*, *th*, *zh*, have an aspiration joined with their vocality. *M*, *n*, *ng*, *b*, *d*, *g*, are purely nasal elements; the rest of the subtonicks, are partly oral.

The *Atonick* elements are mere *aspirates*, or currents of whispering breath. They are not properly vocal sounds; have but a limited power of variation in pitch; and supply no part of the concrete movement when breathed among the constituents of syllables. There are *nine* of them, as heard in the words,

U-*p*, a-*t*, lar-*k*, i-*f*, thi-*s*, *h*-e, *wh*-at, *th*-in, blu-*sh*.

Although the aspiration of the atonicks, is both significative and emphatick, yet it has no musical quality in its sound, and affords no basis for the functions of the radical and vanish.

Three of the subtonicks, *b*, *d*, and *g*, and three of the atonicks, *p*, *t*, and *k*, possess the explosive character in an eminent degree, as in uttering them, the breath bursts out after a complete occlusion.

These seven of the tonick elements, *a*-te, *a*-rk, *a*-ll, *a*-t, *i*-de, *o*-ld, *o*-ut, have *different* sounds for the two extremes of their concrete movement; but the other five, *ee*-l, *e*-rr, *e*-nd, *oo*-ze, *i*-t, have each, *one unaltered* sound throughout the same movement;—which fact the student is requested to demonstrate by experiment.

The tonicks may, therefore, be divided into *Diphthongs* and *Monothongs*.

The seven tonicks, *a*-te, *i*-de, *ou*-t, &c. are diphthongs, because the sounds of the radical and vanishing movement are *different;* but the remaining five, *ee*-l, *oo*-ze, *i*-t, &c. are called monothongs, as their radical and vanish are *alike* in sound.

A-ll has for its radical, the sound of *a* in *a*ll, and for its vanish, a short and obscure sound of the monothong *e* in *e*-rr.

A-te has for its vanish, *e* in the monothong *ee*-l.

I-de has its radical, followed in like manner by a vanish of the monothong *ee*-l.

O-ld has for its vanish, the monothong *oo*-ze.

Ou-t has for its vanish, the same monothong *oo*-ze.

For a farther illustration of this subject, the reader is referred to Dr. Rush's "Philosophy of the Human Voice," page 59.

THEORY OF SYLLABICATION.

Of the formation of Syllables.

The foregoing development of the elementary sounds, and of the radical and vanishing function, furnishes information which completely lays open the doctrine of ***syllabication.***

In treating this subject, Dr. Rush philosophically illustrates the three following, important points: The peculiar operations of the voice in the ***production*** of syllables—The circumstantial causes of their ***length***—The basis of the rule which ordains but ***one accent*** to a syllable.

The radical and vanishing movements of the voice, constitute the essential properties of a syllable. Every syllable consisting of one or more elementary sounds, derives its characteristicks of length and singleness of impulse, from the concrete movement, and from the various properties of the tonick, subtonick, and atonick elements of which it is composed. Then, as the concrete movement of the voice through a tone or other interval of the scale, is the essential function of a syllable, it follows, that each of the tonick elements, may, by itself, form a syllable; for none of these can be pronounced singly, without producing the radical and vanishing movement.

It follows, also, from the assumed causation of a syllable, that ***two*** tonick elements cannot be united in one syllable, or one vocal impulse; for each having its own radical and vanish, they must necessarily produce ***two*** syllables. We find, therefore, that whenever two or more tonicks are in sequence, each forms (except when ***silent***) a separate syllable.

From what has been said, it will readily be perceived, that, as the atonick elements have not the radical and vanishing concrete, they cannot produce distinct impulses, and, consequently, when joined with tonicks, do not produce separate syllables. If the word ***olio***, or ***Ohio***, be properly pronounced so as to give each of the three tonicks its radical and vanish, it will be im-

possible to condense them all into one impulse or syllable. Similar remarks are applicable to the words *aorta*, *Eta*, *Ion*, or any others including two or more tonick elements. But in the word *speaks*, the syllabick function is contained in the tonick *ee*-l, whilst the atonicks *s*, *p*, *k*, and *s*, add to the time, but do not destroy the monosyllabick character of the word.

In regard to the various *lengths* of syllables, considered without reference to prosodial quantities, or to those abridgments and prolongations of voice adopted for the purpose of oratorical expression, it may now be shown, that they are unalterably fixed by the constituent elements of which they are composed.

The length of a syllable is increased, in the first place, by adding atonicks to a tonick: thus, by adding, for example, *f* to *a*, the syllable *fa* is formed; and if to these, the atonick *c* be subjoined, the word *face* will be longer than the element *a*, or the syllable *fa*, and still the triple compound will be but one syllable, as it can have but one concrete movement. Although the atonicks may be distinctly heard, (*e* is mute,) as forming a part of the length of the syllable, yet they being incapable of the concrete function, the transition through the given interval, is made altogether on *a*, as if the word consisted only of that element.

Secondly, if the subtonick *l* be prefixed to the tonick *a*, the syllable *la* will be longer than *a*, but will still have but one function of the radical and vanish; for when a subtonick is uttered before a tonick, the vanish of the subtonick does not occur: its radical continues on a level line of pitch, till the tonick opens on that line with a more emphatick radical, and carries on the concrete of the syllable. If to *la*, the subtonick *v* be affixed, the compound *lave* will be still longer than *la*, and its syllabick character will still be preserved by the singleness of its radical and vanishing movement. In the pronunciation of *lave*, the intonation of *l* and *a* will be as before, except that *a* will not move quite through the concrete, before *v* will fall in with it, and thus complete the vanish of the syllable.

When an abrupt atonick is affixed and another prefixed to a short tonick, as in *cat*, *pet*, *tik*, they form the shortest syllables

in the language: and in the pronunciation of such syllables, however short they may be, the concrete movement of the radical and vanish, is still performed. This union of abrupt elements with tonicks, is a third mode of preserving the unity of syllables, with a variation of their length.

A fourth mode of combining elements, is, by a union of all the four kinds in one syllable: and this arrangement produces the longest syllables in the language. Whenever there is a pause after a subtonick, and, consequently, whenever it is uttered singly, or at the close of a syllable, it unavoidably takes the concrete movement: and the same thing occurs when it is followed by an atonick; for, in this case, there is a termination of vocality. It follows, therefore, that whenever both subtonicks and atonicks are prefixed and affixed with a tonick in forming a syllable, the atonicks must be placed on the *extremes*, otherwise, the single, syllabick impulse would be destroyed. In pronouncing the words *strange* (properly *strandzh*) and *strength*, but one radical and vanishing movement is performed on each; and the syllabick unity, or singleness of impulse, is preserved by the peculiar arrangement of the various kinds of elements of which they are composed. Each of these consists of seven elementary sounds, which is the greatest number that the nature of the elements admits of being combined into one syllable. It will readily be perceived, that if the atonick and subtonick elements in these words, were transposed, so as to remove the former from their appropriate places on the extremes, as in the arrangement *rstange*, *srtange*, *trsange*, all the elements could not be pronounced in one syllable.

To the inquiring mind, it cannot but be interesting thus to discover, that, in the formation of syllables and words, which, to the ordinary observer, appear to be composed of letters accidentally thrown together, and, as it were, grouped at random, nature, silent and unseen, has all the while superintended her own handywork, and directed the whole operation by the unalterable and most rigid rules of philosophy.

From the influence of the radical and vanish, the constituents of a syllable, the duration of its utterance is quickly arrested.

The nine atonicks, and the three abrupt subtonicks, cause an interruption to the continuity of the syllabick impulse; and the mingling of the different elements, must give one of these interrupters of sound, a position in every third or fourth place among the tonicks and the other subtonicks, and thereby set a limit to the duration of syllabick sound. For farther information on this subject, the student is again referred to the "Philosophy of the Human Voice," p. 72.

The foregoing development shows, that a syllable may consist of one elementary sound, or of several. The word MAT, for example, to one unaccustomed to a scientifick analysis of the elements of speech, may appear to be one indivisible sound, uttered by a single impulse of the voice. A little attention, however, to the operation of the vocal organs in pronouncing it, will enable any one to perceive, that there are in the word, *three*, distinct, elementary sounds. In producing these sounds, and in combining them in such a manner as to form the word MAT, in the first place, the lips are pressed together in a peculiar manner, and, at the same time, air being forcibly impelled through the nostrils, "a sound is heard which somewhat resembles the lowing of an ox." The sound thus produced, is the one represented by the letter M. The mouth is then opened, through which air is emitted, and in its passage from the throat, so modulated by the action of the palate, tongue, and other organs of speech, as to produce the sound represented by the tonick A, as heard in the word *a*-t. Lastly, the tip of the tongue is pressed against the roof of the mouth, and by a simultaneous action, air is again impelled from the throat, and the tongue is withdrawn from the roof of the mouth; and thus, that peculiar element is produced which is denoted by the abrupt atonick T. By pronouncing the word very slowly, the three elementary sounds here described, may readily be perceived.

Similar experiments on the words MAN, NOT, GET, BUD, FAR, and the like, will show that each is composed of three, distinct, elementary sounds.

These explanations are given with the hope, that they will enable the *unpractised* student, by a little attention, readily to

analyze *any* word, and ascertain *what* its elementary principles are: for, indeed, it is but too true, that many a one who passes for an accomplished speaker, is yet quite ignorant of both the *number* and the *character* of the elementary sounds of his language; and what is still more to be deplored, owing to the same species of ignorance, many a *teacher* is utterly incapable of correcting the perverted and defective enunciation of his pupils. It may not, therefore, be improper here to remark, that the only expeditious and *sure* method of teaching a *foreigner*, or a native whose pronunciation is imperfect and corrupt, to pronounce words according to their true idiom, and the best usage of those who speak the language, is, by teaching him *those elements* in which he fails, *separately*, as *single* and *detached* things, as well as to cause him to pronounce them in their combined state.

Why does the foreigner or the half-taught child, say *t*inks or *d*inks, instead of *th*inks? *t*rift or *d*rift, instead of *th*rift? or *d*at, instead of THAT? Why does he say *t*ory, when he should say *st*ory? pos-*ce*, instead of pos-*ts*? was-*ce*, instead of was-*tes*? fores-*ce*, instead of fores-*ts*? fif, instead of fif-*th*? len*th*, instead of len-*gth*? and why all the other innumerable omissions, suppressions, perversions, and distortions of the elementary sounds which occur so frequently with those who attempt to speak our language? The whole proceeds from a want of attention to the proper method of *exploding* the *elementary* sounds: and, as previously stated, the only effectual remedy for such deficiencies, is, to teach the *elemental sounds* SEPARATELY, as well as in their combined state. It is in vain to attempt to correct such defects by teaching pronunciation in the *gross;* that is, by teaching a pupil to pronounce, successively, whole sentences or parts of sentences. No; the thing is altogether impracticable. He must be taught, not merely to pronounce each *word* in which he fails, separately, but *each*, *elementary part* of the word separately. He must be taught to *analyze* every word in the pronunciation of which he blunders, and practice upon each of its elements until he can explode it clearly and perfectly.

This is a point of paramount importance to him who would

correct a bad pronunciation, either in himself or in others: and, therefore, the *teacher* cannot be too particular in his attention to it. Let him try the experiment upon one whose pronunciation is extremely defective, and he will find, (if he has not already tested the fact,) that *any* one whose vocal organs are not defective, can be taught to explode clearly any and every elementary sound in our language, provided a *practical* example be given to him of only *one* element at a time; and he will also find—what the author has frequently tested in practice, and what he, consequently, knows to be true—namely, that whatever elementary sound any one can pronounce *singly* and *separately*, with a little practice, he can also pronounce correctly in its *combined* state—in a syllable or a word.

By a little practice in exploding the element denoted by *th* in *th*ink, wi*th*e, and the one represented by TH in THAT, WITH, the most superficial observer cannot but perceive the marked difference between them: and if a learner mistake the one for the other, he should be exercised on each element *separately* from the other letters of the word to which it belongs, until he perfectly understands their difference. In like manner, if he say *t*inks, or *d*inks, instead of *th*inks, or len*t*h instead of len*g*th, or pos*c*e, instead of pos*ts*, (and the last two errours, it should be borne in mind, are as gross as the first two,) he should be taught the difference between the elemental, *combined* sound of *th*, and that of *t* or *d*, which he had substituted for it. He should likewise be made to know, by *repeated experiments*, that instead of exploding the elemental sound denoted by *ng*, in his pronunciation of len*g*th, he had given merely the sound represented by *n;* and that in mispronouncing pos-*ts*, his errour arose from the *omission* of the sound of *t*, and of the *s* which follows it. By being thoroughly exercised on the elementary sounds which he is in the habit of suppressing or perverting, and thus being led to the very bottom of the subject, the intelligent student will soon discover *wherein* he errs, and, also, the *cause* of his errour. To be able to correct an errour, an evil, a miscalculation, or a mistake, and, at the same time, to know, for a *certainty*, that we *do* correct it, and that we are able to avoid the like in fu-

ture, the only *sure* way is, to ascertain the *cause* of such errour, evil, miscalculation, or mistake.

The foregoing directions under Rule 1, are mainly designed for the use of the inexperienced and grossly defective in articulation; but the following instructions may be found useful, not only to readers and speakers in general, but even to many who hold a very conspicuous rank as publick speakers.

Rule 1, inculcates the importance of pronouncing distinctly, not merely every *word* (considered as a whole) which a reader or a speaker utters, but every *letter* that enters into the orthography of each word, *silent* letters only excepted..

For the sake of practical convenience, the particular defects designed to be corrected by the Rules, will be arranged under the head of NOTES.

NOTES TO RULE I.

Rule 1, is often violated in the following, various ways.

NOTE 1. *The sounds of the unaccented vowels are often improperly suppressed, or not fully and correctly exploded.*

Examples; the *u* in popular, secular, singular, regular, particular, triangular, ridiculous, conspicuous, strenuous, &c.; the *o* in opaque, opinion, opacity, oracular, omega; the *e* in esquire, escape, esteem, estate, establish, espy, espouse, especial, estrange, eruction, equipment, elopement, enough, enormous, evade, evert, and the like; which are often improperly pronounced *es*-quire, *es*-cape, *es*-teem, &c. We frequently hear gard*n*, sudd*n*, kitch*n*, hyph*n*, chick*n*, sull*n*, slov*n*, mount*n*, fount*n*, curt*n*, uncert*n*, Lat*n*, sat*n*, reb*l*, chap*l*, gosp*l*, instead of gard*in*, sudd*in*, kitch*in*, hyph*en*, chick*in*, sull*in*, slov*en*, mount*in*, fount*in*, curt*in*, uncert*in*, Lat*in*, sat*in*, reb*el*, chap*el*, gosp*el*. This is extremely vulgar. But, in the words often, stolen, fallen, hidden, bidden, chidden, even, open, heaven, leaven, seven, eleven, and many others, the unaccented vowel *e* should not be sounded.

A far more fruitful source of errour, however, in which the sound of the unaccented vowel *e* is either suppressed or perverted, is observable in the ordinary pronunciation of the terminations ent, ment, nent, dent, lent, cient, tient, and the like;

as in different, monument, compliment, government, continent, ardent, excellent, ancient, patient. Instead of giving *e* its distinct, appropriate sound, as an accomplished speaker should do, and as the rules of orthoepy imperiously demand, doubtless ninety-nine hundredths of those who speak our language, totally pervert its sound in terminations like these; often pronouncing it like short *u:* thus, differ*u*nt, monum*u*nt, compliment, govern*m*ent, contin*u*nt, ard*u*nt, excell*u*nt, antsh*u*nt, patsh*u*nt. Although no *stress* is allowable on these terminations when *un-accented*, yet that is no good reason for perverting the sound of *e*, which should be pronounced here, as distinctly as in those terminations that come under the accent; as in prevent, indent, unbent, circumvent, and the like.

In a large class of words beginning with pre, the unaccented *e* is apt to be suppressed. Precede, precise, predict, prevent, predominate, prejudicate, and the like, are often articulated as if written, pr-cede, pr-cise, pr-dict, pr-vent, pr-dominate, pr-judicate. Orthoepy cannot look with complacency even upon this errour.

The unaccented *o*, in words commencing with pro, is also a fellow sufferer with its harmless associate *e*, by its often falling a victim to the same kind of unnatural treatment. Propose, pronounce, produce, prorogue, promote, and so forth, are frequently enunciated in such a manner as entirely to suppress the *o:* thus, pr-pose, pr-nounce, pr-mote, and so on. Some men, indeed, have no more mercy on innocent letters than if they were invented merely to be tortured.

Poor *e* is also robbed of her just prerogative in the terminations dence, ence, nence, lense, and so forth. Why should the natural and rational sound dence, be exchanged for [a] dunce? Yet we often hear residence, evidence, influence, impertinence, continence, silence, and the like, pronounced nearly as if written residunce, evidunce, influ-unce, impertinunce, continunce, silunce.

But one of the grossest abuses of a vowel sound, occurs in changing long *u*, in the unaccented syllable of such words as the following, into *u* short. Natsh*u*re, featsh*u*re, creatsh*u*re,

lectshure, structshure, and so forth, are commonly pronounced natshur, featshur, creatshur, lectshur, structshur; and by this barbarous perversion, articulation is plundered of one of its most delicate graces. There is not a more beautiful and voluptuous sound in our language, than that given forth by *u*, in such terminations, when pronounced as it should be. But words which are musick, and which drop like honey from the comb, as they issue from the lips of some men, fall grating on the ear, like the unwelcome tones of untimely guests, as they make their exodus from the mouths of others.

In the words theorem, theorist, melody, plethora, and many others, the sound of *o* is apt to be perverted, and changed to that of short *u*.

A similar perversion of the sound of *a*, in the terminations ant and man, is not uncommon. The words dorm*a*nt, infant, inhabit*a*nt, adjut*a*nt, reluct*a*nt, gentlem*a*n, and so forth, are frequently pronounced as if written dormunt, infunt, inhabitunt, gentlemun, &c. The long *a* in the last syllable of landsc*a*pe, is often improperly articulated like short *i:* thus, landsk*i*p.

In the presence of Orthoepy, the words plausible, visible, possible, viv*i*fy, just*i*fy, stult*i*fy, and many other unlucky wights belonging to the same clan, appear with an *i* knocked out; but this excites not the least commiseration, for it is evident, that *i* has attained this situation only by usurping the legitimate throne of *e:* and that, although *i* may boldly assert his claims to it in the presence of Orthography, yet he is ever ready to abdicate it when brought within the scrutinising glance of Orthoepy.

NOTE 2. *The sounds of the consonants, especially in their combined state, are often improperly suppressed.*

The sounds of the atonicks, *t* and final *s*, for example, in such words as coa*sts*, boa*sts*, ho*sts*, merit particular attention, as they are often improperly omitted.

The clump of subtonick and atonick elements at the termination of such words as the following, is frequently, to the no small injury of articulation, particularly slighted. coul*dst*, woul*dst*, ha*dst*, prob'*st*, prob'*dst*, hurl'*st*, hurl'*dst*, arm'*st*,

arm'*dst*, want'*st*, want'*dst*, burn'*st*, burn'*dst*, bark'*st*, bark'*dst*, bubbl'*st*, bubbl'*dst*, troubbl'*st*, troubbl'*dst*.

Consonant sounds are, also, apt to be suppressed where a word begins with the same sound that closed the word next preceding it; as, "For Christ'*s* sake;" "For mercy'*s* sake."

EXAMPLES.

And oft fal*se* sound*s* *s*unk near him.

The man of talen*ts* *st*ruggles through difficulti*es* *s*evere, and ha*tes* *st*upidity.

And there the fine*st* *st*reams through tangled fores*ts* *st*ray.

The severe*st* *st*orm that las*ts* *t*ill morn:
The severe*st* *st*orm that las*t* *st*ill morn.

He is content *in* *ei*ther place:
He is content *in* *nei*ther place.

The *h* is not always distinctly aspirated when employed in an alliteration:

Up the *h*igh *h*ill *h*e *h*eaves a huge round stone.

If these civil and useful gentry of the alphabet, are not so melodious in their notes as their more fortunate brethren the liquids, and their more musical sisters the vowels, they ought not, therefore, like ugly women, to be treated with neglect.

EXERCISES.

Sing*ul*ar as it may appear, many persons *a*re more partic*u*l*a*r in reg*a*rd to the adornments of the body, than to the accomplishments of the mind.

In overcoming the obst*a*cles of nat*u*re in order to the attainment of excellence in oratory, we sometimes witness, with pleasure, the wonderful effects of industry and perseverance.

The Lord has betrothed his church in eternal covenant to *h*imself. His quick*e*ning spirit shall never depart from *h*er. Arm*ed* with divine virt*u*e, his gospel, secret, silent, unobserv*ed*, enters the hear*ts* of men, and sets up an everlasting kingdom.

It eludes all the vigil*a*nce, and baffles all the power, of the adversary. Bars, and bolts, and dungeons, *a*re no obst*a*cles to

it*s* approach: bond*s*, and tort*ure*s, and death, cannot extinguish it*s* influence. Let no man desp*air*, then, of the christian cause.

Whoever dreamed of such *an* ocean?
Whoever dreamed of such *a no*tion?
He ought *to pro*ve such a position:
He ought *to appro*ve such a position.

They weary wandered over was*tes a*nd deserts:
They weary wandered over was*te s*and deserts.

When Aja*x s*trives some rock*s vast weight* to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow.
That morning, thou, that slumber'*dst* not before,
Nor slept*st*, great Ocean, laid*st* thy waves *a*t rest,
And hush'*dst* thy mighty minstrelsy.

The learner should be required to read the foregoing exercises over and over again, again and again, until he can articulate, with ease and *accuracy*, every vowel and every consonant sound in each sentence. Those letters distinguished by *Italick* characters, demand his *particular* attention: for an attentive observer may easily be convinced, perhaps to his astonishment, that few readers can be found, who would not, in pronouncing these *thirteen* sentences, be guilty of more than *thirty* inaccuracies.

The vowel *o* in the words *of*, for, from, and the like, is frequently perverted to that of short *u;* and thus, one of the most melodious and grateful sounds in the language, is lost.

One of the prominent points of articulation illustrated in these exercises, is the frequent recurrence of a difficult sound at the close of one, and at the commencement of another, word: such as, "effect*s of*, such *an* ocean, ought *to ap*prove, was*tes a*nd deserts, Aja*x s*trives some rock's *vast weight to* throw;" in which instances, it will be found utterly impossible to give every element its distinct sound without making a short *pause* between the words. In the phrase, "weight *to* throw," for example, the atonick *t* in weight cannot be fully exploded unless a pause is made after it. To this point, then, let the pupil particularly direct his attention; for the suppression and blending of sounds,

as several of these examples clearly show, often lead to a total perversion of the *sense*.

RULE II.

The practice of *hurrying* over words so as to precipitate syllable upon syllable, and, as it were, blend them together into indistinct and confused masses, is by no means allowable.

The least critical listener is always dissatisfied with an indistinct speaker or reader, though, perhaps, utterly unable to point out his particular faults; whilst the judicious observer has to complain, that letters, syllables, words, and sometimes even large portions of sentences, are either wholly suppressed by him, or pronounced in so feeble and indistinct a manner as to confuse and perplex the mind in its attempts to apprehend their meaning. Under a false conceit of beauty, some speakers allow their voice to glide along through their sentences by attempting to articulate and swell only what they conceive to be the most prominent words, so that its course appears like that of a small animal passing across a field laid in ridges, alternately appearing in, and disappearing from, sight. Although the beautiful undulation in the motion of a bird on the wing, is highly pleasing, yet were the aerial voyager, in every descent, to sink so low as to elude the sight, the pleasure we derive from beholding his flight, would be, in a great measure, destroyed. Precisely in the same manner are we affected by the movements of the voice. We are pleased with its waving, undulating motion; but, in its progress, we like (if the figure may be employed) always to keep *sight* of it. Its descent, therefore, should never be so great as to render the articulation indistinct.

The following examples may serve to illustrate the importance of Rule II.

EXERCISES.

Ive not er dauvim sin se wen tin pursu tau vum.

Ive not erdauvim sin se wentin pursutauvum.

Ther wuza singlur opposition *beh twee niz* alleged motives *un diz* conduct.

Slowly *un* sadly we *la dim* down,
Frum th feel dau viz fame fresh *un* gory.

Offtin th lone church-yard, at *nitive* seen
Th school-boy *weh thiz* satchel in *ezend.*

By pronouncing these sentences with rapidity several times over, according to the corrupt orthography in which they are presented, the precise elocution of many a reader will be produced. After which, let any one pronounce the same sentences with distinctness and energy, according to their correct orthography in which they subsequently appear, observing to give every word and every letter its full and appropriate sound, and the contrast will convince him of the magnitude of the errours against which he is cautioned.

I have not heard of him since he went in pursuit of them.

There was a singular opposition between his alleged motives and his conduct.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.

Oft in the lone church-yard, at night I've seen
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand.

To avoid being misunderstood, in the foregoing remarks, it may be proper to caution the student against confounding his idea of *distinct articulation*, with that of *emphasis*, *force*, or mere *loudness* of sound. The tone of the voice may be very low, and its force upon a syllable, word, or phrase, very slight indeed, and, at the same time, the articulation, perfectly *distinct*, and the enunciation, quite audible. To the reader or the speaker, this is a point of paramount importance. Whilst a dull uniformity of force and elevation would amount to unendurable monotony, a succession of depressions that produce *indistinctness* of articulation, is worse than the torture of Tantalus. Variety, therefore, in elevation and depression, force and softness, quickness and slowness, should be studied; but, at the same time, extremes are to be avoided.

AND.

There is no word in the language more frequently and unjustly trampled upon, than the poor conjunctive drudge—*and*. No slave was ever more grossly abused; and yet, its efforts are so very laudable and friendly in its ever-active exertions to bring together and *unite* its erratick and less social brethren, that it would be extremely difficult for its enemies to hatch up the shadow of an apology for bestowing upon it such a succession of ill usages. Three times out of four, perhaps, when it appears at its post in the path of the speaker, it is passed by with merely an imperfect and uncourteous nasal salute, as if it were some obtrusive menial, unworthy of the least regard. In examples like the following, it is seldom half articulated. Although it is as lawfully entitled to *three*, distinct elementary sounds, as ever was an honest pronoun to its case, or a princely verb to its tense, yet such is the ingratitude of poor, frail, clay-built readers and speakers, that they think nothing of robbing this most faithful and respectable servant of, at least, one, if not two, or even two and a half, of its legitimate elements.

Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

The Assyrian came down, like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

The word *and*, in these and similar examples, is commonly pronounced as if written *und* or *un*, with an imperfect or partially occluded articulation of these elements; whereas, it ought always to be pronounced in such a manner that each of its own three elementary sounds, though in their combined state, may distinctly appear.

In pronouncing the phrase, "*A*nd *h*is," not only the *a*, but the *h*, is, also, frequently suppressed, and the sound of *d* is combined with that of the *i* following it; as if written thus, *un diz* cohorts, and so forth. Many would pronounce the phrase, "are innocent," in the first example, as if written, *a rinosunt*. This practice of suppressing letters, and, as it were, of melting words into indistinct masses, cannot be too cautiously guarded against.

EXERCISES.

She was then young, the blessing of her aged parents, of whom she was the hope and stay—and happiness shone brightly over her. Her life was all sunshine. Time for her had trod only on flowers: and if the visions which endear, and decorate, and hallow home, were vanished forever, still did she resign them for the sacred name of wife and the sworn affection of a royal husband, and the allegiance of a glorious and gallant people.

But unto the SON, in a style which annihilates competition and comparison, unto the SON he saith, thy throne, O GOD, is forever and ever.

Sleep, the type of death, is, also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.

Chillon, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in his face,
The infant love of all his race.—

For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool, earth, my canopy, the skies.

These examples abound with little words, such as the, and, for, from, to, his, her, and the like, and are selected for the express purpose of enabling the student, by strict attention to a distinct articulation of them, to avoid, in future, the too common errour of slurring over such words—the chief source of that enormous transgression of the laws of elocution and common sense, by which many a reader blends words together in such a manner as to present them in the lump. An elegant and impressive elocution depends greatly on a distinct and appropriate enunciation of terminating syllables and small words. Although so great a *force* must not be given to them as to the larger and

more important words, yet they require a clear and distinct articulation; for without this, not only the beauty and harmony of the language, but even its meaning, are either greatly obscured or wholly destroyed. Who can peruse, with satisfaction, a letter written in villainous, unreadable characters, or a book with many of its pages torn out and others mutilated, or a newspaper with its columns mackled, monked, and friared? And yet, far more disagreeable is it to one to listen to a speaker or a reader who, by rising and falling, and quavering, and trilling, and mincing, and puffing and swelling, and slurring and suppressing sounds, presents you his own or his author's sentiments in so mangled and mutilated a condition that one is puzzled to understand one half of that which he utters.

RULE III.

The practice of hissing, lisping, whispering, mincing, slurring, or drawling, protracting, abridging, mumbling, or mouthing the sounds of letters or syllables, derogates materially from an elegant and an accurate enunciation.

Although this rule is of too general a character to be easily illustrated in all its details, yet it may not be improper to mention a few points in which it is often violated.

Our best orthoepists have indicated, in their directions for pronouncing the vowels *a*, *e*, *ei*, *ai*, and *ay*, in such words as f*a*re, r*a*re, wh*e*re, th*e*re, th*ei*r, *ai*r, ch*ai*r, pr*ay*er, comp*a*re, declare, insnare, and the like, that the *same* sound should be given to them as to long *a* in f*a*te, l*a*te; but this direction is unquestionably wrong, and has betrayed some into an affected pronunciation of such words—a pronunciation which must be disgusting to every one of correct taste in elocution.* Whether such erroneous directions are the offspring of inattention on the part of orthoepists, or whether they have arisen out of the difficulties which trammel them in representing to the eye, merely by the

* This same affected sound of *a*, *e*, *ei*, &c. the author was once persuaded to adopt; but he did not, at that time, investigate the subject. He is now, however, convinced that Walker's directions on this point, are erroneous: and he will, therefore, as soon as practicable, *correct* Note 2, on the 204th page of his "English Grammar in Lectures."

use of arbitrary characters, all the nice shades of difference in the sounds given to letters, is, to the student, a matter of little moment; but of vast importance is it to him who would become an accomplished reader or speaker, not to be led astray by the false directions of authors. There is nothing that can expose a man's reputation for accuracy and elegance in delivery to greater hazards, than *affectation* in his pronunciation. Affectation in women, is sickening: in men, insufferable: therefore, all kinds of affectation should be avoided.

Whose conception of natural sounds is so obtuse as not to perceive a marked difference in the sound commonly given to *a* in f*a*te, and to the more open one of *a* in f*a*re, *e* in th*e*re, *ei* in th*ei*r, *ai* in ch*ai*r, *ay* in pr*ay*er, *a* in compare, and so forth? If it is a fact, then, that this difference of sound is ordinarily made, the point is easily settled: for the sounds "commonly given" to letters in particular situations, (I mean, of course, sounds given, not only by the common people, but also by the educated,) are the *correct* ones.

Primarily, a particular, graphick character, called in our language, a *letter*, is no more the legitimate representative of a particular sound, than is a pebble, or a blossom, or a silk thread. How is it, then, that letters *become* the representatives of particular sounds? Only by the general consent of those who adopt and employ them, just as particular sounds and combinations of sounds, called *words*, become the representatives of certain ideas. Hence we see, that the general practice of those who employ certain letters, to represent particular, vocal sounds, is the *only standard* of *accuracy* in the use of those letters for such purposes, and, also, that the *same* authority is paramount in the use of words: and hence we perceive, too, that it is beyond the province of the orthoepist to *dictate* in regard to the sounds that may, or may not, be given to particular letters, as well as to the grammarian, in regard to the use of words. No; the authority of each is bound down by the superiour authority of *general usage:* and from this last authority, there is no appeal. It is true, the province of each allows him to ascertain what good usage *is*, and to inculcate principles according to it

and the analogies and idioms of the language as far as *sanctioned* by good usage; and, moreover, to point out *bad* usages, that is, such as are not adopted by a great majority of the most intelligent and the most learned; but farther than this, he cannot, legally, go.

In pronouncing the words, jail, pail, sail, pr*ay*, l*ay*, s*ay*, we give to the vowels *ai* and *ay* precisely the sound of long *a* in fate; but an attentive observer will readily perceive, that the sound of these vowels is *different*, and becomes more open, and less prolonged, in *ai*r, ch*ai*r, st*ai*r, pr*ay*er, and the like, when these words are pronounced in a natural manner. If this is a true statement of the case, this different sound commonly given to *a* in f*a*re, *ai* in air, and so forth, is the *correct* one, and the attempt to give the long sound of *a*, as in f*a*te, to *ay* in pr*ay*er, to *a* in f*a*re, r*a*re, compare, to *e* in there, to *ai* in *ai*r, and the like, is affected and erroneous.

There is, also, a more distressing affectation displayed by many who, in the pronunciation of perfect, person, mercy, interpret, determine, and the like, attempt to give the accented *e* the sound of *e* in imperative. It is difficult to describe the affected sound alluded to; but that it is not the same as *e* in met, as Walker has directed that it should be, and that it ought *not* to be the same as *e* in imperative, (which Walker has not directed that it should be,) and that it is a shocking outrage on good taste and common sense, are facts equally apparent. The sound of *e*, when *properly* exploded, in such words, approaches so near to that of short *u*, as to defy the acuteness of an ordinary ear to distinguish the difference between them.

But there is another affectation in exploding the diphthongal sounds of *y* in sk*y*, *i* in k*i*nd, *ui* in g*ui*de, *ua* in g*ua*rd, and the like, which is far more common than the last one referred to, and but little less nauseating. Under a false view of elegance, many pronounce these words as if written sk*e-i*, k*e-i*nd, g*e-i*de, g*e-a*rd. This is abominable, and a total perversion of the sounds intended to be described and recommended by Mr. Walker. The diphthongal sounds of *y*, *i*, *ui*, and *ua*, in such words, are not represented by *ei* and *ea* when *separately* pronounced, but

when *united* and blended, as it were, into *one* sound. Hence, the common people, who know nothing of the diphthongal character of these sounds, nor of Walker's directions concerning them, generally pronounce such words *correctly*, and as Mr. Walker intended they should be pronounced.

The *y* in m*y*, is pronounced like long *i* when emphatical, by being contrasted with some other possessive pronoun; but when not emphatical, it should take the sound of short *e*, as in met. To give *i* in w*i*nd, its long sound, as in m*i*nd, and *ou* in p*our*, its legitimate sound, as in *our*, appears, in prose, a little affected, because they are generally pronounced wind and pore; but when these words rhyme with others, at the end of a line in poetry, it is strictly in accordance with good taste, to give *i* its long, and *ou* its diphthongal, sound.

"For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
"What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with *wind*."
"Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar *pour*,
"And in soft silence shed the kindly shower."

Under a false conceit of cleverness and elegance, some are in the habit of giving the vowel *a*, in the words gl*a*ss, p*a*ss, m*a*ss, br*a*ss, fl*a*nt, &c. dem*a*nd, comm*a*nd, and the like, a very *broad* sound, somewhere between that of *a* in h*a*t (its proper sound in the first class of these words) and *o* in note.

Another disagreeable perversion often occurs in pronouncing the termination *ed* as a separate syllable in those verbs in which it ought to be contracted; such as walk-*ed*, talk-*ed*, lov-*ed*, smil-*ed*, and the like; but, in the participial adjective, where the *ed* should be sounded, it is frequently contracted: thus, "A learn-*ed* man;" "The bless-*ed* Redeemer;" are often pronounced, "A learn'*d* man;" "The bless'*d* Redeemer."

But a more important caution is to be given in regard to the pronunciation of the unaccented vowels *e* and *a* in such terminations as ment, nent, dent, lent, cent—ence, nence, dence—ant, nant, vant, man—lar, lance, and so forth. Although these vowels should have their *distinct* natural sounds in such words as commandm*e*nt, ard*e*nt, innoc*e*nt, influ*e*nce, confid*e*nce, inf*a*nt, cov*e*n*a*nt, serv*a*nt, gentlem*a*n, secul*a*r, vigil*a*nce, and the like,

yet the slightest *stress* laid upon them, or the least effort to explode their sounds in a *very* distinct manner in this situation, will cause the pronunciation of these terminating syllables to appear *affected*. Care should, therefore, be taken to pronounce them in a perfectly easy and natural manner.

EXERCISES.

From thy throne in the sky, thou look'*st*, and laugh'*st* at the storm, and guid'*st* the bolt of Jove.

Kind friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood of mutiny and rage.

Bias used to say, that it was in vain to expect an entire exemption from misfortunes by guarding against them; and that that man was unfortunate indeed who had not the fortitude to bear up against those which had befallen him.

A tart temper never mellows with age; and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener by constant use.

The hidden ocean showed itself anew,
And barren wastes still stole upon the view.

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains:
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down,
Over the waste of waters, like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one who hates us; so the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate: twelve days had fear
Been their familiar; and now ... DEATH was here!

* * * * * *

There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews:
Our ship then gave a heel—a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;

Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave:
And the sea yawned around her "in its swell,"
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he dies.
And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then . . . all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows: but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

In these examples, those letters most liable to an indistinct or perverted articulation, are designated by *Italick* characters. However imperfect such helps may be, it is hoped that they will afford some assistance to the ambitious student, and serve to direct the attention of the teacher to this particular subject: and to both teacher and learner, the author begs leave to suggest the propriety of frequently referring the *corrections* made in reading the exercises, back to the *principles* that are violated.

The unpractised student may deem a scientifick and an analytical development of the elementary principles of vocal sounds, a procedure more curious than useful; but so erroneous would such a conclusion be, that, on the contrary, he ought to consider investigations of this description, of paramount importance in the study of elocution. These elementary principles form the only proper basis of the science; and the want of a knowledge of them, is the principal cause of multitudinous errours in reading and speaking. It is, therefore, incumbent on him who would excel in the science of elocution, to obtain a perfect mastery of these elementary and primary principles, before he proceeds to general reading:—and of the truth of these remarks, the author trusts that enough has been displayed in the foregoing, imperfect development of the subject now under consideration, to convince even the most skeptical.

The prescribed limits of this essay, render it impracticable to

pursue, to any great extent, investigations on this branch of elocution. If enough has been presented to arrest the attention of the learner, and excite in him a spirit of inquiry, the design of the writer is accomplished: and he will now take leave of this subject by urging him to push his investigations in this department by his own individual efforts, and by an attentive perusal (if he can procure them) of "The Philosophy of the Human Voice," by Dr. Rush, and of Dr. Barber's "Grammar of Elocution."

As the pronunciation of single letters and single words, is a subject which comes within the province of the lexicographer, rather than that of the elocutionist, the student is respectfully referred for the *best* available information on this point, to "Cobb's edition of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary." See, also, "English Grammar in Lectures," pages 21 and 22, and 201 to 206 inclusive.

In an age like this, when science is taking her eagle flight, and spreading her broad wings over the world—when the genius of education is walking forth on the western continent with a grace and majesty which promise soon to surpass her movements in the Old World, it cannot but be a source of regret to witness the apathy, and the indifference, and the neglect with which this most elegant, most useful, most important branch of science—the science of ELOCUTION—is still treated in our country. Could the crimes of those readers and speakers who, without remorse or shame, do not scruple to trample under foot the most salutary laws of articulation, ever reach the higher world, the spirit of Cadmus would look down and weep at the cruelties which are inflicted upon his ill-fated offspring.

QUESTIONS

To be answered by the learner.

What are the six general divisions of elocution?
Of what does chapter I, treat?
In what does a good articulation consist?
What forms the basis of good delivery?
Is articulation a primary beauty in elocution?
How may one convince himself of this fact?

What speakers can you name as illustrative of it?

Which of these are remarkable for their perseverance in overcoming, by oratorical culture, the obstacles of nature?

Are *artificial* tones or sentiments admissible in a speaker?

In order to fill a large space with the voice, is it requisite to raise its pitch, or increase its volume and force?

What, then, is requisite?—(a *distinct articulation.*)

Can you prove this by a reference to deaf persons?

What did the ancients regard as the primary requisite in delivery?

To what practices had Demosthenes recourse, in order to overcome his impediments of speech?

Repeat Rule 1.

How many elementary sounds are employed in pronouncing the words of the English language?

By what are these sounds represented?

Do letters ever represent any other sounds than those which denote their *names?*

Give some illustrations of the various sounds of *a, o, e, i, u, th, ch,* and *the.*

Give examples in which *o, ew, ieu, iew,* and *eau,* are pronounced like *u.*

Please to illustrate the diphthongal character of *a,* by pronouncing it in such a manner as fully to display its *radical* and *vanishing* movement of sound.

Explode *i, y, ou, e, o,* &c. so as to illustrate the *radical* and *vanish* of each.

Why are the *radical* and *vanishing* movements of the voice so styled?

What are the three general divisions of elementary sounds, as adopted by Dr. Rush?

Name the *twelve* tonick elements?

Why are they so called?

Wherein do the subtonick elements differ from the tonicks?—What is their number?—Name them?

What are the characteristicks of the *nine* atonick elements?

Name these elements?

Which of the tonick elements are called diphthongs, and which monothongs?—Illustrate the difference between them.

What constitute the essential properties of a syllable?

Why is it that each of the tonick elements may, by itself, form a syllable?—and why cannot *two* tonick elements be united in one syllable?

Why cannot the atonicks produce separate syllables?

Illustrate this by analyzing *Ohio, aörta, Eta, speaks, skates,* and so forth.

What determines the *length* of syllables?—Illustrate this by an analysis of *face*, *lave*, *cat*, *pet*, *tik*, and so forth.

How are the longest syllables produced?

How many elementary sounds are there in the word *mat*? Explode them separately.

Explode the three elemental sounds contained in each of the words *man*, *not*, *get*, *bud*, *far*, and *sap*.

What is the proper method to be pursued in order to correct a bad pronunciation?

Explain the errour in consequence of which some say *dinks*, *tinks*, *drift*, *trift*, pos-*ce*, fores-*ce*, stre*n*th, &c. instead of *th*inks, *th*rift, pos-*ts*, fores-*ts*, stre*ng*th, &c.

Can you explain, by experiment, the elementary difference between *th* in *th*in, and *th* in THIS?

Repeat Note 1, to Rule 1.

Give examples both of the *false* and of the *correct* pronunciation of *u* in popular, secular, &c. of *o* in opacity, omega, &c. of *e* in esquire, esteem,—*e* in sullen, gospel, fallen, seven, and the like.

Give examples both of the *correct* and of the *incorrect* pronunciation of *e* in ment, nent, dent, and the like.

Is any *stress* allowable on such terminating syllables?

Are the sounds of *e* in pre, *o* in pro, and *e* in dence, lence, nence, &c. ever perverted? Give examples.

What is to be observed of long *u* in nature, feature, &c.?

Are the sounds of *o* in theorem, &c. and of *a* in the terminations ant, man, &c. ever perverted? Give examples.

Repeat Note 2, to Rule 1.

What is said of the consonants *ts*, *st*, *dst*, and so forth, at the termination of words?

Repeat Rule 2.

Is the voice ever allowed to fall so low as to render the articulation indistinct?

What is said of *uniformity* and of *variety*, in the movements of the voice?

What is said of *and*? Give examples of its false pronunciation, and, also, the erroneous pronunciation of *his*.

Is a distinct enunciation of *terminating syllables*, important to an impressive elocution?

Repeat Rule 3.

Should *a*, *e*, *ei*, *ai*, and *ay*, in fare, there, air, &c. be pronounced like *a* in late?

Illustrate the difference in the two sounds.

What is said of *affectation* in delivery?

What is the *standard of accuracy* in the use of letters and words?

Is there any *appeal* from this standard authority?

What is said of the affected sounds of *e* in person, mercy, &c. of *y* in sky, *i* in kind, *ui* in guide, &c. of *y* in my, and of *i* in wind, and *ou* in pour?

What more is said of affectation in the pronunciation of the vowel sounds?

CHAPTER II.

OF TONES AND MODULATION.

THE word TONES, in its most comprehensive sense, denotes the whole range of perfect sounds which are produced, either by man, the inferiour animals, or musical instruments: but in a rhetorical sense,

TONES consist in the various sounds of the voice in its ascent from a low to a high pitch, or in its descent from a high to a low one.

MODULATION denotes the *variations* of the tones in their ascending and descending progressions from one note to another.

To the wisdom and goodness of his Creator, man is indebted for that peculiar endowment, called the power of speech. In order that he may be enabled to exert this faculty to the greatest advantage in effecting all its important purposes, the same divine wisdom and goodness have been displayed, in bestowing on him those peculiar and various tones of voice which constitute another characteristical feature of that pre-eminence which he holds over the rest of the animal world. All animals, it is true, express their various feelings by peculiar tones; but those possessed by man, are the more delicate, melodious, and comprehensive, in proportion to the elevation of his rank in the scale of being. There is not an act of his mind, an exertion of his fancy, nor an emotion of his heart, which cannot be expressed in a manner exactly suited to the degree of his internal feeling. Hence, it is chiefly in the correct and appropriate use of these tones, that the life, the spirit, the beauty, and the harmony of delivery consist.

TONES.

A scientifick analysis of the speaking voice, may, perhaps, be facilitated, by borrowing, under this head, the terms adopted in musick. The notes or variations of tone within the compass of the voice in reading and speaking, are the same in number as those employed in singing.

The NATURAL or DIATONICK SCALE consists in a succession of *eight* sounds either in an ascending or a descending progression.

The eighth sound or note in the scale, is called an *Octave*.

The diatonick scale consists of *five* tones and *two* semitones.

The distinction between the terms *Note* and *Tone* should be carefully observed.

A NOTE consists in a sound produced at any point or place in the scale, considered without reference either to its rise or fall.

A TONE consists in the rise or fall of the voice from one point in the scale to another, except the spaces between the third and fourth, seventh and eighth, places, which are occupied by semitones.

A SEMITONE consists in the rise or fall of the voice through a space in the scale *half* as great as that taken up by a tone.

The semitone is employed in the language of love, tenderness, petition, complaint, and doubtful supplication.

If the words *eyes* and *cruel*, in the following example, be pronounced in a *plaintive* manner, they will be uttered, in a semitone: "Put out my *eyes!* It is too *cruel*."

A MONOTONE consists in the pronunciation of several syllables in an unvaried tone; that is, without that variety of tones which constitutes modulation.

If, in reading the annexed example, the words *poor* and *old* be pronounced in a plaintive tone, and each with a *sameness* of

sound corresponding with that of the other, it will illustrate both the semitone and the monotone:

"Pity the sorrows of a *poor old* man."

It is possible to utter in a monotone, any succession of letters, syllables, or words, even to an indefinite extent; but the laws of melody require the monotone to be but sparingly employed.

INTERVAL. The distance between any two points or places in the scale, is called an **INTERVAL.**

The intervals of the scale are numerically designated by including *both* of the extremes: thus, when a sound ascends or descends from the first place in the scale to the second, or from the second place to the first—from the second to the third, or from the third to the second, it is said to pass through the interval of a *second;* when it passes from the first place to the third, or from the third to the fifth, and so forth, it is said to pass through the interval of a *third;* and when it passes from the first to the fourth place, or from the fourth to the eighth, through the interval of a *fifth:* and so of the rest.

The **QUALITIES** or **KINDS** of voice are distinguished by the terms, rough, smooth, full, harsh, soft, slender, and so forth.

ABRUPTNESS, as applied to the voice, denotes a sudden and full discharge of sound, as contradistinguished from its more gradual emission.

This abruptness of sound is well exemplified by the explosive notes of a bassoon, and some other wind instruments.

PITCH denotes the place in the musical scale, of the sound or note we strike.

The upward and downward movements of the voice as it passes through the various intervals of the diatonick scale, are either *concrete* or *discrete.*

When the slide of the voice consists of one continuous, uninterrupted stream of sound, it is called

a CONCRETE sound; but when the stream of sound is not continuous, that is, is interrupted in its descent or ascent by breaks, it is called a DISCRETE sound or movement.

By pronouncing a vowel or a syllable, such as *a*, *o*, or *name*, for example, with distinctness and fullness at the opening, it will be perceived, if the sound be protracted, that the volume of voice *lessens* during its *slide*, and that it passes off in a delicate vanish until it terminates at the point where sound and silence seem to meet. These *slides* of the voice are either upward or downward; so that, as the voice moves along from syllable to syllable, its relative pitch, or place in the scale, is, of course, continually *changing*, except when it advances in a monotone.

This difference, or change in the position of the voice, is indicated by Dr. Rush, by calling the pitch on which a syllable or word *begins*, in comparison with the pitch where it terminates, or of other, succeeding syllables, the RADICAL PITCH, in order to distinguish it from the place or pitch at which the voice arrives by its respective concrete or discrete movements; and this last-named place of the voice, or point in the scale, is denoted, relatively, either its *Concrete* or *Discrete Pitch*.

Every one must have observed, that he can pitch his voice almost any where in the scale he chooses. If, in pronouncing the letter *a*, *a*, or *i*, or the word *lay*, *dote*, or *time*, first, by opening the radical on a *very low* note, and repeat it, by commencing *one* note higher, and then another note higher, and so on, running it up the scale as high as he can conveniently go, and then down again, in the same manner that we "raise and fall the eight notes" in musick, (only with the difference that he should not *sing* the letter or word,) any one may readily convince himself of the variety and compass of the voice, in regard to *pitch*, which may be employed in reading and speaking. Similar experiments may also be made in pronouncing the following line, or, indeed, any other one.

"At the close of the day when the hamlet is still"—

In pronouncing this line, it may be proper to observe, the voice should not be permitted to *fall* at its close, but it should be sus-

pended with the *rising* vanish, exactly as if something more were intended to be added in order to complete the sense.

In reading or speaking to a small audience in a small room, that pitch of the voice should generally be adopted which we employ in ordinary conversation. This pitch being the most *natural*, it will render our delivery the most easy to ourselves, and the most agreeable to the hearer. In addressing a large audience, it is proper generally to commence with the same ordinary pitch; but, as we advance, (especially in delivering our own sentiments,) we naturally increase the *force* of our voice, and allow it to slide into a higher tone; and if we become impassioned, and earnestly vehement, we do not "o'erstep the modesty of nature" by raising our key-note several tones above the one on which we commenced. Of the correctness of this remark, any one may satisfy himself by observing the elevation of tone assumed by persons speaking under the excitement of the stronger passions.

Reading being "a correct and beautiful picture of speaking," those rules which instruct us in the latter, may, in general, be properly applied to the former. To this position it has been objected, that, "when reading becomes strictly *imitative*, it assumes a theatrical manner, becomes improper, and gives offence to the hearer." To the author, this objection does not appear to be valid. To say that reading, by becoming "strictly imitative of speaking, assumes a theatrical manner," is no less than saying, that *speaking* is performed in a theatrical manner. This may sometimes be the case; but it is hoped that the day is remote, in which it will generally be so, for nothing, it is conceived, can be more directly opposed to genuine oratory, than a *theatrical* manner of speaking. To the author, however, it has always been a matter of astonishment, that *players* do not cultivate a manner of speaking *less* "theatrical;" for he has observed, that those rare geniuses among them who are looked up to as paragons of excellence, are invariably *less theatrical*, and *more natural*, in their elocution, than players of ordinary talents. He has also observed the same thing in ora-

tors. The greatest orators he has ever heard, are the most NATURAL speakers.

The same remark may likewise be extended to *singers*. There is a wide difference between *cultivating* the native powers, and *perverting* them, although the latter often passes currently for the former. If these observations are correct, a hint may be drawn from them, worthy the attention, not only of the player, but also of the preacher, the lawyer, the legislator, and all others who wish to improve their oratorical or their vocal powers.

In delivering his own sentiments, a speaker may justly be more vivid and animated than in uttering the sentiments of others. Hence, a greater degree of delicacy and moderation is necessary in reading than in speaking. Care should be taken, however, that this consideration do not lead the reader into the fatal errour of becoming too *tame*. A lifeless, indifferent, or cold, formal manner, should be assiduously avoided. The animation, the earnestness, of the reader, ought *nearly* to equal that of the publick speaker.

TONES—GENERAL RULE.

The following rule for the management of those tones that indicate the stronger passions and emotions, is deemed worthy the attention of every disciple in elocution: "In reading, let your tones of expression be borrowed from those of common speech, but, in some degree, more faintly characterized. Let those tones which denote any disagreeable passion of the mind, be still more faint than those which indicate agreeable emotions: and, on all occasions, preserve yourself from being so far affected with the subject, as to be unable to proceed through it, in that easy and masterly manner which has its good effects in this, as well as in every other art."

MODULATION.

The great redeeming quality with some readers and speakers whose articulation is, by no means, remarkable for distinct-

ness, and whose enunciation is, in many other respects, faulty, consists in the agreeable variety and beautiful modulation of the tones of their voice. Indeed, many a speaker passes with the multitude for an *orator*, whose sole dependence for popularity and favour in his art, rests on the power and melody of his tones and modulations; for he well knows, that the great majority of hearers, are better judges of pleasing *sounds*, than they are of profound *sentiments*, and that they are willing to forego the advantages of the latter, for the gratifying indulgence of the former. But those who wish to persuade, to move—to convince the understanding and to affect the heart, will aim at something higher than merely the dealing out of harmonious sounds. However these may gratify the ear, yet on them alone the mind would starve. Harmonious and agreeable sounds, therefore, should be held by the reader or speaker in the subordinate rank which a judicious taste assigns to ornaments in dress—as the mere appendages, not the body, of the garment.

An agreeable modulation and a pleasing variety of intonation, are, however, by no means to be regarded as unworthy of attention. Their importance has already been illustrated, by showing, that with some, they are the very quintessence of what passes for oratory. This being the case, then, we may readily conceive their happy effects when employed even by readers and speakers who are otherwise liberally endowed with the higher qualities of eloquence.

The best general rule that can be given for a skilful management and modulation of the tones of the voice, is to cultivate and adopt an agreeable variety, such as we know to be pleasing to others.

The author is aware that this rule is of too general a character to be of much utility to those whose taste in elocution is but a little cultivated, or whose apprehension of what is elegant or excellent, and of what is otherwise, is not very quick; but in the subsequent pages of this work, many definite principles will be developed, which have a direct bearing upon this subject.

EXERCISES.

The great variety of elevation and depression of tone in which it is proper to pronounce different kinds of composition, depends mainly on the *sentiments* expressed: and there are few whose conception and taste are so obtuse as not to be regulated, in their enunciation, in some good degree, by this governing principle.

The following example from Byron, presents a great variety of elevation and depression of tone:

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannons' opening roar!

No one can be at a loss to perceive that the commencing words of this passage, "hush! hark!" should be pronounced in a low tone approaching a whisper; and the residue of the same line, in a deep, low tone of earnestness, a little higher than the preceding, but not quite so elevated as the interrogatory which follows it. The line and a half which answers the question, requires a light, joyous tone, considerably elevated above that in which the interrogation is expressed. In the phrase, "On with the dance!" the voice breaks forth with a sudden abruptness, and in quite an elevated tone; but falls a little again, on the two and a half lines which follow. And again the voice falls very low at "hark!" and rises very greatly again, and successively, on each of the words "nearer, clearer, deadlier;" until, as it approaches the word "Arm!" it breaks forth in its most energetick, impassioned, and highest strain.

In general, the tones and modulations of the voice, except when influenced by the principles of inflection and emphasis,

are to be regulated by an exercise of good taste, which may ordinarily be acquired by an attentive observance of the manner adopted by those who excel in elocution, and by private application.

The following marginal directions may be of some service to the unpractised student.

EXAMPLES.

Low Tone—Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?

High—The fires of death—the bale-fires flash on high:
Death rides upon the sulphury Sirock;
Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Low—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!

Middle—For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

High—False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one;
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Down! soothless insulter; I trust not the tale.

Plaintive—Come, Anthony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is a weary of the world.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

Errours in regard to Pitch and Tones.

High Pitch.—As it regards the tones of the voice, there is not, perhaps, a more common or unbecoming fault to which publick readers and speakers are liable, than that of commencing in a loud and vociferous manner. This abrupt and boisterous beginning is always displeasing, and not unfrequently disgusting, to the auditory. It wears the aspect of immodesty in

a speaker, and appears, in general, to proceed from his overweening confidence in his own abilities; and moreover, to a judicious hearer, it is a fair index, put out to forewarn him, that he may expect, in what is to follow, neither a display of good taste nor talents.

Although the pitch and tone of the voice at the opening of a discourse, are, in some measure, to be governed by the *occasion*, or the circumstances under which a reader or a speaker's oratorical powers are called forth, yet seldom will circumstances require him to depart from the general direction given him in regard to pitch, on page 63, namely, to adopt that pitch of voice which he generally employs in ordinary conversation. As this pitch will be found most convenient and easy to himself, so will it appear the most natural and agreeable to his hearers—a point by no means to be overlooked. In this pitch, also, will his tones and inflections of voice be the most natural, and thus enable him to give them the greatest and most grateful variety of swell and melody.

As a speaker advances in his discourse, especially if it be somewhat impassioned, and increases in energy and earnestness, a higher and louder tone will naturally steal upon him, and sometimes he may even change his radical pitch; and in such cases it may require no little address to keep his voice within proper bounds. This may easily be done, however, by occasionally recalling it, as it were, from the extremities of its adventurous flight, and by directing it to those who are near him.

Low Pitch.—An errour more frequent than that last pointed out, though perhaps not so fatal, occurs with those speakers who take their key-note or pitch in too *low* a tone to be distinctly heard. At the *commencement* of his discourse, a speaker may presume much upon the indulgence of his hearers; but this is no good reason why he should speak so low as to compel them to *listen*, with the greatest attention, in order to understand what is delivered. What is worth being uttered at all, is worth being spoken in a proper manner; but can any thing be more improper, than to utter our sentiments in so indistinct a manner, or in so low a tone, as to render it impossible for any one clearly to understand what is said?

This fault, if long continued, is apt to exhaust the patience of the hearers, who justly consider it an abuse of their good nature, and an insult to their understandings. Therefore, in this, as in all other things, great extremes should be avoided.

Affected Tones.—There is not a more besetting, oratorical sin into which readers and speakers are apt to fall, than that of adopting an *affected* tone of voice. Many a one who, in ordinary conversation, has nothing peculiar or disagreeable in his tones and modulations, or, perhaps, whose voice is quite agreeable and melodious, will, nevertheless, when he comes to read or speak in publick, at once divest himself of the natural tones of his voice, as he would cast off an old garment that carried contagion in it, and which he feared would be communicated to his hearers, and enter upon his labours with a stiff, formal, artificial, and *affected* intonation, in which he appears more unseemly and disagreeable than he would in a borrowed garment, even one that was shabby and did not fit him. Some affect a simpering, soft, silly, sweet prettiness of tone and manner; but more, a rigid, pompous dignity or solemnity: both of which are equally foolish and absurd. The man of correct taste, however, will put forth his strength in his *natural* tones, and be sure, if not to please, at least, not to disgust, his auditory.

Every thing like an academical tone, a scholastick tone, a clerical tone, or a sectarian or professional tone, should, by him who would excel in elocution, be carefully avoided. Even a *trilling* or *tremour* of the voice, as it appears, unless very skilfully managed, more or less *artificial*, is to be very sparingly employed. In general, the only safe course for a publick reader or speaker to pursue, is to attempt nothing more with his voice than what he already knows by experience, to be both easy and NATURAL.

MODULATION.

In regard to modulation, it may be observed, that the *variations* of sound which the voice is capable of producing, are almost infinite; and that the modulations necessary to produce even common melody in prose, are very great. These modu-

lations or variations of tone are produced more or less harmoniously and appropriately by a reader or a speaker, just in proportion to the perfection and delicacy of structure in his organs of sound, the cultivation and refinement of his taste, and the accuracy of his ear. But the defects of most readers and speakers, are no less glaring than frequent. Among these may be mentioned that of pronouncing two or more words which follow each other in the same construction, with a *sameness* of *modulation*. Except in those rare instances, in which the monotone is proper, no two words in the language, belonging to the same class, can immediately succeed each other, where a just elocution does not require, that the modulations of tone employed in pronouncing the one, should be different, at least, in some *slight* degree, from those adopted in pronouncing the other. If, for example, the words "day and hour," in the following lines, were both to be enunciated in precisely the same tone of voice, how shockingly would the spirit and beauty of the sentiment be marred!

> A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
> Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

And yet, strange as it may appear, readers are not wanting, who are so totally devoid of refinement in taste, as to pronounce, not only two words in succession, but even three, four, or five, with scarcely a perceptible variation of tone.

"He combined within himself all the elements of terrour, nerve, malice, and intellect—a heart that never melted, a hand that never trembled, a mind that never wavered from its purpose."

In pronouncing the words "terrour, nerve, malice, and intellect," the intonation should continually *vary* as it passes on from one word to another. In enunciating "hand," the modulation should be nearly similar to that given to "heart;" but the effect of a good elocution would be greatly injured, were one to pronounce "mind" without a *far greater* variation in his tone of voice. Similar directions might be given for pronouncing the verbs "melted, trembled, and wavered," as well as the adverb

'never," although it would be improper to adopt a *uniform* variety in enunciating these three classes of words.

In such instances as these, the leading characteristick in the change of tone that is proper to be made, consists in an increase of the *force* and *fullness* of volume, as the voice advances from one word to another. This augmentation of force and energy, however, must be slight, or otherwise, just in proportion to the nature and spirit of the sentiment expressed. Another feature of this kind of modulation, is controlled by the *inflection* of voice that is proper to be adopted. This subject, therefore, will be resumed again in those chapters which treat of inflection and emphasis.

Errours in Modulation.

Monotony.—The monotone may sometimes be advantageously employed in pronouncing a simile, or some other peculiar constructions of language; but a dull, monotonous method of pronouncing words in general, is in the highest degree reprehensible. When the monotone is proper, a reader or a speaker of ordinary capacity and acumen, will adopt it naturally, and without the least artificial effort, just as he would express, by the modulations and tones of his voice, many of the passions and emotions, merely by the promptings of internal feeling. If we would interest those who listen to us, we must adopt a pleasing and natural variety of tones and modulation: and nothing will be more sure to produce the opposite effect, than the adoption of artificial tones, or of a drawling, lifeless monotony.

Artificial Variety.—But in order to avoid a monotonous manner of delivery, many a one falls into an opposite extreme, equally offensive to a chaste ear, and not less inconsistent with the principles of correct enunciation. In order to give his words the greatest, possible variety of intonation, inflection, and modulation, he loses sight of both principle and natural propriety. He plunges into the depths of artificiality, and soars above the heights of elegance. He gives you correct tones and incorrect, agreeable modulations and disagreeable, all blended together, and displeases more than the dull, plodding, humdrum monoto-

nist. But this artificial variety, is very apt to settle down into what is no less intolerable, a

Uniform Variety.—Among tasteless readers and speakers, a uniform variety assumes as many set forms as Proteus had shapes; but they are far less pleasing. These artificial and uniform modes of delivery, are too numerous to admit of an adequate description; and they too frequently occur not to have attracted the attention, and have elicited the displeasure, of most people.

This displeasing and unnatural uniformity occurs with some speakers who run into the false conceit, that they must begin every sentence in the same tone and elevation, or depression, of the voice, and always close it with the same fall or cadence. A sameness of tone and modulation, they also adopt at every recurrence of any particular stop or pause, how different and varied soever the language and sentiments may be. But in poetry this characteristick of dulness attains its full growth. Here we often see this uniform variety carried into a regular *tune;* but it is a tune that shocks every ear but that of the pseudo-songster.

As these last two faults often arise from an improper application of the inflections of the voice, and of emphasis, they will be more particularly noticed in a subsequent chapter.

EXERCISES.

Placid Tone—Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness! come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While musick wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

Low—Adah. Hush! tread softly, Cain.
Cain. I will: but wherefore?
Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress.
Cain. Cypress! 'tis
A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourned
O'er what it shadows; wherefore didst thou choose it
For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seemed
Fitting to shadow slumber.

Middle—O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!

Very low—Hark! they whisper: angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away.'

Loud—The world recedes: it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphick ring!

Very loud—Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

Plaintive—Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart—
Farewell awhile; I will not leave you long,
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells
Who, from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.

O, Douglass! Douglass! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And, with the passion of immortals, hearst
My lamentation; hearst thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perished with thee on that fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice, to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
Oh! disregard me not: though I am called
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglass, in thy bloody grave.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does chapter 2nd treat?

What is meant by tones?—What, by modulation?

Are the peculiar beauty and the great variety of tones belonging to the human voice, an evidence of man's superiority over the brute?

In what chiefly consist the spirit and beauty of delivery?

How many notes or variations of tone, fall within the compass of the voice in speaking, compared with that of singing?

What is the diatonick scale?

What is an octave?

What is the difference between a *note* and a *tone*?

What is a semitone?—What, a monotone?

Illustrate them both by examples.

What is an interval?

Explain the intervals of a second, third, and fifth.

What is meant by the qualities or kinds of voice?

What is meant by abruptness?

What is meant by pitch?

What is a concrete sound?—What, a discrete sound?

Explain the difference between radical, and concrete and discrete pitch.

Is there a great variety in pitch?

Illustrate this by experiments on *o*, *a*, *i*, *lay*, &c.

In reading or speaking to a small audience, what pitch of the voice ought generally to be adopted?

Ought the same to be taken in addressing a large audience?

In impassioned discourse, is it ever allowable to raise the pitch or key-note as we advance?

What is reading?

What is said of a theatrical manner of speaking?

What is the manner adopted by the greatest orators?

Is the same correct in regard to singing?

Is a greater degree of moderation to be observed in reading than in speaking?—Why?

What is said of tameness and of earnestness in reading?

What is the general rule for managing the tones of the voice in reading?

In what estimation should harmonious and agreeable sounds be held by a reader or a speaker?

Is an agreeable modulation important to every reader and speaker?—How do you prove this?

What is the general rule to regulate one in his modulation?

What is said of commencing a discourse in an abrupt and vociferous manner?

What is said of a very low pitch?

What is said of affected tones?—What, of natural tones?

What is said of trilling sounds?

What is said of monotony?

What is said of a drawling, lifeless, monotonous enunciation?

Is artificial variety in modulation, at all admissible?

What is said of uniform variety?

CHAPTER III.

INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

THE INFLECTIONS of the voice consist in those peculiar *slides* which it takes in pronouncing a letter, a syllable, or a word,

There are *two* of these slides, the upward and the downward. They are most apparent in the pronunciation of emphatick words, and words immediately preceding a pause, especially the closing pause at the end of a sentence.

The upward slide is called the *Rising Inflection.* It is sometimes indicated by the acute accent, or following mark (′).

The downward slide is denominated the *Falling Inflection.* It is represented by the grave accent; thus (`).

When both the upward and the downward slides of the voice occur in pronouncing a syllable, they are called a *Circumflex* or *Wave.*

CONCRETE SLIDES OR INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

Before the learner proceeds to a perusal of the following development of the subject under consideration, he is requested to turn back to page 61, and carefully re-examine what is there said of the concrete and discrete movements of the voice, and of the radical, and concrete and discrete pitch, as such an examination will enable him more readily to comprehend the illustration which follows.

By pronouncing in a *very deliberate* and perfectly natural manner, the letter **y**, (which is a diphthong,) the unpractised

student will perceive, that the sound produced, is compound, being formed, at its opening, of the obscure sound of *oo* as heard in *oo*-ze, which sound rapidly slides into that of *i*, and then advances to that of *ee* as heard in *e*-ve, and on which it gradually passes off into silence.

But at present the attention of the student is particularly called to the lessening *vanish* of the voice as it dies away into silence at the close of a sound. A few experiments, therefore, on some of the simple, vowel elements, such as *o*, *a*, *e*, *u*, or on the words *man*, *name*, *joy*, *song*, and the like, may be instructive to such as have not hitherto given this subject a separate attention, as it will enable them to perceive two important circumstances in regard to the philosophy of vocal sounds, namely, that in the delicate vanish of the voice at the close of a letter or word, the stream of sound generally takes either an ascending or a descending direction, as it dies away into silence, according to the impulse given by the organs which explode the sound, and that a little attention to the vanishing slide, will enable any one to ascertain its direction, and thus to distinguish between what is called the *rising* and the *falling* inflections of the voice. If, in slowly pronouncing the letter *y*, *i*, or *o*, for example, the attention of the learner be directed to the opening fulness, and the gradually diminishing volume of the voice until it terminates in silence, he will readily perceive the propriety of Dr. Rush's giving the name *radical* movement to the first part of the elementary sound, and that of *vanishing* movement to the second—and, also, that of designating the whole movement which has been described, a *vanishing tone*. "This gradually lessening volume of sound upon syllables, and exquisite vanish with which they terminate, contrasted with their opening fulness, are circumstances which show the superiority of the human voice over all musical instruments. The full manifestation of the radical and vanish in the management of the slides of long quantity, or, in other words, in the utterance of long syllables, in speaking, reading, and recitation, is, in the highest degree, captivating to the ear, and is what gives smoothness and delicacy to the tones of the voice. In short syllables, the

difference of the radical and vanish is perceptible, though not so obvious."*

RISING INFLECTION.

In the first place, let the sentence; "I will *try* to do better," be pronounced in a *very deliberate* manner, but without any stress being given to the word *try;* and let the attention be particularly directed to the sound of *y*. Then repeat, in the same deliberate and natural manner, that portion of the sentence which closes with *try*, without the remaining part of it—with precisely the intonation that would be employed were the whole sentence to be pronounced, and the letter *y* will be found "to have the *rising slide* of a *second*," or a tone.

In the second place, let the following sentence be uttered as a simple inquiry, or as it naturally would be if the answer *yes* or *no* were expected to it, and the *y* will take the rising slide of a *third*, or, in other words, its lessening vanish will rise *two* tones before it terminates: "Did he say he would *try*—to do better?"

Again, if the question be pronounced under the emotion of surprise, and with a strong emphasis on the word *try*, the *y* will have the rising, concrete slide of a *fifth;* that is, from the radical part of its sound to the terminating point of its vanish, the stream of voice will ascend *four* tones: "Did he say he would *try?*"

Lastly, if the question be asked under a still stronger excitement of surprise, with a proportionable increase of the emphasis, the sound of *y* will stream through the rising octave: "Did he say he would *try?*" "Children and women whose emotions are particularly lively, frequently ask a question with the intense, piercing slide of the octave."

FALLING INFLECTION.

Let the sentence, "I saw Mr. *Pry*," be uttered in a natural manner, without the least emphasis or expression of emotion on the last word, and closed with the ordinary fall of the voice

* Dr. Barber.

given to simple, affirmative sentences, and the letter *y* will take the *falling* slide of a *second*.

If, in pronouncing the sentence, such a degree of emphasis be given to the last word as merely to contrast it with the name of some one understood, it will display the falling slide of a *third*.

If, in uttering the sentence, we increase the emphasis on *Pry* so much as to express an earnest degree of positiveness, the stream of sound will fall through a concrete *fifth*: "It was Mr. *Pry*—I tell you."

But let the highest degree of dictatorial positiveness be given to the word as if uttered in anger, and the slide will reach the downward *octave*.

For the foregoing illustration of the upward and the downward slides of the voice, the author is mainly indebted to Dr. Rush's "Philosophy of the Human Voice," and to Dr. Barber's "Grammar of Elocution," to which works they who wish to see a more extensive display of this subject, are respectfully referred.

EXAMPLES—of the *Rising Inflection*.

Did he say I'?
Did he say o'?
Did he say song'?
Did he say ocean'?

Let the reader who is not in the habit of attending to the inflections of the voice, pronounce the foregoing sentences *deliberately* and in a natural tone, and he will readily perceive, that the voice slides upward in its vanish at the close of each. If he *protract* the sound of the last syllable, the peculiar characteristick of the inflection will be rendered still more obvious.

EXAMPLES—of both the *Rising* and the *Falling Inflections*.

Did he say man', or man\'?
Did he say holy', or holy\'?
Should we say *hu*mour', or *u*mour\'?
Should we say supplemunt', or supplement\'?
Ought we to say advertise'munt', or adver'tisement\'?
Ought we to say coaj'etor', or coadju'tur\'?
Does he talk rationally', or irrationally\'?

Does he speak grammatically′, or ungrammatically\?
Did he do it voluntarily′, or involuntarily\?
Does Napoleon merit praise′, or dispraise\?
Does Cesar deserve fame′, or blame\?

He said man\, not man′.
He said holy\, not holy′.
We should say *u*mour\, not *hu*mour′.
We should say supplem*e*nt\, not supplem*u*nt′.
We ought to say adver′tisem*e*nt\, not advertise′m*u*nt′.
We ought to say coad*ju*′t*u*r\, not coa*j*′et*o*r′.
He talks rationally\, not irrationally′.
He speaks grammatically\, not ungrammatically′.
He did it voluntarily\, not involuntarily′.
Napoleon merits dispraise\, rather than praise′.
Cesar deserves blame\, instead of fame′.

He did not say man′, but man\.
He did not say holy′, but holy\.
We should not say *hu*mour′, but *u*mour\.
We should not say supplem*u*nt′, but supplem*e*nt\.
We ought not to say advertise′m*u*nt′, but adver′tisem*e*nt\.
We ought not to say coa*j*′et*o*r′, but coad*ju*′t*u*r\.
He does not talk irrationally′, but rationally\.
He does not speak ungrammatically′, but grammatically\.
He did not act involuntarily′, but voluntarily\.
Napoleon does not merit praise′, but dispraise\.
Cesar does not deserve fame′, but blame\.
We may not pronounce it *egzibit*′, but *egz-hibit*\.
We may not spell it bur*then*′, but bur*den*\.
The orthography is not *en*quirer′, but *in*quirer\.
The spelling is not ches*n*ut′, but ches*t*nut\.
You should not spell it dra*ft*′, but dra*ught*\.
You should not say discrepan*cy*′, but discrepan*ce*\.
We ought not to say you *was*′, but you *were*\.
We should not pronounce it w*a*re′, but w*e*r\.*

* For a corrected list of those words often misspelled by good writers, and another of those most frequently mispronounced by good readers, see "English Grammar in Lectures," pages 199 and 207, inclusive.

Can Cesar deserve both fame\ and blame/? Impossible\.

If Cesar does not deserve fame/, he merits censure\.

Is Washington more worthy of fame than Napoleon/? Unquestionably\.

Can Bonaparte be compared with Washington/? Not justly/.

With whom may Napoleon be compared\? In acuteness of intellect/, with Diogenes\; in ambition/, with Cesar\; in arms/, with Alexander\.

Was Bonaparte greater than Alexander/? Let posterity determine\.

Does Napoleon merit praise/, or censure\, for not committing suicide when banished to St. Helena/? Praise\, unquestionably\.

Was it an act of moral courage/, or of cowardice\, for Cato to fall on his sword/? Undoubtedly the latter\.

Was it ambition that induced Regulus to return to Carthage/? No\, but the love of his country\—an act of the moral sublime/, arising out of the firmest integrity\.

With whom may Washington be compared\? With Cincinnatus\, with Manco Capack/, and with Alfred\.

Wherein did Mason surpass Chalmers\? Not in argument/, nor in the sublimity of his thoughts\, nor yet/, in the richness and splendour of his diction\, but in elocution\.

Can high attainments in elocution/, immortalize a man/? In the common acceptation of the term/, they can\.

Whose fame will blaze along down the track of time with Newton's\? Doctor Franklin's\.

Whose fame in lexicography/ is identified with the English language/, along with Johnson and Walker's\? That of Webster and Cobb\.

Who rank among the American/, classical prose-writers and poets of the present day\? Irving\, Cooper/, Flint\, Paulding/, and Wirt\, Channing\, Marshall/, Ramsay\, Kennedy\, Adams/, Walsh\, Waldo\, Mason/, and Verplanck\, Nott/, Everett\, Carter\, Madison/, Jefferson\, Silliman\, Sands/, Sprague\, Sparks\, Nealle/, Howe\, Dennie\, Griffin/, Willis\, Buckingham\, Legget\, Rush/, and Griscom\, Mrs. Hale/ and Mrs. Sigourney\—Coffin\, Halleck\, Percival/, and Pierpont\, Hillhouse\, Wilcox/, Waldo\,

Whittier\', Bryant\', Brooks/, and Braynard\', Mellen/, Dana\', Tappan\', Ware/, and Eastburn\', and many others\'.*

These exercises are presented mainly for the young tyro in elocution, as preliminary to the application of the following rules. Let him, therefore, in the first place, read them several times over, observing carefully to apply the inflections of the voice according to the prescribed marks. But in order to enforce upon his mind the great importance of *a strict attention* to the upward and downward slides of the voice, after having learned to pronounce these examples *correctly*, let him *reverse* the process: that is, let him make the falling inflection, where the voice ought to rise, and the rising, where it should fall, and he will readily perceive, that the performance will be difficult and unnatural, and, also, that the meaning and melody of the sentences will thereby be impaired. This procedure will qualify him more readily to detect the proper inflections wherever they occur, as well as more easily to understand the illustrations and the application of the rules when he comes to enter upon the succeeding exercises.

It will not, perhaps, be deemed impertinent to suggest to the teacher of classes in reading, the importance of frequently requiring *several members of the class to pronounce*, successively, *the same sentence*, and of occasionally causing *the whole class to repeat the same sentence at one and the same time.* Such procedures will prove, not only a saving of much time and labour, by instructing and exercising many at once, but also have a tendency to excite in their minds a high degree of emulation —the grand secret of masterly teaching. Let the instructer first read *each sentence* to the pupil in a distinct and eloquent manner; and then require him to pronounce it exactly in the same manner.

When the following rules are brought before the learner, no faithful teacher will neglect to explain them clearly, and to enforce them practically. No faithful instructer will lose sight of

* The Author is not unaware that his own want of information on this interesting and *delicate* point, excludes many a worthy name from its legitimate place in this list. He also fears that when time shall have drawn his correcting pencil over it, some of the names now included in it, will be blotted out.

the important maxim, that the juvenile mind ought to be *led* along the path of science; not *driven*. Principles should be developed; rules, illustrated; intricacies, unfolded; obstacles, removed; and, indeed, whatever branch of science a youth is pursuing, should be made plain, easy, and inviting. From the lips of an eloquent teacher, instructions drop like honey from the comb. They flow as clear as the pebbled brook. They fall like sweet musick on the listening ear.

RULES FOR THE INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

RULE 1.

A simple, affirmative sentence generally closes with the *falling* inflection; as, "God is just\." "Cheerfulness is preferable to mirth\." "Liberal principles are advancing rapidly in most parts of the civilized world\."

EXCEPTION. The inflections of the voice are sometimes controlled by emphasis, as in the following examples, in which Rule 1, is reversed: "It is the dictate of *reason* to yield the argument to one who *commands thirty legions*/."

"A thousand of our years amount/
Scarce to a *day* in *thine* account/."

If, in this last example, the emphasis had fallen on *account*, instead of *thine*, the inflection at its close would have been reversed, and, therefore, made according to Rule 1.

RULE II.

A negative sentence commonly ends with the *rising* inflection; as, "God is not the author of sin/." "He can no longer drown the voice of conscience in the clamorous report of war/."

The noviciate in grammar is informed, that every sentence, or member of a sentence, which embraces the word *no* or *not*, or the affix *un*, is called negative.

The importance of Rule 2, will clearly appear, by reversing it in pronouncing the following sentences.

EXERCISES—*Rules* 1 *and* 2.

No one is willing to be thought a fool'.

'Tis not in man', who is of yesterday'—who hastens down to moulder in the dust'—'tis not in man presumptuous to contend with God his Maker'.

A stranger's purpose in these lays',
Is to congratulate', and not to praise'.

The path of sorrow', and that path alone',
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown';
No traveller e'er reached that blest abode',
Who found not thorns and briers in his road'.

Remarks.—Let the reader, in pronouncing the first *two* of the foregoing examples, or almost any other negative sentences or members of sentences, close each with the falling inflection, and he cannot but perceive that their spirit, and their force, their harmony, and their beauty, will thereby be lost. In the last couplet, it will be observed, that the two negatives *no* and *not*, are equivalent to an *affirmative;* therefore the sentence is closed with the *falling* inflection at "road," according to Rule 1.

This rule is often violated by clever readers, by celebrated divines, and renowned statesmen. The young student cannot, therefore, be too particular in his attention to it. Most readers would close the subjoined sentences with the falling inflection; but nothing could be farther from the true spirit and philosophy of eloquence.

Examples.—"Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and touch not the unclean thing."

"For, if I have boasted any thing to Titus of you, I am not ashamed."

"And when I was present with you, and wanted, I was chargeable to no man."

Remarks.—If, in reading this last sentence, the emphases be allowed to fall where they ought, namely, on *present*, *wanted*, and *no*, (the antithetical words being *implied*,) and the closing word *man* be pronounced with the rising inflection, its just elo-

cution will obviously be attained. A little practice will equally show the propriety of closing the two preceding examples with the same inflection of voice. This view is hazarded not without the author's being fully aware that many respectable elocutionists would entertain an opposite opinion upon the same subject: and, indeed, it cannot be denied, that there are some exceptions to the rule.

EXCEPTION—to Rule 2. When a negative sentence is employed to answer a question, it generally closes with the *falling* inflection; as, "With whom will you abide? With *no* one\." "When will you return? *Never*\." "Whom did you call? *Nobody*\." "Were you pleased with the discourse? *No*\; I was *not at all* pleased with it\."

Remarks.—But in uttering the same sentences on different occasions, we change the inflections of the voice according to the various impressions which we wish to make, or the sentiments we wish to convey; for, under different circumstances, on account of the barrenness of language, the same words are employed as the vehicle of thoughts, passions, and feelings widely different: and in oral discourse, this diversity in the purport of our words, is always indicated by the particular tones, modulations, emphases, and inflections adopted. Our ability thus to make a few words answer many purposes, may be regarded as a wise provision of nature. Were it not for this power of the vocal organs, by which they are enabled to modulate, and diversify, and vary the sounds of which the same words are the representatives—were we compelled to employ a different word for every variation of the same idea, or sentiment, or feeling, in order to express the innumerable shades, and changes, and aspects of our thoughts, passions, and emotions, we should be obliged to increase the number of our words to so vast an extent that it would entirely overreach the powers of memory to grasp it.

At present, but one example will be adduced in illustration of the fact here alluded to. If, for instance, a friend were to entreat me to oblige him in some particular thing, and were to put to me the interrogatory, "Can you do it for me?" in case I

wished to decline the request in a gentle and conciliating manner, my reply would be, "No: I *can*not\'"—with a stress upon ***can***, and the rising inflection upon ***not;*** but were I to reply in a harsh and morose manner, the emphasis and the inflection, as well as the intonation, would be changed; thus, "No; I can***not***\." It may, therefore, be remarked to the student, that, in the application of the rules of elocution, discretion must often be his tutor.

Other exceptions to Rule 2, might be enumerated; but the ***thinking*** reader will readily apprehend them without the assistance of rules.

RULE III.

Sentences beginning with an interrogative pronoun or adverb, (*who, which, what, how, when, where, &c.,*) generally close with the falling inflection; as, "Who approaches\?" "How can I assist you\?" "When did you arrive\?" "How long will you remain here\?" "Where do you lodge\?" "Whither are you going\?"

EXCEPTION. In colloquial style, when a remark or statement is not clearly understood by the person addressed, if a question be put by him, beginning with an interrogative pronoun or adverb, it is generally closed with the ***rising*** inflection; as, "What did you say/?" "Whose name did you mention/?" "When will he return/?"

RULE IV.

Interrogative sentences commencing with a verb, (that is, *all* that do not begin with a pronoun or adverb,) generally close with the rising inflection; as, "Is he dutiful/?" "Am I, then, to live beyond the grave/?" "Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation/?"

EXERCISES—*Rules* 3 *and* 4.

Who can fathom the depths of misery into which intemperance plunges its victim\?

What infidel ever passed the bourn of mortality′, without casting a trembling eye upon the scene that lay before him\?

Art thou not from everlasting′, O Lord my God′, my Holy One″? Wast thou displeased with the rivers″? was thine anger against the rivers″? was thy wrath against the sea′, that thou didst ride upon thy horses and thy chariots of salvation″?

Do we select extortioners to enforce the laws of equity″? Do we make choice of profligates to guard the morals of society″? Do we depute atheists to preside over the rights of religion″?

Will the Lord cast us off forever″? and will he be favourable no more″? Is his mercy clean gone forever″? Hath God forgotten to be gracious″? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies″?

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand\? and meted out heaven with the span\, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure\, and weighed the mountains in scales′, and the hills in a balance\?

What if this guilty hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood\?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow″?

Has God′, thou fool′, worked solely for thy good″?
Thy joy′, thy pastime′, thy attire′, thy food″?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn′,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn″?

RULE V.

When two questions are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first commonly takes the rising, and the second, the falling inflection; as, "Does he speak rationally′, *or* irrationally\?" "Should we say man′, *or* man\?" "Does his conduct support discipline′, *or* destroy it\?"

EXAMPLES.

Will the trials of this life continue forever′, or will time finally dissipate them\?

Shall we crown the author of all these publick calamities

with garlands′, or shall we wrest from him his ill-deserved authority\?

To the foregoing rule, there are some exceptions.

EXCEPTION 1. When two questions united by *or*, begin with an interrogative pronoun or adverb, we frequently give the falling inflection to both; as, "How can a blind man see\, *or* one of no understanding′, comprehend\?" "How shall the weak man wrest the spoil from the strong\, *or* an honest man deceive his neighbour\?" "To whom′, then′, will ye liken God\, *or* what likeness will ye compare unto him\?"

EXCEPTION 2. When two questions connected by *or*, commence with a verb, we sometimes close each of them with the rising inflection; as, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook′, *or* his tongue with a cord′ which thou lettest down′?" "Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons′, *or* his head with spears′?"

EXCEPTION 3. When two questions united by *or*, commence, the one with an adverb or pronoun, and the other with a verb, each requires the inflection it would take when not thus connected; as, "Hath the rain a father′? *or* who hath begotten the drops of dew\?"

EXERCISES—*Exceptions* 1 *and* 2.

Who can open the doors of his face\, or come to leviathan with his double bridle\? Who can number the clouds in wisdom\, or stay the bottles of heaven\?

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades′, or loose the bands of Orion′? Canst thou make the horse afraid′, like a grasshopper′, or make him turn back from the sword′?

Can storied urn′, or animated bust′,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath′?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust′?
Or flattery sooth the dull′, cold ear of death′?

The spruce philosopher has found
The source of the disease that nature feels′;
And bids the world take heart′, and banish fear\.
Thou fool\! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect′, or heal it′?

A little attention will convince any one, that, to close the last member of these examples with an inflection *opposite* to that which comes before *or*, would totally pervert the sense. He will also observe, that, in these examples which form exceptions to Rule 5, the *antithesis* in the two members connected by *or*, is not preserved in those examples which come under the rule; and that, moreover, most of them would admit of being expressed in *two*, separate questions.

RULE VI.

Exclamatory sentences generally close with the falling inflection; as, "How truly are we the dupes of show and circumstance!" "O, how hast thou, with jealousy, infected the sweetness of affiance!"

EXAMPLES.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!

O that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!

Joy-loving, love-inspiring, holy bower,
Know, in thy sacred bosom thou receiv'st
A murderer!

Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horrour wide extends
His desolate domain.

RULE VII.

When a sentence consists of two or more members, the last member but *one*, takes the rising, and all the rest, the falling, inflection; as, "He fought the Scythian in his cave', and the unconquered Arab fled before him\;" He won\, divided', and ruled nearly all of modern Europe\;" "The minor longs to be of age\; then to be a man of business\; then to make up an estate\; then to arrive at honours'; then to retire\."

EXAMPLES.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth\; the next', good sense\; the third', good humour'; the last', wit\.

Nature rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence\, the precepts of philosophy\, his father's endeavours', and the most refined society of Athens\.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermilion\; planted in it a double row of ivory\; made it the seat of smiles and blushes\; lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes\; hung it on each side with curious organs of sense\; given it airs and graces that cannot be described'; and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light\.

Many of the tyrants that opposed the christian religion', have long since gone to their own place\; their names have descended upon the roll of infamy\; their empires have passed', like shadows', over the rock\; they have successively disappeared', and left not a trace behind\.

EXCEPTION 1. When a sentence consists of only two members, the first often requires the falling inflection, especially if it end with an *emphatick* word; as, "His part was invented by *himself*\, and was terribly unique\." "He would have enslaved the land to make the ocean *free*\, and he wanted only power to enslave both\."

EXCEPTION 2. When the sense of any member or members

of a sentence, is suspended, and depends for its completion on a succeeding member, such incomplete member or members generally require the rising inflection—and the suspending pause; as, "As we cannot discern the shadow moving along the dial-plate′, so the advances we make in knowledge′, are perceivable only by the distance gone over\;" "If thy brother offend thee′, thou shalt forgive him\."

But the principle contained in this exception, though generally correct, and, so far, *very important* to the oratorical student, is sometimes reversed by the controlling power of *emphasis;* as is illustrated by the following examples:—"One who frequently associates with the vile′, though he may not become actually *base*\, is sure to gain an ill name′;" "The man who is in the daily habit of using ardent spirits′, if he do not become a *drunkard*\, is in danger of losing his health and character′."

EXERCISES.

Out of the nettle danger′, we pluck the flower thistle\.

As in water face answereth to face′, so doth the heart of man to man\.

As fame is but breath′, as riches are transitory′, and as life itself is uncertain′, it becomes us to seek a better portion\.

If riches corrupt thee′, thy virtue is blasted\.

Thy virtue is blasted\, if riches corrupt thee′.

Whatever tends to promote the principles of virtue′, and strengthen the bands of brotherhood′—whatever tends to calm the ruffled feelings′, and regulate the passions′, is undoubtedly a source of happiness\.

If we have no regard for religion in *youth*′, we seldom have any respect for it in *age*\.

Remark.—In this last example, that "we have no regard for religion in youth," is entirely *supposititious;* but in the following construction, that fact is *conceded*, and the inflections of both members are reversed.

If we have no regard for religion in *youth*\, we ought to have some respect for it in *age*′.

This demonstrates the necessity of a constant exercise of good judgment and correct taste, in order to make the proper inflections.

Example.—The solicitude about the grave′, may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility\; but human nature is *made up* of foibles and prejudices′.

Remark.—If, in reading this sentence, the superiour emphasis be allowed to fall on *made up*, and the inferiour, with a circumflex, upon "foibles and prejudices," the sentence will close with the *rising* inflection, in accordance with the Exception to Rule 1.

EXERCISES.

O solitude\, romantick maid′!
Whether by nodding towers you tread′,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom′,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb′,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side′,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide′,
Or′, starting from your half-year's sleep′,
From Hecla view the thawing deep′,
Or′, at the purple dawn of day′,
Tadmor's marble waste survey′,
You′, recluse′, again I woo′,
And again your steps pursue\.

Should man through nature solitary roam′,
His will his sovereign′, everywhere his home′,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw\?
What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw\?
Or′, should fate lead him to some safer shore′,
Where panthers never prowl′, nor lions roar′,
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows′,
Suns shine\, birds sing′, flowers bloom\, and water flows′;
Fool\, dost thou think he'd revel on the store′,
Absolve the care of Heaven′, nor ask for more′?
Though waters flowed\, flowers bloomed′, and Phœbus shone′,
He'd sigh′, he'd murmur that he was alone\:
For know′, the Maker′, on the human breast′,
A sense of kindred′, country\, man′, impressed\.

Many more rules for regulating the various inflections of the voice, might easily be given; but an unreasonable multiplicity of

rules on this, or any other, subject, tends to embarrass and perplex the learner, and, in a measure, defeat the object secured by a less number, judiciously selected and arranged. Notwithstanding that the happy application of the foregoing rules, requires no small degree of judgment and taste, both on account of their liability to be misconceived, and in consequence of the numerous exceptions (besides those already pointed out) which *ought* to be, and which, without detriment to a good elocution, *might* be, made to them, it is believed, that a careful observance of them will prove highly beneficial to such as are anxious to attain an elegant and an accurate style in reading and speaking.

In elocution, as in every other department of science which pertains to language, there are not wanting, at least, a few, leading, *fixed* principles, which may be laid down as landmarks in the form of rules, and prove highly serviceable to the noviciate, to guide him on his way to excellence in this department of learning: but because rules have their *exceptions*, it is no good reason why they should be rejected. There are few rules in any science (except the *exact* sciences) which have not their exceptions. Therefore, to reject them, on this ground, would be to do away all science. But an unnecessary and an unreasonable multiplicity of rules, is an opposite extreme, equally to be avoided.

The following rules being deemed of minor importance, and admitting, also, of a greater number of exceptions than the foregoing, it has been thought most appropriate to present them in the form of NOTES.

A SERIES.

A SERIES denotes a succession of similar or opposite particulars, words, or portions of a sentence, following each other in the same construction. A series may be single, double, triple, or compound. It most frequently occurs either at the commencement, or at the close, of a compound sentence.

By Mr. Walker, the various kinds of series are reduced to three general divisions:

1. The SIMPLE SERIES.
2. The COMPOUND SERIES.
3. The SERIES OF SERIES.

In the delivery of almost every separate portion of a sentence, a chaste and an appropriate elocution requires, that the tones and the inflections of the voice should be varied; but far more necessary is this variation where the sentence is so constructed that perfectly similar portions succeed each other to a considerable extent. To attempt to lay down rules by which to regulate the voice in all its appropriate modulations and inflections—by which to mark the definite character of every tone, the exact direction of every wave or concrete vanish, or the precise extent of every upward and downward slide, would be worse than idle; for such directions, as far as they would produce any effect, would prove highly pernicious, as they would lead to a stiff, formal, artificial enunciation—an enunciation the most execrable that scholastick dulness could invent. But notwithstanding the absurdity of such an extreme as the one here alluded to, *something* may be effected by the observance of a few rules judiciously arranged and cautiously applied, by their pointing out the most harmonious and agreeable variety that may be adopted in the enunciation of the different kinds of series. If they merely prevent that tasteless and unendurable *monotonous* manner so often exhibited in the pronunciation of such constructions, they effect, not merely a negative, but a positive, good.

SIMPLE SERIES.

A SIMPLE SERIES consists of two or more *single* words or particulars, following each other in the same construction, either in commencing or in closing a sentence.

NOTE 1. When a sentence commences with two particulars, the first may have the falling, and the second, the rising, inflection. *Example:* "Exercise\ and temperance/ strengthen the constitution."

OBSERVATION. It has already been shown, that the upward and downward slides of the voice vary very greatly in *degree* or *extent*. Care should be taken in reading the foregoing example, that the downward slide on the word *exercise*, be but *slight*—not more than *one* tone, or the falling slide of a *second*.

Obs. 2. In Mr. Walker's zeal to build up, and support, a theory, possibly it never occurred to him, that neither the foregoing, nor the following, rules, are grounded in the philosophy of language, nor on the philosophical principles of vocal sounds, but merely on the *ideal* principles of good taste. Very well. But may not the principles of *good taste*, vary? Unquestionably they may:* and with every variation of these principles, the rules that are founded on them, must, of necessity, undergo a corresponding *change*. Hence it would be no particular detriment to the elocution of the foregoing example, were we to give the *rising* inflection to *both* of the commencing particulars; for a pleasing *variety* (which a just elocution absolutely demands) may be given to their enunciation merely by *modulation* and expression, or, in other words, by varying the *tone* and *force* of the voice, as it passes from one word to the other, without perceptibly varying the inflection: thus, "Exercise' and temperance' strengthen the constitution."

It may be proper to add, however, that the rule is useful, as its observance will be sure to enforce a *variety* in the enunciation of the two words, which, without it, might be pronounced in a disagreeable monotone: and, farthermore, its direction will suggest a very pleasing and rational variety, perhaps the best that can be given.

NOTE 2. When a sentence closes with two single particulars, the first takes the rising, and the second, the falling, inflection.

* Possibly the fastidiously critical in the use of terms, will take exceptions to this remark. But without wishing to provoke criticism, or to start the supposition that he is willing to handle words loosely, the author begs leave to remark, that all he means by the phrase, "the *principles* of good taste may vary," is, perhaps, expressed in the phrase, "good taste may vary." This last proposition, however, he maintains to be true: and its correctness, he believes, is fully established by some of the illustrations which follow. One man may enunciate a series, sentence, or passage, in a masterly and an elegant manner, and another may pronounce the same in a manner equally elegant and chaste, though in a style widely *different* from the first; and at the same time, it might defy all the laws of philosophy, rhetorick, and elocution, to *prove* which of the two had the advantage in elegance and accuracy of taste.

Eg. "The constitution is strengthened by exercise′ and temperance\."

Observation. As it is necessary that this sentence should close with the falling inflection, or with that peculiar, falling vanish called a cadence, the principles of melody require, that the voice should rise on the last word but one of the closing series.

NOTE 3. When three single particulars occur at the commencement of a sentence, the first and second may take the falling, and the third, the rising, inflection, *Eg.* "Manufactures\, trade\, and agriculture′, employ the greater portion of the human species."

Obs. Here it may be observed, again, that, although the three words, "manufactures, trade, and agriculture," ought not to have the *same* inflection of voice given to each, yet whether the rising inflection should be given to the first, and the falling, to the second, or, *vice versa*, or whether they should be inflected according to the directions of the rule, is a mere matter of taste. This may appear more obvious by reading the sentence successively, in the three following, different ways:

"Manufactures′, trade\, and agriculture′, employ the greater portion of the human species:"

"Manufactures\, trade′, and agriculture\, employ the greater portion of the human species:"

"Manufactures\, trade\, and agriculture′, employ the greater portion of the human species."

It may be proper to observe, however, in regard to the *second* of these readings, that, as the words "trade and agriculture," take the same inflection, it becomes the more important that the *modulation* given to each, should be varied, the one from the other.

NOTE 4. When three single particulars occur at the close of a sentence, the first and third may take the falling, and the second, the rising, inflection: *Eg.* "Whatever obscurities may involve religious tenets, the essence of true piety consists in humility\, love′, and devotion\."

Obs. It may be useful again to caution the learner against

the very common, but not very tolerable, errour of giving the voice too *intense* a downward slide on ordinary, unemphatick words which take the falling inflection. The purport and propriety of this caution will appear more obvious to the unpractised student, if, in pronouncing the foregoing example, he be particular to observe, that a correct enunciation allows his voice to slide only *half as low* on the word "humility," (if he give it the *falling* inflection; which is by no means *necessary*,) as on the word "devotion," where the voice takes the intense, downward slide of a *third* that belongs to the cadence.

NOTE 5. When four single words form a commencing series, the first and fourth may take the rising, and the second and third, the falling, inflection: *Eg.* "Metals', minerals\, plants\, and meteors', contain a thousand curious properties which are as engaging to the fancy as to the reason."

"Proofs of the immortality of the soul may justly be drawn from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice', goodness\, wisdom\, and veracity', are all concerned in this great point."

NOTE 6. When four single words form a concluding series, the first and fourth may have the falling, and the second and third, the rising, inflection: *Eg.*, "The four elements of which, according to the old philosophers, the material world is composed, consist of fire\, water', air', and earth\."

"He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy\, hatred', malice', anger\, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care\, solicitude', remorse', and confusion\."

Obs. It will readily be perceived, that similar observations may be applied to Rules 5 and 6, with those which were made in reference to the rules that precede them. Indeed, as the number of particulars under these last two rules, is increased, so may the variety of inflections applicable to the particulars, be proportionately increased. It should be observed, however, that whatever may be the number of particulars in a simple series, the *last* one in a commencing series, always requires the

rising inflection, and the *last* in a closing series, if in a common, affirmative sentence, the falling inflection.

NOTE 7. When a long list of single words forms a commencing series, they may be divided from the right into periods or groups of three words each: the last period may be read according to the direction of Rule 3, and the others, according to Rule 4, and the odd particulars, agreeably to Rule 1. *Eg.* "Gold\, silver/, copper\, iron\, and lead/, are abundant in various parts of the western continent."

"Cotton\, coffee/, sugar\, rum/, molasses\, spices\, fruits\, and drugs/, are the common products of the West-Indies."

"Love\, joy/, peace\, long suffering\, gentleness/, goodness\, faith\, meekness\, temperance/, are the fruits of the spirit; and against such things there is no law."

NOTE 8. When a long list of particulars forms a concluding series, a similar division into periods may be applied to them, and each period may be read according to Rule 4, and odd particulars, agreeably to Rule 1: *Eg.* "The science of elocution is noble\, refined/, elegant\, pleasing/, and useful\, intricate\, philosophical/, and wonderful\;" [but some of these rules are foolish\, trifling/, and unimportant\.]

"The fruits of the spirit are love\, joy/, peace\, long suffering\, gentleness/, goodness\, faith\, meekness/, temperance\: against these there is no law."

COMPOUND SERIES.

A COMPOUND SERIES consists of two or more phrases or distinct members of a sentence, succeeding each other in a similar construction.

NOTE 1. When two or more phrases or members form a commencing, compound series, the last takes the rising inflection, and all the rest, the falling: *Eg.* "To advise the ignorant\, relieve the needy\, comfort the afflicted/, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives."

"The ignorance of the moderns\, the scribblers of the age\, and the decay of poetry/, are the topicks of detraction with

which a bard of our country makes his entrance into the world."

NOTE 2. When two or more members form a closing, compound series, they all adopt the falling inflection, except the penultimate or last member but one, and this should have the rising: *Eg.* "Statues can last but a few thousand years\, edifices fewer/, and colours still fewer than edifices\."

"A discreet and virtuous friend relieves the mind\, improves the understanding\, engenders new thoughts\, awakens good resolutions/, and furnishes employment for the most vacant hours in life\."

Observation. This last Note is an important one; but this, the substance of the one preceding it, and of several others which occur under the head of the Simple Series, are comprehended in Rule 7, page 89.

SERIES OF SERIES.

The recurrence of two or more simple particulars, combined with two or more compound particulars, and all united in forming a series of a sentence, constitute what is termed a SERIES OF SERIES.

NOTE. When several members occur which are composed of similar or opposite particulars, and are divided into couplets or triplets, they may be enunciated *singly* according to the appropriate rules of a simple series, but, as forming a *whole* compound series, agreeably to the rules applicable to the respective number and variety of compound particulars contained in the sentence.

EXAMPLES.

"For I am persuaded that neither death/, nor life\, nor angels\, nor principalities/, nor powers\, nor things present/, nor things to come\, nor height/, nor depth\, nor any other creature/, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord\."

"Those evil spirits who, by long custom, have contracted in

the body habits of lust/ and sensuality\, malice/ and revenge\, and an aversion to every thing that is good\, just\, and laudable/, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery\."

This scheme of Mr. Walker's for arranging and classifying the various series of words, and of applying to them a systematick set of rules, certainly displays no little ingenuity, and cannot but be productive of some utility; but it is by no means a cause of regret to ascertain, on an examination of it, that most parts of it have no better foundation than the vivid *fancy* and delicate *taste* of its inventor. Nature would have dealt out her favours with a parsimonious hand indeed, had she allowed the human voice no greater scope in inflecting the multifarious and insurpassable variety of forms of expression, and modes of intonation, which occur in our language, than that prescribed by Mr. Walker's rules.

But notwithstanding we may take great liberties with many of the foregoing rules which attempt to regulate the inflections proper to be given to a simple series of words, it must have been observed by the judicious reader of the preceding, general development of this intricate and delicate subject, that *many* of the rules given for the regulation of the inflections of the voice—such, for example, as those which appertain to the closing inflection of simple affirmative, negative, interrogative, and exclamatory sentences, as well as of declarative and conditional members of sentences, and so forth—have their foundation in the philosophy of vocal sounds and the principles of the language; and that, therefore, the laws which govern such inflections, are as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Some of these rules, it is true, have their *exceptions;* but even these exceptions are controlled by principles and circumstances that are easily revealed and explained. The amount of the matter is, then, that, in whatever light we view this subject, the leading rules, together with their exceptions, which tend to regulate the inflections of the voice, merit the particular attention of him who would excel in the science of elocution. But their great importance may be more strongly enforced by adducing a few examples in which it will appear, that a *wrong* inflection will *totally pervert the sense.*

Examples in which a wrong Inflection is capable of perverting the meaning.

The curfew tolls\, the knell of parting day\;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea/;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way/,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me\.

The author has marked the inflections and pauses in this passage, agreeably to the elocution which he thinks ought to be given to it. But who has not observed, that it is commonly read with the *rising* inflection and the suspending pause applied to the word "tolls," in the first line? And who does not perceive, that such a reading would give the line a totally different meaning from the *correct* one? It would change the character of the verb "tolls" from an intransitive to a transitive, and make the word "knell" an objective case to it, and moreover, render the line tame, and unpoetical; whereas, nothing can be more obvious, than that the writer designed the word "knell" to be in *apposition* with "curfew:" for the last part of the line, is, literally, a mere repetition of the thought contained in the first part, but, figuratively, it is a new, and picturesque, and glowing image, altogether worthy the talents of the great poet who conceived it.

Some, again, by confounding the number of *lines* in this stanza, with the number of *members* in the sentence, would close the *second* line with the *falling* inflection, under the mistaken notion that the *third* line is the last member but *one*, at the close of which, according to the rule, the voice should take the rising inflection and the suspending pause. But, when justly considered, this sentence will be found to be composed of only *three* principal members. The first line is a compound member, the second, a simple, and the third and fourth lines, form another compound member. From this explanation, then, and by recollecting that the conjunction *and* is understood after the word "lea," it must appear obvious, that that word should take the *rising* inflection, and in strict accordance with Rule 7, page 89. And what chastened ear is there, that does not sanction this application of the rule?

From the foregoing observations, it is evident, moreover, that a misconception of the structure and character of sentences, would lead to a misapplication of the rules; and that an injudicious or erroneous use of the rules, would be far more detrimental to elocution than *no* use of them.

One or two more selections from the same beautiful poem, (Gray's Elegy,) will elicit a few remarks that may be useful to the unpractised student.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command',
The threats of pain and ruin to despise',
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land',
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes',

Their lot forbade'; nor circumscribed alone'
Their growing virtues', but their crimes confined';
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne',
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind'.

In this passage, a falling inflection of the voice is not allowable, until it sweeps through the whole of the first stanza, and reaches the word "forbade," in the second: according to Exception 2, to Rule 7, page 89. Although, without any great perversion of taste, the *falling* inflection might be made at the close of each of the first two lines, yet were the voice to fall at the close of the *last* line of the first verse, as many a reader is in the habit of allowing it, the whole passage would thereby be converted into nonsense.

Some might suppose, that the word "throne," at the close of the last line but one in the sentence, requires, agreeably to Rule 7, the *rising* inflection; but the inflection of that word is controlled by the *emphasis* that falls upon it; for which reason it should be inflected according to the 1st Exception to the Rule.

Approach and read' (for thou canst read') the lay'
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn'.

This example most strikingly illustrates the importance of the rising inflection and suspending pause where the *sense* is interrupted and suspended, (as is the case at the word "read,")

whilst the voice, in an under key, takes its flight through the parenthetical clause. To allow the voice to fall on the first "read," is to trample on the laws of common sense, and put the principles of elocution to the blush.

No farther seek his merits to disclose′,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode\,
(There they′, alike′, in trembling hope repose\,)
The bosom of his Father and his God\.

It seems to be the most natural to give the falling inflection to the word "abode," at the close of the second line, in this example; but, as the sense, though apparently closed at that word, is actually interrupted by the parenthetical clause which follows, the meaning of the last line, in which the word "bosom" is in apposition with "abode," might, possibly, be rendered more clearly, were we to give the *rising* inflection to the word "abode."

The parenthetical clauses in this and the example next preceding it, seem to call for a remark. In order to render the meaning, in any tolerable degree, perspicuous, in these two examples, it is absolutely necessary, that these parenthetical clauses should be read, not merely in a *lower* tone or key, but in an intonation *distinctly different in kind* from that employed in pronouncing the other portions of the respective sentences in which they occur.

The following passage from Addison's Cato, is presented with the punctuation in which it ordinarily appears in books, and with the inflections marked in conformity to that punctuation. It is an address of one of the sons of Cato to his brother.

Remember what our father oft has told us\,
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate′,
Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errours\;
Our understanding traces them in vain′,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search\.

The comma at "intricate," and the semicolon placed after "errours," very readily cause the reader to mistake the con-

nexion between the members of this passage, and, by making the rising inflection at "intricate," to unite the meaning of the third line with that of the second. A little reflection, however, will enable him to discover his mistake; for no one would believe, for a moment, that the great and the just Cato ever inculcated into the minds of his sons so irreligious an idea as to tell them that "The ways of Heaven are puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errours." Although, to short-sighted mortals, they may appear "dark and intricate," yet, to say that they are "puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errours," is a profanity of which neither Mr. Addison nor Cato could have been guilty. But is not this the meaning of the passage? Agreeably to the punctuation, most certainly it is. How, then, shall we clear up the difficulty? Simply by *reversing* the inflections and the pauses at the end of the second and third line. The meaning of the third line will then be connected with that of the fourth, and show the meaning of the poet to be, that it is our "understanding," and not "Heaven," that is "Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errours."

The sense and beauty of the passage are restored by punctuating and inflecting it in the following manner:

> Remember what our father oft has told us\,
> The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate\;
> Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errours/,
> Our understanding traces them in vain\,
> Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search\:
> Nor sees with how much art the windings run/,
> Nor where the regular confusion ends\.

The following passage from Henry V. admits of a double meaning, according to the turn of the inflections:

> For he to-day that sheds his blood with me/,
> Shall be my brother/, be he e'er so vile\:
> This day shall gentle his condition\.

Agreeably to this reading, that is, by giving the rising inflection to the word "brother," and the falling to "vile," the conditional phrase, "be he e'er so vile," is connected in sense with

the preceding part of the same line in which it occurs; whereas, by *reversing* these inflections, according to the directions in the same passage as subsequently presented, the meaning of the phrase will be connected, as it should be, with the line which follows it.

This story shall the good man teach his son\,
And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by/,
From this time to the ending of the world/,
But we and it shall be remembered\:
We few\, we happy few\, we band of brothers\;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me/,
Shall be my brother\: be he e'er so vile/,
This day shall gentle his condition\;
And gentlemen in England/, now abed/,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here\,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day\.

Examples of this description might be multiplied without limit; but it is presumed that enough have been brought forward to show the necessity of strict attention to the inflections of the voice, employed by one who would enunciate the sentiments of others with accuracy and elegance.

CIRCUMFLEX.

On page 75, the reader was informed, that,

When both the upward and the downward slides of the voice occur in pronouncing a syllable, they are denominated a *Circumflex* or *Wave*. It is represented by the following mark (^), which is commonly placed over a vowel, thus (â).

The upward and the downward slides of the voice sometimes extend to three or four variations on the same syllable; for which reason Dr. Rush has divided the circumflexes or waves into *single, double*, and *continued;* and subdivided them again into *equal, direct, inverted, unequal, direct unequal, and inverted unequal.* Although to the ordinary reader, these distinctions may be of little importance, yet some may be gratified with an illustration of them.

SINGLE, DOUBLE, AND CONTINUED WAVE.

When the voice rises and falls, or falls and rises, only *once* upon the same syllable, the movement is called a *Single Wave.*

When the voice rises and falls, and rises again, or falls and rises, and falls again, on the same syllable, the movement is called a *Double Wave.*

When there are more than three parts to a circumflex, it is denominated a *Continued Wave.*

EQUAL, DIRECT, INVERTED WAVE, &c.

When the rise and fall of the voice on a syllable, are equal, the movement is called an *Equal Wave.*

When the voice rises first, and then falls, in an equal wave, the movement is denominated a *Direct* Equal Wave.

But when it falls first, and then rises, it is called an *Inverted* Equal Wave.

When the upward and the downward slides of the voice in a circumflex movement, are unequal, it is called an *Unequal* Wave.

When the first part of an unequal circumflex rises, it is denominated a *Direct* Unequal Wave.

When the first part of an unequal wave falls, it is called an *Inverted* Unequal Wave.

ILLUSTRATION.

Hâil! beauteous stranger of the wood."

If the word "hail," in this sentence, be uttered with a perceptible, downward ending, and with protracted or long quantity, though without emphasis, the movement of the voice will display the *direct equal* wave of a second, or an upward and downward slide of the voice through *one* tone.

"Hĭgh on a thrône of rôyal state."

If this line be pronounced in a similar manner, though with the rising inflection at the close of each word, it will exhibit the *inverted* equal wave of a second on the syllables "high," "throne," and "roy."

"I said he was *my* friend."

Let this sentence be slowly uttered, with long quantity, and such an emphasis upon "my" as to contrast it with *your*—friend, and the word *my* will show the *direct* equal wave of a third; that is, the voice will rise and fall through *two* tones.

"Ah! is he *yôûr* friend, then?"

Let this last sentence be enunciated as a reply to the preceding, and with a somewhat brisk air of surprise, though with long quantity and a natural emphasis upon "your," and it will display the inverted equal wave of a third.

If the sentence, "Yes, I said he was *my* friend," be reiterated with a strongly positive emphasis upon *my*, and with extended quantity, it will exhibit the direct equal wave of a fifth: or the voice will rise and fall upon the word *four* tones.

"Is he solely *yôûr* friend?"

If the utterance of this interrogation be rendered more piercing, with long quantity and increased emphasis of surprise upon the word *your*, it will show the inverted wave of a fifth.

The *direct* unequal wave will be shown by pronouncing the word *my*, in the sentence, "I said he was *my* friend," in a strongly taunting and positive manner.

If, in the sentence, "Is he *yôûr* friend?" the word *your* be uttered with a strong expression of scorn and interrogation, it will exhibit the *inverted* unequal wave.

"Pity the sorrows of a pôôr ôld mân'."

If suspensive quantity and a plaintive tone be given to the words "poor" and "old," in the foregoing example, they will exhibit the *direct* wave of the *semitone:* and if the word "man" receive a plaintive expression and extended quantity, and the voice be made to rise on the second part of the wave, it will show the *inverted* wave of the *semitone*.

EXERCISES.

As a command over these elements, is of great importance to a reader or a speaker, a faithful exercise on the following, vowel sounds, will be found useful to the learner. The rising and falling slides of a second, third, fifth, and octave, and, also, the direct and inverted equal and unequal waves, may be given

to *a* in *a*-ll, *a* in *a*-pe, *a* in *a*-rch, *o* in *o*-wn, *ou* in *ou*-r, *ee* in *ee*-l, *oo* in *oo*-ze, *oi* in j-*oy*, *i* in *i*-sle, *ew* in b-*eau*-ty, n-*ew*, and so forth.

For a farther development of this subject, the reader is referred to Dr. Rush's "Philosophy of the Human Voice," p. 210.

EXERCISES.

Who's he that wishes more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
No, no, my lord; wish not a *mân* from England.

If the word "man," in this passage, be uttered with such an emphasis laid upon it as to contrast it with some antithetical word understood, but without any *circumflex* of the voice on the vowel *a*, the sense will be perverted, and the inferential meaning will be, that, although he should not wish a *man*, yet he might wish a *woman*, or a *horse:* whereas, if the direct equal wave of a third, with long quantity, be given to the word "man," the meaning and beauty of the passage will be fully displayed.

Example.—Mr. Addison relates an anecdote of an ancient philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was disturbed by a person that came into the room in a passion, and overturned the dinner table: to which outrage the philosopher calmly replied, "Every one has his *calâmity;* and he is a *hâppy* mân that has no greater than *thîs.*

Remark.—This quoted sentence ought to be read with an easy, free, and perfectly *familiar* intonation; and then the emphatick words, "calamity," "happy" and "this," as well as the word "man," will very happily display the *circumflex* movements of the voice. In short, the *wave* of the voice occurs, more or less, in the pronunciation of emphatick words. This subject will, therefore, be resumed under the head of *emphatick inflections.*

PROMISCUOUS EXERCISES.

In reading the following examples, the pupil should be required, by frequent trials and *repetitions*, not only to enunciate them with the greatest care and accuracy, but, also, to apply every Rule and every Exception agreeably to which the exercises are marked.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villany\.

Affectation is a part of the chosen trappings of folly\.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect\.

There is the modern infidel\, who affects to deny the divine authenticity of the Bible\. The devil don't deny it/. The infidel has all the impudence of the devil/, but not half the knôwledge/.

The fine arts look not so much to what is natural/, as to that which is agreeable\: nevertheless/, they generally copy from nature/.

I said an *elder* soldier\; not a *better*/. Did I say bêtter/?

We are troubled on every side\, yet not distrêssed/; perplexed\, yet not in despâir/; persecuted\, but not forsâken/; cast down/, but not destroyed\.

To smile upon those we should censure\, and to countenance such as are guilty of bad actions/, is bringing guilt upon ourselves\.

God hung out this sign [the Bible] from Heaven/,—and retired\.

At length the Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind/,—and it was still\.

If thy fellow approach thee/, naked and destitute/, and thou shouldst say unto him/, 'Depart in peace\; be you wârmed and fîlled\;' and yet/, shouldst give him not those things that are needful to him/, what benevolence is there in thy conduct\? yea/, rather/, is it not hypocrisy\?

Remark.—The negative, *not*, in the last question of the preceding example, *reverses* the inflection at "hypocrisy," and gives it the *falling*, contrary to Rule 4. If a *negative*, when introduced into a simple, affirmative sentence, has power to reverse its inflection, it is apparent that it may sometimes exert the same controlling influence over an interrogative sentence.

Example.—The Brigantines′, even under a female leader′, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements\, to storm their camps\, and′, if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity′, they would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke\: and shall not we′, untouched′, unsubdued′, and struggling′, not for the acquisition′, but the continuance′, of liberty′, declare′, at the very first onset′, what kind of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence′?

Remark.—This last example is introduced for the purpose of illustrating, in the interrogatory portion of it, not only, that where several members succeed each other in which the sense is suspended, each must be closed with the *rising* inflection and the suspending pause, but, also, that, whatever may be the *length* of a question commencing with a verb, it is important always to close it with the *rising* inflection.

EXERCISES.

In the production of Washington′, it does really appear as if nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself\, and that all the virtues of the ancient world′, were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new\. Individual instances′, no doubt′, there were\;—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification\. Cesar was merciful\; Scipio was continent′; Hannibal was patient\; but it was left for Washington to blend all these great qualities in one\, and′, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist′, to exhibit′, in one glow of associated beauty′, the pride of every model′, and the perfection of every master\. As a conqueror′, he was untainted with the crime of blood\; as a revolutionist′, he was free from any stain of treason\; for aggression commenced the contest′, and his country called him to the command\. Liberty unsheathed his sword\, necessity stained′, and victory returned it\.

Shall I′, too′, weep′? Where′, then′, is fortitude\′?
And′, fortitude abandoned′, where is man\′?

And what is friendship but a name\′?
A charm that lulls to sleep\′?
A shade that follows wealth or fame′?
But leaves the wretch to weep\′?

10

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn\';
Kind nature the embryo blossom will sâve\';
But when shall spring visit the mouldering ûrn\'?
Oh′, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave\'?

Oh′, who can tell′, save he whose heart hath tried′,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide′,
The exulting sense\',—the pulse's maddening play′,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way\'?

How long didst thou think′, that his silence was slumber\'!
When the wind waved his garment′, how oft didst thou start\'!
How many long days and long nights didst thou number′,
E're he faded before thee′, the friend of thy heart\'!

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour′,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood′
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower′,
Where the home of my forefathers stood\'.

All ruined and wild is their roofless abode′,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree\';
And travelled by few′, is the grass-covered road′,
Where the hunter\', and deer′, and warriour trode\'.

If nature's revolution speaks aloud′,
In her gradation′, hear her louder still\'.
Look through nature\', 'tis neat gradation all\'.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends\'!
Each middle nature joined at each extreme\';
To that above it joined′, to that beneath\'.
Parts into parts reciprocally shot′,
Abhor divorce\'. What love of union reigns\'!

QUESTIONS.

Of what does chapter 3, treat?
What is meant by the inflections of the voice?
How many slides of the voice are there?
In the pronunciation of what words are they most apparent?
What is the upward slide of the voice called?
How is it indicated?
What is the downward slide of the voice denominated?
By what sign is it sometimes represented?
What constitutes a circumflex or wave of the voice?
Describe the protracted sound of y.

Pronounce the letters *o*, *a*, *e*, and *u*, and the words *name*, *song*, &c. in a very deliberate manner, and notice the *vanish* of the voice at the close of each as it dies away into silence.

What two circumstances in regard to this delicate vanish of the voice at the close of a sound, demand particular attention?

What part of an elementary sound is denoted by each of the terms *radical* and *vanishing movement?*

What name is given to the whole movement of the voice in exploding an elementary sound?

What is meant by the rising slide of a second?—Please to illustrate it by experiment.

Please to illustrate the rising slide of a third, of a fifth, and of an octave; and explain each of these terms.

Illustrate the falling slide of a second, of a third, of a fifth, and of an octave; and explain each of these terms.

Now have the goodness to read, several times over, the examples on pages 78, 79, and 80, and describe the inflections adopted.

Repeat and explain Rule 1, without looking into the book.

What is the Exception to this rule?—Illustrate it by examples.

What is Rule 2?—Can you illustrate it by examples?

Repeat and explain the Exception to Rule 2.

Repeat Rule 3.—Will you illustrate it by appropriate examples?

What is Rule 4?—Please to read the examples to Rules 3 and 4.

Repeat Rule 5, and read the examples under it, and show how they illustrate the rule.

What are Exceptions 1, 2, and 3, to Rule 5? Have the goodness to illustrate them by examples.

Will you enunciate the Exercises under Exceptions 1 and 2, and explain the application of the exception to the inflections of each example?

What is Rule 6?—Please to read and explain all the examples under it.

What is Rule 7?—Illustrate it by numerous examples.

What is the 1st Exception to Rule 7?—What, the 2d?

What Exception is there to the principle contained in Exception second?

Read and explain the numerous Exercises which follow Rule 7.

What does the term Series denote in elocution?

What are the three general divisions of the Series?

In pronouncing a succession of words, should the tones and modulations of the voice always be varied?

What is a Simple Series?—Repeat and explain Note 1.

What is said in Observation 1, under the note? What, in Obs. 2?

Repeat and illustrate Note 2—also, the Observation under it.

What is Note 3?

How, according to the Observation, can the example under Note 3, be varied in its inflections?—Illustrate those variations.

Repeat and explain Note 4.

What is the *caution* contained in the Observation on Note 4?

Repeat and illustrate Notes 5 and 6.

May the inflections applicable to the examples under these notes, also be varied from the prescribed form of the notes?—Show wherein.

Repeat and explain Note 7.—Also, Note 8.

What is a Compound Series?

Can you illustrate Note 1, under it?

Illustrate Note 2, and repeat the Observation under it.

What constitutes a Series of Series?

Repeat the Note under this last head.

Show how it applies to the examples which follow it.

On what foundation rests Mr. Walker's scheme for inflecting the various series of words?

Can you cite and explain some examples in which an improper inflection presents a wrong meaning?

What is meant by a Circumflex or Wave?

By what mark is it indicated?

Define a Single, a Double, and a Continued Wave.

What is a Direct Equal Wave?—What, an Inverted Equal Wave? What, an Unequal Wave?

Please to explain the difference between a Direct Unequal, and an Inverted Unequal Wave.

Illustrate each of these Waves by examples.

Can you illustrate these circumflex movements of the voice on the vowels *a*, *o*, *ou*, *ee*, *ew*, &c.?

Give some examples in which a wave of the voice is proper on some particular words.

Please to read several of the examples under the head of "Promiscuous Exercises," and explain the rules which apply to them.

CHAPTER IV.

OF FORCE, ACCENT, AND EMPHASIS.

FORCE.

The terms loud and soft, strong and weak, are employed to express the various degrees of force.

Particular care should be taken not to confound these terms with *high* and *low*. The latter are properly applied to the *tones*, or, more accurately, *notes*, of the voice. A mistake of this sort, might, therefore, lead one, when he designs to increase the force of his voice, merely to raise it to a higher pitch; and thus, instead of producing the intended, louder and stronger sound, he would only give one more shrill.

The term *force*, as applied to the utterance of syllables and words, has a meaning distinct from the term *loudness*, and, also, from that peculiar stress which is denominated *emphasis*. Force is nearly synonymous with *energy*. Energy in delivery, may not only be given to single syllables, like accent, and to single words, like emphasis, but unlike accent and emphasis, it may be extended to whole sentences, and even to paragraphs.

In regard to a proper *loudness* of voice, the first object of every person who reads or speaks to others, doubtless should be, to make himself easily and distinctly heard by all to whom he addresses himself. To effect this, he must fill with his voice the space occupied by the auditory. The volume and power of voice necessary to fill a given space, depend much on a proper pitch, as well as on the force and loudness; but far more, still, (as heretofore intimated,) on a clear and distinct *articulation*. It is a great mistake to imagine, that in order to be easily heard, and clearly understood, by those in the remote parts of a large room, a speaker must raise his voice to a high

pitch. The variety of loudness, softness, energy, and feebleness, requisite for good delivery, falls within the compass of each key. A speaker may, therefore, render his voice loud or soft without altering his key: and by observing a distinct articulation, he will always be able to give the most body—the most volume of sound—to that pitch of voice to which he is accustomed in ordinary conversation. Whereas, by setting out on a higher key, he will allow himself less compass, and be likely to strain his voice before he closes his discourse; and thus, by fatiguing himself, he will speak with pain: and "*whenever a person speaks with pain to himself, he is heard with pain by his audience.*"

In the exercise of the voice, great economy should be observed in regard to the volume or amount of sound exploded, particularly by those whose vocal organs are impaired or enfeebled. One ought, therefore, never to utter a greater quantity of sound (if it is scientifick so to speak) than he can afford without any extraordinary effort. By keeping within these bounds, the organs of speech will be able to discharge their various offices with ease and energy.

Attention to the following direction, will likewise be highly serviceable. If, before we pronounce a word or phrase which we wish to express in a very forcible manner, we make a pause, (generally a *rhetorical* pause,) and during the pause, draw into the lungs, a full inspiration, it will enable us to accomplish our object with great ease and effect.

Our enunciation should be loud or soft, energetick, forcible, or feeble, according to the nature and design of the word, phrase, or passage delivered.

EXAMPLES.

Soft—Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.

Loud—But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

Energetick— Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong from the ethereal skies
With hideous ruin and combustion, down

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire.

Feeble— But I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

ANALYSIS OF FORCE.

The *Force* or *Stress* of the voice displayed in the utterance of syllables, consists of various qualities or characteristicks. It may be manifested at the *commencement* of a syllable, by an abrupt percussion, violently impressing the ear with a sudden loudness of sound; or it may commence with moderation, and advance with an increased swell of the voice to the *middle* of the sound or syllable, and then diminish to its close; or the sound may be particularly marked with force at its *termination*, or at *both* ends, or *equally* throughout its *whole length*. To the suddenness with which a vowel element may be exploded, to the gradually diminishing volume of voice that may take place in pronouncing a vowel with extended quantity, and to the final termination of its sound in a delicate vanish, the attention of the reader has already been called. In order to a clear understanding of the various kinds of *force* or *stress*, some knowledge of these elements is indispensably necessary.

RADICAL STRESS.

The term *Radical Stress*, is given by Dr. Rush to that stress or sudden force that is frequently applied to the *opening* or *commencing* portion of sound given forth in pronouncing a syllable.

Please to read again the illustration of *radical* and *vanishing movement*, and so forth, given on pages 31, 61, and 75.

This kind of stress is much employed in expressing the angry passions, and all others associated with them; and, also, the emotions of hope, joy, exultation, positiveness, and so forth.

Force, when appropriately and effectively employed, is a symbol of energetick feeling. It gives life and animation to

discourse; and, on many occasions, becomes a powerful agent of oratory.

The following words of Edward to Warwick, require a high degree of

Radical Stress.—Guards, seize
This traitor, and convey him to the tower:
There let him learn obedience.

VANISHING FORCE OR STRESS.

As force is often applied at the beginning of a sound, so it is sometimes given at, or near, the *termination* of the sliding vanish: and when thus applied, it is styled by Dr. Rush, a *Vanishing Stress.*

A striking exhibition of this kind of stress, will be made, if the student pronounce a vowel, or a consonant that admits of quantity, with moderate force, and protract the sound through the interval of a rising third or fifth, by observing, just at the termination of the vanishing movement, to give the sound, as it were, a strong and sudden *jerk.*

This stress is frequently employed to make the concrete intervals of thirds and fifths in interrogation, more conspicuous, and is expressive of impatient ardour, surprise, complaint, fretfulness, and the like. Hence it is often heard in the complaints of children, and of peevish persons. It is also distinctly marked in hiccough, as well as in that peculiarity of the Irish pronunciation of the English language, vulgarly called "Irish accent."

COMPOUND FORCE OR STRESS.

When force is applied at both ends of a sound or syllable, it is called *Compound Stress.*

MEDIAN STRESS.

When the sound of a long syllable, swells from its opening to the middle of it, and then diminishes to its close, the force applied, is styled by Dr. Rush, *Median Stress.*

This kind of stress may be illustrated on the words *hail,*

sole, *name*, *heel*, or on *y*, *o*, or *I*, and so forth, in the following manner:—let the voice open upon these syllables with moderate force, and gradually swell in volume as it proceeds till it becomes full and conspicuous, and then let it diminish in the same gradual manner until it dies away in the ordinary vanish.

This kind of stress may advantageously be practised on the direct wave of a second. Words emphasised with it, acquire an agreeable smoothness of sound. It is the appropriate emphasis for syllables of long quantity, and, consequently, is much employed in all subjects of a dignified character. In the management of this element, great delicacy is required, for, when naturally displayed, it is but slightly marked.

ASPIRATE ELEMENTS.

Some of the consonants, such as *s*, *sh*, *sts*, *f*, *h*, *th*, *ch*, *wh*, are denominated *Aspirate* elements, because they are uttered by a sort of whispering explosion of the breath, and with little or no sound in the throat.

Some of the consonants, as well as the vowel elements, are commonly exploded without any aspiration. It is possible, however, to mingle aspiration, in various degrees, with all the vowel sounds; and, indeed, to aspirate them completely by *whispering* them.

Aspiration is much employed in expressing scorn, contempt, excessive anger, earnestness, and the like. What could be more expressive of scorn than the *hissing* employed in the theatre? Aspiration increases the mystery of a passage designedly mysterious, as the following example will illustrate:

> Then *f*ir*st*, with amazement, *f*air Imogine *f*ound,
> That a *st*ranger was pla*c*e*d* by *h*er *s*ide;
> *H*is air was terri*ff*ick; *h*e uttered no *s*ound;
> *H*e *s*poke not, *h*e moved not, *h*e looked not around,
> But earne*st*ly gazed on the bride.

ACCENT.

ACCENT implies that peculiar force or stress of the voice which is given to a particular letter or syl-

lable of a word, in order to distinguish it from the other syllables, and render its articulation more distinct and audible; as in the word pro*mote*, the stress must be laid on the letter *o*, which gives to the second syllable, *mote*, the accent.

Every word of more syllables than one, has one of them accented. With few exceptions, the placing of the accent on one syllable in preference to another, is determined entirely by *custom*.

To promote euphony and distinctness in the utterance of a long word, a *secondary* accent is frequently given to one or two other syllables besides that which takes the principal accent. The acute accent—′ (the character employed in this work to denote the *rising* inflection of the voice) generally points to the vowel or syllable which takes the primary or principal accent; and the grave accent—‵ (which is employed to denote the *falling* inflection) points to the vowel or syllable which takes the secondary accent: thus, *as ton′ ish ‵ment, tes ti mo′ ni ‵al.*

Mere *force* or *stress* gives accent to short syllables; as in the words *tem′*-pest, *crim′*-inal, *hat′*-tery.

But the accent given to long syllables, includes not only the effect of *force*, but also, the idea of *time;* as in the words *hope′*-ful, *stran′*-ger, *fee′*-lingly.

As accent relates to the pronunciation of words, or parts of words, taken singly and separately, it does not legitimately come within the province of elocution, which has been defined to relate chiefly to the pronunciation of words taken successively and collectively, and considered according to their relative dependance on each other for sense. The study of elocution presupposes, on the part of the student, a knowledge of accent, as well as of orthography, and so forth. This subject, therefore, will be closed, by noticing two or three circumstances under which the accent of words is controlled by secondary causes, and thereby transposed.

First, a change in the *meaning* of a word, sometimes changes the place of its accent; as, con′jure, *to practice enchantments;*

con jure′, *to entreat;*—des′-ert, *a wilderness;* de sert′, *merit or demerit.*

Secondly, the place of the accent is sometimes changed by the change of the word from one part of speech to another. The nouns min′ute and com′pact, become mi nute′ and com-pact′ when employed as adjectives. The nouns ab′stract, com′-pound, con′duct, di′gest, ex′tract, in′sult, ob′ject, reb′el, and so forth, change their accent when employed as verbs; thus, ab-stract′, com pound′, con duct′, di gest′, ex tract′, in sult′, ob ject′, re bel.′

Thirdly, accent is sometimes deposed by its rival sister emphasis; as in the following examples, in which the former has to give place to the latter. In these and similar examples, the words in which the accent is transposed, have, it will be noticed, a partial similarity of form, and are used antithetically.

EXAMPLES.

There is a difference between *giv*ing and *for*giving.

He must *in*crease, but I must *de*crease.

What fellowship hath *right*eousness with *un*righteousness?

He that *as*cended, is the same as he that *des*cended.

In this species of composition, *plau*sibility is much more essential than *prob*ability.

Cometh this blessedness, then, upon the *cir*cumcision only, or upon the *un*circumcision also?

Some appear to make very little distinction between *de*cency and *in*decency, *mo*rality and *im*morality, re*li*gion and *ir*religion.

EMPHASIS.

By EMPHASIS is meant that still more forcible stress of the voice which is given to *syllables*, in order to distinguish the *words* to which they belong from others in the same sentence, than that stress which is denominated accent.

Emphasis, in order to distinguish it from the less forcible stress which falls on single letters or syllables, called accent, is generally defined to be a forcible stress laid on *words;* but the fol-

lowing illustrations will show, that the peculiar percussion of the voice which goes by the name of emphasis, is generally given, like that called accent, not to *several successive syllables* of the same word, but to only *one* syllable. Its effect, however, when properly applied, is to render more significant and impressive the *words* to which such syllables belong, than are the other words of the sentence.

Although every one knows what is *meant* by emphasis, according to the common acceptation of the term, yet few possess that nice discrimination, that clear conception of an author's meaning, and that sound judgment, which are requisite in order to *distinguish* emphatical words from others, and to give each just such a degree and quality of force as will convey the meaning of what is uttered, in the most lively and striking manner. A few plain directions, therefore, which are calculated to assist the learner on these important points, will now be given: and first, in order to enable him readily to *distinguish emphatical* from *unemphatical* words, the following, general rule, if carried out in practice with discrimination, will be found far more serviceable than any other rules that can be formed.

GENERAL RULE.

Almost every emphatick word may be known by its being *contrasted*, that is, used, *antithetically*, with some other word or phrase, either expressed or implied.

EXAMPLES.

Many persons mistake the *love*, for the *prac*-tice, of virtue.

We ask ad-*vice*, but we mean appro-*ba*-tion.

Sir, you were paid to *fight* against Alexander, not to *rail* at him.

He that cannot *bear* a jest, should not *make* one.

I that denied the *gold*, will give my *heart*.

'Tis with our *judg*-ments, as our *watch*-es; none
Go just a-*like*, yet each believes his *own*.

Remarks.—These examples clearly illustrate both the utility and the easy application of the foregoing Rule. The *italicised* words or portions of words, show, that, when both parts of the antithesis are *expressed*, it requires but little discrimination to ascertain, for a *certainty*, to which words the emphatick force should be applied. Very often, however, it happens (as will soon be shown) that one part of the antithesis is *understood*, in which case it frequently requires no small exercise of judgment to ascertain the emphatick word.

Many mistake the emphatick word or words of a sentence by labouring to distinguish it or them from others, upon the false principle of laying the stress on such words as they conceive to be the most *important* in regard to meaning. A little examination of the foregoing, or, more especially, of the following, examples, will convince any one, that any such test of discrimination between emphatical and unemphatical words, will generally prove unavailing; for the *emphatick* words are often (apparently, or abstractly or separately considered) the least consequential words in the sentence.

EXAMPLES.

One should be careful not to apply *and*, instead of *or*.

He had the assurance to tell me that he *could* do it, when I very well knew he could *not*.

There is a difference between *giv*-ing and *for*-giving.

Jesus saith unto her, Where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? The woman answered, *No* man, Lord.

Remarks.—These examples are sufficient to show, that *any* word may become emphatick, and even take a strong emphasis, when employed *antithetically* with another word. The reason of this must be obvious to him who considers, that this very circumstance of a word's being employed antithetically, renders it *important* in the sentence in which it thus appears: and that, *therefore*, it requires that distinction which emphatick force is designed to give it.

In the following examples, one part of the antithesis is *implied.*

EXAMPLES.

Exercise and temperance strengthen an *indifferent* constitution, [as well as a *good* one.]

I speak in the spirit of British *law;* [and not merely according to the dictates of *reason.*]

In *thy* sight, O Lord, shall *no* man be justified; [although, in the sight of *men*, *many* may be justified.]

> Proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
> That he who hath no stomach for this fight,
> May straight de-*part:* his passport shall be made,
> And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
> We would not *die* in that man's company.

Remarks.—A corresponding, antithetical member to this last line, may be supplied in the following, or some other, manner: "We would not *die* in that man's company; much less would we *fight* in it." Or, perhaps the antithesis will be rendered stronger, if constructed in the following manner: "We would not only, not *fight* with a coward, but we would not even *die* in his company."

EXAMPLES.

And when I was *present* with you, and *wanted*, I was chargeable to *no* man.

> On Linden, when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
> And dark as winter was the flow
> Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
> But Linden saw an-*oth*-er sight,
> When the drum beat at dead of night.

Remarks.—The first sight, antithetically opposed to "*another* sight," mentioned in this last couplet, is described in the second line of the first stanza: "All bloodless lay the untrodden snow."

In the first of the foregoing examples, the word "*present*"

is contrasted with the implied idea of St. Paul's being then *absent* from the Corinthians. His reminding them that he "wanted" when with them, seems to convey a tacit rebuke, for their lack of liberality towards him when he was freely devoting his time and labours for the good of their souls. An inferential, antithetical member, therefore, very naturally arises, somewhat in this manner: "I was chargeable to *no* man when I *wanted*, although I had a right to be chargeable to *many*, and to have had my reasonable wants *supplied*."

Example.—"They brought to the *Phar*-isees him that aforetime was blind."

Remark.—By turning to page 214, of this work, the reader will perceive that the word "*Phar*-isees," in the passage here quoted, is contrasted with the word "*neigh*-bours," which occurs in the preceding paragraph. Again, on the same page, we have the

Example:—"They say unto the blind man a-*gain*, What sayest *thou* of him?"

Remark.—The Pharisees had al-*read*-y expressed *their* opinion of him.

For numerous examples of emphasis founded on antithesis, the reader is referred to pages 171, 214, and 266, and, indeed, to any of the selections in the latter part of this work in which the emphatical words are distinguished by *Italick* characters.

It is worthy of remark, that sometimes one part of the antithesis is a *single* word, and the other portion, a *phrase*, or a *member* of a sentence, and that sometimes both parts consist of emphatick phrases or members.

EXAMPLES.

There was a singular opposition between his al-*lege*-d *motives* and his *con*-duct.

Is he *hon*-est; or will he *se*-cretly *rob* his *neigh*-bour of his *good name?*

> To be, or not to be?—that is the question—
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to *suf*-fer
> The *slings* and *ar*-rows of out-*ra*-geous fortune,

Or to *take* up *arms* against a *sea* of *troub*-les,
And, by op-*po*-sing, *end* them?

Remark.—It is not to be understood, that the emphatick force falls in *equal degrees* upon *every* word or syllable here italicised. Although several emphatick words frequently succeed each other, yet seldom, if ever, should any two or more words in succession, receive precisely the same amount or weight of percussive force, any more than they should receive the same modulation of tone and inflection. Of the words distinguished as emphatical, in the last of the preceding examples, doubtless the first that are contrasted, namely, "*Suf*-fer" and "*take* up *arms*" require the *greatest* stress, and "*for*-tune" and "*troub*-les," the *least*,—a stress so slight, indeed, as scarcely to raise these words to the dignity of emphatical words.

Emphasis is sometimes divided into Simple and Compound.

SIMPLE AND COMPOUND EMPHASIS.

When the emphatick force falls on only *one* word in a phrase, it is called *Simple Emphasis;* but when it falls on *more* than one word in succession, it is denominated *Compound Emphasis.*

Examples of Simple Emphasis.

It is as natural to *die*, as to be *born:* to an infant, perhaps the *one* is as painful as the *oth*-er.

Let an-*oth*-er man praise thee, and not thy *own* mouth.

O that those lips had *lang*-uage [as well as *ex-pres*-sion.] See page 195.

Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that *sow*'-d, shall *reap*, the field.

Examples of Compound Emphasis.

Napoleon would have en-*slave*-d the *land* to make the *o*-cean *free;* and he wanted only *pow*-er to enslave *both*.

It is easier to forgive the *weak*, who have injured *us*, than the *pow*-erful, whom *we* have injured.

Ped-antry prides herself on being *wrong* by *rules;* while *com*-mon *sense* is contented to be *right* with-*out* them.

The contem-*pla*-tion of death as the *wa*-ges of *sin*, is *ho*-ly and re-*lig*-ious; but the *fear* of it as a *trib*-ute due to *na*-ture, is *weak*.

In proportion as the *ancestors* of the profligate were *distinguished* for their *virtues*, are the *latter disgraced* by their *vices*.

O death! the *good* man's dearest *friend;* [but the *bad* man's greatest *en*-emy.]

Ill fares the land, to *hast*'-ning ills a prey,
Where *wealth* ac-*cu*-mulates, and *men* de-*cay*.
Princ-es and *lords* may *flour*-ish, or may *fade;*
A *breath* can *make* them, as a breath *has* made;
But a bold *peas*-antry, their country's *pride*,
When *once* de-*stroy*'-d, can *nev*-er be sup-*pli*'-d.

It has been mentioned, that emphasis, considered in reference to the different words on which it falls, admits of various *degrees* of percussive force, as well as of various qualities in regard to inflection and intonation. This difference in emphatick force, which, according to their meaning and rhetorical relations, is demanded by the various, emphatick words of a sentence or discourse, has induced some writers to adopt another division of emphasis, distinguished by the terms Superiour and Inferiour. This division of the subject, however, like that of Simple and Compound, can by no means be regarded as remarkable for precision or scientifick accuracy; but, as it is regarded by many who have not leisure for scientifick research and philosophical accuracy, as a *convenient* distinction, answering all ordinary, practical purposes, it may be proper to notice it.

SUPERIOUR AND INFERIOUR EMPHASIS.

The term SUPERIOUR EMPHASIS is applied to that stronger percussion of the voice which is given to some emphatick words than to others, in order to distinguish it from that less forcible stress which those others take, and which is thence called the INFERIOUR EMPHASIS.

EXAMPLE.

I am *tor*-tured even to MAD-ness, when I THINK
Of the *proud vic*-tor.

In reading this passage, which occurs in Addison's Cato, as the language in which Marcus expresses his indignation at the conduct of Cesar, the *superiour* emphasis falls on "think," which word is contrasted with the implied word *hear* or *discourse:* thus, "I am *tor*-tured even to MAD-ness, not only when I *hear* or dis-*course* of Cesar, but even when I THINK of him." A little attention to the passage, will also show, that the word "madness" requires no very slight degree of percussive force, although a stress *inferiour* to that given to "think;" and, likewise, that "tortured," "proud," and "victor," require each a degree of force still slighter than that laid upon "madness," but stronger than that which is given to the other words of the sentence.

Various degrees of emphatick force are also requisite in pronouncing the following sentences, in which the different degrees are imperfectly shown by the various *sizes* of type employed.

EXAMPLES.

Justice is LAME, as well as *blind*, among us.

Tem-perance, by *for*-tifying the mind. and body, leads to HAP-piness: *in*-temperance, by e-*ner*-vating them, generally ends in MIS-ery.

Hamlet.—Saw WHOM?
Horatio.—My lord, the *king*, your *fa*-ther.
Hamlet.—The KING, my FA-ther?

Cassius.—I denied you *not*.
Brutus.—You DID.
Cassius.—I did NOT: *he* was but a FOOL
That brought my *an*-swer back.

STRIKE, as thou didst at CE-sar! for I know,
When thou didst *hate him* WORST, thou *lov*-dst him BET-ter
Than ever thou *lov*-dst *Cas*-sius.

The distinctive powers and qualities of the voice, described

on pages 115, 116, and 117, under the heads of Radical, Vanishing, Compound, and Median Stress, Dr. Rush has analyzed and explained, as applicable in expressing the various degrees and kinds of emphasis. The reader is therefore requested to turn again to those pages, and attentively examine the analysis there given, before he proceeds to a perusal of the following, scientifick division of this subject. This brief specimen is chiefly taken from Dr. Barber's Elocution.

Emphasis of Radical Stress.

Examples.—*Back* to thy *pun*-ishment,
False fu-gitive, and to thy speed *add* wings.
Whence and *what* art thou, *ex*-ecrable shape?

Emphasis of Median Stress.

Examples.—I *warn* you, do not *dare* to lay your hand on the constitution.

Oh, swear not by the *moon*, the inconstant *moon*,
That monthly *chang*-es in her circled orb.

Emphasis of Vanishing Stress.

Examples. *Cassius.*—*I* an itching *palm?*
Brutus.—The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cassius.—*Chas*-tisement!

Emphasis of Compound Stress.

Example.—*Arm*, warriours, *arm* for fight.

Emphasis of Quantity.

Examples—

I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty *times* return;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to *mourn.*

I have *no* friend, save these alone,
But *thee*—and one above.

For a farther development of this subject, see Doctors Rush and Barber on Elocution.

EMPHATICK INFLECTIONS.

It has already been hinted, that those words which fall under an emphatick stress, generally require a *peculiar* and an *appropriate inflection*, which inflection, or, most commonly, *wave* of the voice, is not unfrequently controlled by the emphasis.

Examples.—Did you *say*′ it? What can I *do*\?

It is easier to *sáy*, than to *dó*\.

Remarks.—If these questions be pronounced in a natural and familiar manner, the words "say" and "do," will take, the first, the *rising*, and the second, the *falling*, concrete slide of a third, with very little or no *circumflex* in the movements of the voice; but if the second example be properly pronounced, that is, if a strong emphasis be given to both "say" and "do," with the rising inflection given to the close of the first, and the falling to the last, the word "say" will take the inverted unequal *wave*, and "do," the direct unequal *wave*.

Example.—Are they *He*-brews′? So am *I*′. Are they *Is*-raelites′? So am *I*′. Are they the seed of *Ab*-raham′? So am *I*′. Are they the ministers of *Christ*′? *I* am MORE\.

Remarks.—Agreeably to the general rule, the pronoun "I," and the adverb "more," at the close of the four, simple, affirmative sentences here presented, should take the ordinary, *falling* inflection; but to give them that inflection, in these instances, would render the elocution spiritless and insipid. The *emphasis*, on these words, controls their inflections, and requires that "I" should take the *inverted* unequal wave, which closes with the *rising* vanish, and "more," the *direct* unequal wave. For the purpose of increasing the harmony of the sentences by introducing a pleasing variety, some might prefer, however, to give the "I" in the third sentence, the *direct* unequal wave.

Examples.—Lord′, if *thou* hadst been here′, my brother had not *died*\.

I expected him to return *soon*-er than he did′.

If courage intrinsically consists in the defiance of *dan*-ger and *pâin'*, the life of the *In*-dian is a continual exhibition of it\'.

I had a *dream*\', which was not all a DREAM'.

Un-*ea*-sy lies the head that wears a *crôwn*\'.

I rhyme for *smiles*\', and not for *têars'*.

Remarks.—A correct enunciation of these examples, will show the happy effect of emphasis in controlling the inflections and modulations of the voice, and of increasing the beauty and harmony of language. This will be particularly illustrated by a proper application of the circumflex movement on the words "died," "pain," the second "dream," "crown," and "tears."

The Sense of a passage, dependant on emphasis.

There can be but few who have not observed, that the *meaning* of a sentence often depends on the appropriate or inappropriate application of emphatick force.

Example.—Do you ride to *town* to-day'? Do you ride to town to-*day'?* Do you *ride* to town to-day'? Do *you* ride to town to-day'?

Remarks.—The four different answers suggested by a change in the place of the emphasis, according to the italicised words in this example, are too familiar to need illustration.

If I say, "He can plead as well as *any* lawyer\'," placing the emphasis on *any*, the assertion clearly implies, that the person spoken of, is a *lawyer;* but if I transpose the emphatick stress, and say, "He can plead as well as any *law*-yer\'," the inferential meaning is, that the person referred to, is *not* a lawyer.

Example.—He discourses as religiously as *any* Methodist preacher\'.

He discourses as religiously as any *Meth*-odist preacher\'.

He discourses as religiously as any Methodist *preach*-er\'.

Remarks.—The first of these readings, implies that the person referred to, is a *Methodist preacher*, the second, that he is a *preacher*, but *not* a *Methodist* preacher; the third, that he is a *Methodist*, but *not* a *preacher.*

Examples.—A crow is a large *black* bird\'.

A crow is a large *black bird*\'.

I saw a horse-*fly* through the window\.

I saw a *horse*-fly through the window\.

Since the world began′, has it not been heard′, that a man opened the eyes of one that was born *blind*\.

Since the world began′, has it not been heard′, that a *mân* opened the eyes of one that was born blind′.

Remarks.—By looking at the connexion of this last passage, as it is presented on page 215, one will readily perceive, that, according to this last reading of it, that is, by laying the stress on "man," it implies, that he who had been restored to sight, at the time he made this unanswerable reply to the unbelieving Jews, himself considered Christ to be *more* than man, and that he wished to intimate to them this belief; whereas, he was only attempting to prove to them that Christ was not a *sinner*, for he did not yet know who or what Jesus was. Again, a correct enunciation of this sentence requires the emphatick stress to fall on "blind," on account of which, though the word closes a negative sentence, it takes the *falling* inflection, or, rather, the *direct unequal wave*, but, by laying the stress on "man," we naturally take it off of "blind," and thereby change its inflection to a *rising*.

Examples of this description, might be indefinitely multiplied; but these few are doubtless sufficient to call the attention of the learner particularly to this subject, and, it is hoped, to impress upon him its importance.

The author is not unaware that many will differ from him on certain points of elocution, particularly those intricate and delicate ones which regard some of the peculiar inflections and waves of the voice, (especially when under the influence of emphatick force,) as well as in regard to the various degrees and qualities of emphatick stress. It has been already hinted, that, although most things pertaining to this subject, may be regulated by fixed principles and rules, yet, on some points, we have no better standard to go by than good taste—a standard so loosely seated, that it is liable to be much jostled about, according to the judgment, and fancy, and caprice of the respective individuals who lay their hands on it. But the most fruitful

ground of objection to the author's views, he apprehends, will arise out of a *misconception* of them, or, at least, an unskilful or erroneous application of many of his directions. Doubtless many a one who will take exceptions to his directions for reading particular words or passages, would readily coincide with him, and approve of his taste and manner, were they to hear him *enunciate* those examples. But, be this as it may, he wishes it to be distinctly understood, that, in matters of taste, as well as in those higher endowments of the mind which pertain to the judgment, he by no means considers himself *infallible*.

EXERCISES.

The *young* are slaves to *nov*-elty\, the *old*′, to *cus*-tom\.

Con-fidence is a plant of *slow* growth\.

To improve the golden moment of oppor-*tu*-nity\, and catch the good that is with-*in* our reach′, is the great art of life\.

In order to *know* a man′, we should observe how he *gains* his object′, rather than how he *los*-es it′.

That an author's *work* is the *mirror* of his *mînd*′, is a position that has led to very er-*ro*-neous con-*clu*-sions\. If the devil him-*self* were to write a book′, it would be in praise of *virtue*\; because the *good* would purchase it for *use*′, and the *bad*′, for osten-*ta*-tion\.

All who have been great and good with-*out* christianity′, would have been much greater and better *with* it\.

The opinions prevalent in *one* age′, as truths above the reach of controversy′, are confuted and rejected in an-*oth*-er′, and rise again to reception in re-*mo*-ter times\. Thus′, on some subjects′, the human mind is kept in *mo*-tion without *prog*-ress\. Thus′, sometimes *truth* and *er*-rour′, and sometimes contra-*ri*-eties of errour′, take each other's place by reciprocal in-*va*-sion\.

Jesus saith unto him′, *Thom*-as′, because thou hast *sêên* me′, thou hast be-*lieve*-d\: blessed are they that have *not* seen me′, and yet have believed\.

Si-*mon*′, son of *Jo*-nas′, *lov*-est thou me′?

Yea′, Lord\; thou *know*-est that I love thee\.

O', you hard hearts\, you cruel men of Rome\!
Knew ye not *Pom*-pey'?
And do you now strew flowers in *his* way
Who comes in triumph over Pompey's *blood*'?

'Tis hard to say', if greater want of skill'
Appear in *wri*-ting', or in *judg*-ing', ill\:
But, of the two', less dangerous is the offence'
To *tire* our *pa*-tience', than mis-*lead* our *sense*\;
Some *few* in *that*', but *num*-bers err in *this*',
Ten cen-sure wrong for *one* who *writes* amiss\:
A fool might *once* him-*self* alone expose\;
Now', *one* in *verse* makes many *more* in *prose*\.

I conjure you by that which you pro-*fess*',
(Howe'er you came to *knôw* it',) *an*-swer me\;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the *church*-es\; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navi-*ga*-tion up\;
Though bladed corn be *lodge*-d, and trees blown *down*\;
Though castles topple on their warder's *heads*\;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foun-DA-tions\; though the treasures
Of nature's germins tumble alto-*geth*-er\,
Even till des-*truc*-tion SICK-en'; *an*-swer me
To what I *ask* you\.

This last passage, the sublime and terrible adjuration of Macbeth to the witches, is marked agreeably to the direction of Mr. Walker, as in accordance with the manner of pronouncing it adopted by the inimitable Garrick, namely, to adopt the *falling* inflection at the close of each member except the last but one, and to give the inflection a degree of emphatick force, *increasing* in strength from the first member to the sixth. By such an enunciation, the whole climax will be most beautifully diversified, and its effect greatly heightened.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does chapter 4, treat?
By what terms are the various degrees of force expressed?
What powers of the voice are referred to by the terms *high* and *low*?
Explain the difference of meaning between *force* and *loudness*?

What should be the first object of him who speaks or reads to others? How is this to be effected?

In order to be distinctly heard in reading, what pitch of the voice ought generally to be adopted?

What is said respecting a rhetorical pause?

Please to enunciate the examples which follow, agreeably to the directions given in the margin.

How may force be manifested at the beginning, middle, and end of syllables, &c.?

What is meant by the term Radical Stress?

Read the example—Edward's words to Warwick.

What is said of radical, and vanishing movement, on page 76?

What is denoted by Vanishing Stress?—What, by Compound Force?

What, by Median Force?—Can you illustrate it?

What is meant by Aspirate elements or letters?

Explain the aspirates in the poetick example.

What is Accent?—On what words does it fall?

Give examples of the *secondary* accent.

What is said of accent on long syllables?

What three circumstances sometimes transpose the accent on words?—Read the examples which follow.

What is Emphasis?—Explain the difference between it and Accent.

What is the general Rule by which to distinguish emphatick, from unemphatick, words?—Give examples.

Are emphatick words always the most important in sense?—Examples.

Give examples in which one part of the antithesis is implied.

Is a phrase or member of a sentence ever antithetically employed with a single word?—Give examples.

What is the distinction between Simple and Compound Emphasis?

Please to read the examples which follow, and explain them.

What is the difference between Superiour and Inferiour Emphasis?—Give numerous examples, and illustrate them.

Please to illustrate the emphasis of Radical, Median, Vanishing, and Compound Stress, and also, emphasis of Quantity.

Illustrate some emphatick Inflections.

Are the inflections of the voice ever controlled by emphasis?—Illustrate by examples, some of the emphatick Waves.

Give examples in which the *meaning* depends on the emphasis.

What is the standard of accuracy in elocution?

Please to read the numerous examples which follow, and apply the rules for the emphasis and the inflections adopted.

☞It may be proper to remark, that, in answering these questions, as well as those in the foregoing chapters, the learner will be permitted (more or less, according to the discretion of the teacher) to make use of the *book*.

CHAPTER V.

OF TIME, AND RHETORICAL PAUSES.

TIME.

THE varieties of movement in utterance, are expressed by the terms long and short, rapid, precipitate, quick, slow, and moderate.

General Remarks.

A distinct articulation is promoted by a *moderate* movement in pronunciation. In general, therefore, this movement is the best. A due degree of slowness in delivery, by the longer and more frequent pauses which it allows the reader or the speaker to make, affords great assistance to his voice, enables him to swell his sounds with greater force and melody, and gives weight and dignity to his subject. A rapid pronunciation, on the contrary, is apt to confound all articulation, and obscure the meaning.

It may not be improper, however, to caution the reader against the opposite extreme of pronouncing too slowly. A lifeless, drawling manner, which allows the minds of the hearers to outspeed the reader or speaker, will inevitably render his performance insipid and fatiguing. Hence, he who would seek to please, to persuade, to instruct, must carefully avoid both extremes, and adopt that *variety* of movement which the nature of the sentiments delivered, seems to require. The effect of an ordinary discourse may be greatly increased, by pronouncing phrases and short passages that will bear it, much ore rapidly than others.

EXAMPLES.

Slow—A needless Alexandrine ends the song′,
That′, like a wounded snake′, drags its slow length along\′.

First march the heavy mules securely slow′,
O'er hills\′, o'er dales\′, o'er crags′, o'er rocks they go\′.

Remote′, unfriended′, melancholy\′, slow′,
Or by the lazy Scheld′, or wandering Po′,
Or onward′, where the rude′, Corinthian boor′,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door′;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies′,
A weary waste expanding to the skies′;
Where'er I roam′, whatever realms to see′,
My heart′, untravelled′, fondly turns to thee\′:
Still to my brother turns′, with ceaseless pain′,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain\′.

Quick—Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain′,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn′, and skims along the main\′.

There was a sound of revelry by night′,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then′
Her beauty and her chivalry\′, and bright′
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men\′:
A thousand hearts beat happily\′; and when′
Musick arose with its voluptuous swell′,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again\′;
And all went merry as a marriage bell\′:
Slow—But hush\′! hark\′! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell\′.

Moderate—Aurora now′, fair daughter of the dawn′,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn′,
When Jove convened the senate of the skies′,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise\′.
The sire of gods his awful silence broke′,
The heavens attentive′, trembled as he spoke\′:
Celestial states\′, immortal gods′! give ear\′;
Hear our de-*cree*′, and *rev*-erence what you hear\′.

As nature delights to indulge herself in *variety* in all her works, she has bountifully bestowed this privilege upon man; and in nothing is it more conspicuously displayed than in the science of elocution. Here, this "spice of life" grows on every twig. Here, he is permitted to render even variety itself more

various. Here, by an appropriate modulation of his voice, by a happy adaptation of its tones and its various degrees of force, stress, and movement to the nature of his subject, he rises in his art to the highest point of excellence.

The foregoing remarks on time, are, perhaps, of too general a character to please the scientifick reader; but it is apprehended, that, with most persons, a minute and critical development of this subject, would be passed by with indifference. Hence, the former may be of *some* service, where the latter would prove unavailing. Although the movements of the voice in reading and speaking, are susceptible of being as exactly measured as in singing, and may be strictly regulated by rule, yet the adoption in practice of any set of rules that might be laid down for this purpose, would necessarily lead to a stiff and formal exactitude in delivery, far less endurable than the most reckless indifference in regard to time and measure. To readers in general, therefore, an exercise of good taste and judgment, in regard to the varieties of movement proper to be adopted on different occasions, is far more important than all the assistance they can possibly derive from rules. It requires nothing more than common observation to perceive, that the proper degrees of quickness and slowness, no less than of loudness and softness, highness and lowness, and so forth, are to be regulated by the quality of the style, and the nature and turn of the sentiments. Who does not possess acumen enough to know, that gay and animated thoughts, sparkling and lively description, and easy, flowing narration, require a more accelerated movement than authoritative, dignified, sublime, grave, or pathetick sentiments?

QUANTITY.

The term QUANTITY, as applied to a letter or a syllable, is used to denote the time that is occupied in pronouncing it. It is commonly considered either as long or short.

A vowel or a syllable is long, when the accent is on the vow-

el; which causes it to be slowly joined in pronunciation with the letter which follows it; as, Fāll, bāle, mōōd, hōūse, fēature.

A syllable is short, when the accent is on the consonant; which causes the vowel sound quickly to unite with that of the succeeding letter; as, Bŏnnĕt, ănt, hŭngĕr, pĭty, ăntĭck.

It is generally estimated, that a long syllable requires double the time of a short one in pronouncing it: thus, Māte and nōte, should be pronounced as slowly again as măt and nŏt.

The term *Quantity*, is also sometimes employed to denote, not only the *time*, but likewise the *amount of volume* or *fullness of sound*, in which syllables, words, and even sentences, are uttered. But this extended sense of the term includes many particulars which are treated under the heads of force, modulation, and so forth.

Dr. Rush applies the terms *long* and *short* to the time employed in the utterance of syllables, *relatively* considered in respect to each other; and the terms *quick* and *slow*, he refers to the utterance of any succession of words considered in the aggregate, such as phrases, sentences, or larger portions of a discourse.

The common distinction of syllables into long and short, is neither definite, nor fully illustrative of their character, for the quantities or times of syllables exhibit various and undistinguishable shades of difference, from the shortest, which end with the abrupt elements, such as *pit*, *ap*, to those that allow the greatest prolongation in oratorical expression, namely, those ending with a tonick or a subtonick element; such as *pay*, *go*, *note*, de-*gree*, com-*pile*.

Dignified and deliberate discourse, awe, reverence, doubt, and grief, require slow time: gaity, cheerfulness, anger, and eager argument, and, generally, parenthetical clauses, demand a quick time or utterance.

There is not a greater fault, nor one more prevalent, among readers and speakers, than *a neglect to protract the sounds of the tonick elements*. In the enunciation of dignified and deliberate discourse, especially, the importance of giving the *long*

concrete to such elements as admit and *require* it, cannot be too strictly regarded by him who wishes to attain that commanding power over language which is calculated to please, to impress, and to excite the admiration of his hearers.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

A RHETORICAL PAUSE is one not dependent on the grammatical construction of a sentence, but a pause made merely to enable the speaker to pronounce a preceding or a succeeding word or phrase in a peculiar tone, or with uncommon force. The shortest Rhetorical Pause is indicated by *two dots*, thus (..); a longer pause, by *three* dots, (...); and a pause still longer, by *four*, (....).

When justly made, rhetorical pauses tend greatly to heighten the effect of a passage. They may, in general, be better regulated by good taste, than by any set of rules.

Example.—"Alexander wept." "The great and invincible Alexander.. wept at the fate of Darius."

Remark.—No *grammatical* pause is allowable between a nominative and its verb, unless they are separated by an *intervening adjunct* of considerable length or importance. Hence, in the sentence, "Alexander wept," no pause is required between the nominative and the verb; but,

RULE I.

When the nominative has an adjunct *prefixed*, and the verb, an adjunct *affixed*, a pause is necessary between them; as, "*The great and invincible* Alexander.. wept *at the fate of Darius.*"

Remark.—If the unpractised student be made to understand, that, in this last example, the phrases in *Italicks*, constitute the *adjuncts*, he will readily perceive the importance and the application of the Rule.

The design and application of the ordinary points or stops, are too well known to require, in this place, any particular no-

tice or discussion.* It may be proper to remark, however, that no one who applies these points with discrimination and judgment, ever considers any one of them as a sign for pausing through a *given* or *determinate length of time;* but they are regarded as *relative* symbols for pausing, or, in other words, as signs employed to denote, not only the *place* for pausing, but, also, the *relative time* between one pause and another. Hence, the proper *length* of every pause, depends entirely on the structure of the passage, and the nature of the sentiments, enunciated. Wherever the composition and the sentiments admit of a rapid or an accelerated movement of the voice, the pauses, in general, should be *shorter* than in those instances in which a slower movement is required.

Example.—The lawyer, the stranger, and the lady, all became friendly, social, and witty over their wine.

Remark.—It must be obvious to every one, that the appropriate pauses in this example, are much *shorter* than would be allowable in the following

Examples.—Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken.

A good, a great, a brilliant man, may fall a victim to power; but truth, and reason, and liberty, must fall with him.

> She sobbed, and sighed, and turned her weeping eye
> To th' lorn, lost, lonely object of her love.

It should, therefore, be borne in mind, that the arbitrary marks or signs called points, are not to be considered as indicative of the precise nature and *length* of the respective pauses which a good elocution demands; but these, as has been already remarked, are to be regulated by the nature and character of the sentiments uttered.

Grammatical pauses have respect to the utterance of language in such a manner as merely to make the meaning *intelligible;* but rhetorical pauses contemplate something *more:* when happily and skilfully applied, their effect is to heighten

* For a brief, and, at the same time, comprehensive and practical, system of Punctuation, the reader is respectfully referred to the author's "English Grammar in familiar Lectures," page 209, and onward.

the beauty and meaning, and increase the force, of the sentiments delivered.

Rhetorical pauses may be still farther indicated by

RULE II.

A nominative noun, when unaccompanied by an adjunct, generally requires a slight pause between it and its verb; as, "*Religion*.. claims the first place in our hearts: *reason*.. has an equal demand on our heads."

EXAMPLES.

Industry.. is the guardian of innocence.

Prosperity.. gains friends, and adversity.. tries them.

America..is full of youthful promise; Europe..is rich in the accumulated treasures of age: her very ruins..tell the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone..is a chronicle.

> Some.. place the bliss in action, some, in ease;
> Those.. call it pleasure, and contentment, these.

Remarks.—In those places distinguished by the *dots*, in the foregoing examples, it would be improper to insert any one of the points of punctuation; yet nothing can be more evident to a chaste ear, than that a short pause in each of these places, tends to present the meaning in a clearer and more striking point of view than it would be without such rhetorical pause.

In the following sentence from Pope, it will be perceived that no grammatical pause is required immediately after the word "is," yet, in order to bring out the meaning at the close with full energy and effect, a good reader would not fail to take advantage of the rhetorical pause, by throwing it in between the words "is," and "his."

Example.—On whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us, is... his wonderful in-VEN-tion.

The pause here described, as well as those indicated by the *dots* in the following examples, are usually denominated EMPHATICK PAUSES.

EMPHATICK PAUSE.

An EMPHATICK PAUSE is a rhetorical pause, occurring either immediately before, or after, some striking thought is uttered, to which thought the speaker wishes to direct the special attention of his hearers.

EXAMPLES.

But in Rome, the same vices, the same loss of learning, virtue, and love of country, succeeded as in Greece: her generals and soldiers fought, her senators and magistrates made and enacted laws, for .. SORD-id considerations; and Rome, from a republick, became an empire, relinquished her literary eminence, her virtue, and her liberty, declined ... and FELL.

And, where the future mars or makes,
The soul shall glance o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched, or system breaks,
FIXED ... in its own eternity.

Remarks.—In this last example, the effect will be increased by dropping the voice after the word "fixed" to an under-key. The effect is, also, sometimes wonderfully heightened by changing the key-note on the emphatick word itself, and, more especially, by *protracting* the sounds of the tonick elements.

The happy application of rhetorical pauses, reqtires the exercise of no small degree of judgment and good taste; and when thus applied, they prove faithful and powerful auxiliaries in good delivery. No one of common discrimination, can but perceive, for example, the happy effect of the rhetorical pauses, as indicated by the *dots*, in the following examples, although an ordinary reader would pronounce them without any such pauses.

Examples.—

No useless coffin .. enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay ... like a warriour taking his rest ...
With his martial cloak around him.

We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But .. left him alone ... with his glory.

The foregoing illustrations are designed merely to awaken an interest in the mind of the learner, and to direct his attention to this important subject—a subject in which he may find ample scope for the advantageous exercise of his oratorical powers.

POETRY AND VERSIFICATION.

POETRY is the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination.

VERSIFICATION, in English, is the harmonious arrangement of a particular number and variety of accented and unaccented syllables, according to particular laws.

RHYME is the correspondence of the sound of the last syllable in one line, to the sound of the last syllable in another; as,

> There sea-born gales their gelid wings *expand*
> To winnow fragrance round the smiling *land*.

BLANK VERSE consists in poetical thoughts expressed in regular numbers, but without the correspondence of sound at the end of the lines which constitutes rhyme; as,

> The waters slept: night's silvery veil hung low
> On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
> Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
> Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.

POETICAL FEET consist in a particular arrangement and connexion of a number of accented and unaccented syllables. They are called *feet*, because it is by their aid that the voice, as it were, steps along through the verse in a measured pace.

All poetick feet consist either of two, or of three, syllables; and are reducible to eight kinds; four of two syllables each, and four of three, as follows:

A *Trochee* has the first syllable accented, and the last unaccented; as, Hāteful, pélting:

Rēstlĕss mōrtăls tōil fŏr nōught;
Blīss ŏn ēarth ĭn vāin ĭs sōught;
Blīss, ă nātĭve ŏf thĕ skў,
Nēvĕr wāndĕrs.

An *Iambus* has the first syllable unaccented, and the last accented; as, Bĕtrāy, consíst:

Thĕ sēas shăll wāste, thĕ skīes ĭn smōke dĕcāy,
Rŏcks fāll tŏ dūst, ănd mōuntaĭns mēlt ăwāy;
Bŭt fīx'd hĭs wōrd, hĭs sāvĭng pōwer rĕmāins;
Thў rēalm fŏrēvĕr lāsts, thў ōwn Mĕssīăh rēigns.

A *Dactyle* has the first syllable accented, and the last two unaccented; as, Lăbŏurĕr, póssible:

Frōm thĕ lŏw plēasŭres ŏf thīs fălllĕn nātŭre.

An *Anapæst* has the first two syllables unaccented, and the last accented; as, Cŏntrăvēne, acquiésce:

At thĕ clōse ŏf thĕ dāy whĕn thĕ hāmlĕt ĭs stĭll,
And mōrtăls thĕ swēēts ŏf fŏrgētfŭlnĕss prōve,
Whĕn nōught bŭt thĕ tōrrĕnt ĭs hēard ŏn thĕ hĭll,
And nōught bŭt thĕ nīghtĭngăle's sōng ĭn thĕ grōve.

The *Spondee;* as, āmēn: a *Pyrrhick*; as, ŏn thĕ—tall tree: an *Amphibrach;* as, Dĕlīghtfŭl: a *Tribrach;* as, Nu-mĕrăblĕ.

In English versification, some of these feet are much more common than others; but not unfreqently we meet with several kinds introduced into the same piece of composition. This development of poetick numbers, also evinces the copious stock of materials at the command of the English versifier: for we are not only allowed the use of all the ancient, poetick feet, in our heroick measure, but we have duplicates of each kind, agreeing in movement, though differing in sound, and which make different impressions on the ear—an opulence peculiar to our language, and one that may be the source of a boundless variety.

By looking again at the foregoing definitions, the young reader will perceive, that the essential qualities or characteristicks of poetry, consist not, as is too often supposed, in harmonick numbers, or feet, or rhymes, but in a peculiar kind of sentiment and conception, called *poetick thought.* The peculiar nature of poetick thought, however, is not to be learned from

definition or description, any more than countenance is, but by observation—by attention to the conceptions, thoughts, sentiments, and language of the best poets. Hence, unless the *thought* is poetick, all the ornaments of poetick dress—the paraphernalia of numbers, arrangement, and rythm, cannot elevate it to the dignity of true poetry. We, therefore, much more frequently meet with *verses* than with *poetry*. At present, however, it is not the author's purpose to discuss the qualities and merits of poetry, but merely to make a few remarks on the

MANNER OF READING POETRY.

The foregoing directions for acquiring a just and a happy elocution, have been chiefly applied to the enunciation of prose: and, although most of them are equally applicable to the reading of poetry, yet, in the reading of verse, and particularly rhyming verse, some peculiarities arise out of the nature of the composition itself, which seem to require a brief notice.

OF POETICAL PAUSES.

There are three kinds of pauses brought into requisition in the elegant enunciation of poetry: first, *Sentential* or *Grammatical Pauses*, or those which merely mark the sense; secondly, *Rhetorical Pauses*, or those employed for the purpose of producing oratorical effect; and, thirdly, *Harmonick Pauses*, or such as are demanded by the melody and harmony of the numbers, and the peculiarity of the rythm.

Harmonick pauses are sometimes divided into the *Final* pause, and the *Cæsural* pause. These sometimes coincide with the sentential and the rhetorical pauses, and sometimes they are independent of them.

In rhyme, the FINAL PAUSE takes place at the end of the line, marks the measure, and shows the correspondence of sound between the rhyming syllables.

EXAMPLES.

But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His *first* best country ever is at home.
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind.

In reading these examples, it will be noticed, that the final pause, at "below" and "roam," coincides with the sentential, but that, at the word "find," it does not. The final pause is so important in rhyme, even when it does not coincide with the sentential, as to merit another example:—

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Remark.—The final pause at "complain," takes (as it always does when not in alliance with the sentential pause) the rising inflection, and, in order to produce its proper effect, must be very *slight*. This pause also occurs at the words "then," "bright," and "when," on page 135.

In regard to the application of the final pause in reading *blank verse*, nothing can betray a greater want of rhetorical taste and philosophical acumen, than the directions of Mr. Murray, and others, who recommend its adoption at the close of *every* line, whether it coincides with the sentential pause or not. The following is an example which they bring forward to illustrate their absurd notions on this point.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse!

To say that the final pause applied to "fruit," "taste," and "man," in this example, would serve "to mark the difference between prose and verse," or to say that, unless we "make every *line* sensible to the ear," we mar the melody, and suppress the

numbers of the poet, is all nonsense. Although poetry has much to do with numbers, and feet, and melody, yet, what have these trappings of poetry, or poetry itself, to do with any particular *number* of lines or feet? May not *four* feet be just as poetick as *five;* or *fifteen* feet, as poetick as *fifty?* What has the ear to do, then, with any particular *number* of feet?

The truth is, the distinctive difference between the poetry of blank verse and prose, depends on no such slender principle as that here referred to; but it rests on a much stronger, and a far more elevated, basis. The poetry of blank verse, like that of rhyme, depends primarily on the majesty, and beauty, and poetick character of the *thought;* and secondarily on the imagery and the harmony of the numbers. The application of the final pause, then, at the end of a line in blank verse, (except when it coincides with the sentential pause,) is just as absurd as it would be at the end of a line in prose; but the application of this pause in rhyme, has its peculiar and happy effect, which has been already described. By turning to page 132, and by applying this pause at the words "skill" and "offence," and by omitting it in pronouncing the words "fight," "waves," "slope," "treasures," and "me," the propriety and force of these remarks will be sufficiently apparent.

CÆSURAL PAUSE.

The Cæsural Pause divides the line into equal or unequal parts.

In heroick verse, it commonly falls on the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable.

EXAMPLES.

The bursting heart″ may pour itself in prayer.
Round broken columns″ clasping ivy twined.
I have been touched with joy″ when on the sea.
Outstretched he lay″ on the cold ground″ and oft
Looked up to heaven.

In this last example, the line is divided into three portions by two cæsuras: in the following, it is divided into four portions, by the introduction of one cæsural, and two *Demi-Cæsural*, pauses, which are indicated by the single acute accent (′):

Warms′ in the sun″ refreshes′ in the breeze;
Glows′ in the stars″ and blossoms′ in the trees;
Lives′ through all life″ extends′ through all extent;
Spreads′ undivided″ operates′ unspent.

The regularity and harmony of numbers, and the sameness of sound in pronouncing rhymes, strongly solicit the voice to a sameness of tone; and tone, unless directed by a judicious ear, is apt to degenerate into a song; and a song in elocution, is, to one of refined taste, of all things the most disgusting. In order to avoid this unendurable sing-song or chant, in enunciating poetry, the best precaution that can be given, is, for the reader who is guilty of it, to forget, as it were, that he is pronouncing verses, and to adopt the easy and natural style which would be just in reading prose.

PROMISCUOUS EXERCISES.

In the following examples, those words in which the tonick and subtonick elements ought to be *prolonged*, are distinguished by accented vowels; thus, ā, ē, ī, ō, and so forth.

The christian′ .. does not prāy to be delivered from′ .. *glōry′*, but′, from′ .. VAIN-glōry‵.

Men will *wrangle* for religion′; *wrīte* for it‵; *fīght* for it′; *dīe* for it‵; any thing but′ . . . LIVE for it.‵

We often *despīse* a thing′, becāuse we do not *knōw* it‵; and we *will* not KNOW it′, becāuse′ .. we *despīse* it‵.

A *greāt* man in the COUNTRY′, is but a *smāll* man in the CITY‵.

Thēre is nothing so bāleful to a *smāll* man′, as the shāde of a *greāt* one‵, particularly the greāt man of a *city*‵.

It is an *honour* to a man to *cēase* from *strīfe*‵; but every *fōōl′* .. will be *intermeddling*‵.

Cōūnsel in the *heart′*, is like dēēp *wāter*‵; but a man of *understanding′*, will *drāw* it *ōūt*‵.

Contemporaries′ .. apprēciate the MAN′, rather than the MERIT‵; but *posterity′* .. will regārd the MERIT′, rather than the MAN‵.

Mōst pēople are mōre anxious to′ .. *lengthen* līfe′, than to′ ..

improve it. Hence, the diurnals . . give us ten thousand recipes to live . . *long*, for one . . to live . . *well*; and hence, too, the use of the *present*, which we *have*, is thrown away in idle schemes for abusing the *future*, which we may *not* have.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy *youth*; and let thy heart . . *cheer* thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but *know* thou, that for *all* these things . . God will bring thee into *judgment*. Therefore, remove *sorrow* . . from thy heart, and put away *evil* . . from thy flesh; for childhood and youth . . are *vanity*.

If hinderances obstruct thy way
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy *strength* be seen;
But O! if fortune . . fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take *half* thy canvass in.

Alas! alas! doth *hope* . . deceive us?
Shall friendship, love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be *found* again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no *other* boon were given
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a' . . HEAVEN,
Where all we love, shall *live* again?

Oft when yon moon . . has climbed the midnight sky,
And the lone seabird . . wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, the maniack's faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep,
That constant love can linger on the deep.

The tyrant . . has fallen: he hath met his just doom:
Go forth to the mount: bring the olive-branch home,
And *rejoice*, for the day of our *freedom* . . is come.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean . . buried.
Now are our brows . . bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms . . hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures. *
Grim-visaged war . . hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting bar-bed† steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

* Dances † Armed.

In order to do a thing *well*, we should attempt to do but *one* thing at a time. The foregoing examples bear so great a variety of oratorical *marks*, indicative of their just enunciation, as to render it impossible for the tyro in elocution to attend to them all at the *first* reading. The author suggests, therefore, the propriety of the pupil's attending, in his first reading of these exercises, merely to the correct *orthoepy*, and a distinct *articulation*, of the words. In his second reading, let him attend particularly to a proper *modulation* and *inflection* of them. In his third reading, let his attention be solely directed to the *emphasis* and *rhetorical pauses* requisite to be observed in a just enunciation of the examples. In his *fourth* and *fifth* readings of these passages, let him give those words containing the *accented vowels*, that full and "voluptuous *swell*" and *prolongation* of sound which a rich, deep, and harmonick intonation imperiously demands. In reference to the explosion and protraction of the tonick and subtonick elements, let him not be afraid *to get his mouth off*, nor *to open his throat;* but, as nature has been bountiful in bestowing upon us organs capable of producing soft, smooth, and graceful, musical, powerful, and expressive sounds, and as art has been ingenious and wise in the contrivance of language so admirably adapted to the happy exercise of the vocal powers, let him give these organs full play, and make the *most* of the words which he utters.

When the learner shall have read these examples five or six times over, attending, according to the directions, to only one thing, or, at most, to two things, at each reading, he will be prepared to enunciate them with his attention directed to *all* the various marks appended to the examples, as he goes along. It is presumed that no teacher will expect either improvement or a happy performance on the part of his pupil, unless he *himself pronounce each sentence or paragraph in his own most eloquent and masterly manner*, before the pupil is allowed to utter it.

These examples are designed to illustrate particularly, first, the importance of *protracting* the tonick and subtonick elements

with a full volume and melodious swell; secondly, the importance and proper application of *rhetorical pauses;* and, lastly, the *final pause* in rhyming verse. This lastnamed pause takes place at the words "ties," "given," and "burn," in the second and third of the poetick examples; but it will be observed that, at the words "discontent" and "chamber," in the last example—which is blank verse—no such pause is requisite.

The pupil should be cautioned against placing a *stress* upon any of the vowel sounds that require prolongation, except when they occur in words really *emphatick.*

QUESTIONS.

Of what does chapter 5, treat?
By what terms are the varieties of movement in utterance, expressed?
What is said of a moderate, a rapid, and of too slow, a movement?
Pronounce the poetick examples which follow.
What is said of *variety* in movement?—What, of the exercise of judgment and good taste in elocution?
Please to define and illustrate the term Quantity.
What is generally held to be the difference between a long and a short syllable?
How does Dr. Rush apply the terms long and short, quick and slow?
Have syllables various degrees of length?—Please to illustrate this by examples.
What kinds of discourse should be enunciated in slow, and what, in quick time?
What is said about protracting the long vowel or tonick elements?
What is a Rhetorical Pause?—Give an example.
Repeat the Rule respecting the adjuncts of the verb and nominative.—Illustrate and explain it.
What is said of the pauses denoted by the common points or stops?
Give examples of short, and of long, pauses.
What is the difference between grammatical and rhetorical pauses?
What is the second Rule for rhetorical pauses?
Please to read and explain the examples which follow.
Define the emphatick pause.—Explain it by examples.
What is Poetry?
Please to define Versification, Rhyme, and Blank Verse.
Define Poetical Feet, and explain the eight kinds.
Wherein consist the essential qualities of poetry?
What are the three kinds of poetical pauses?
Illustrate and explain the final pause.
Is the final pause at all requisite in reading blank verse?
On what does the poetry of blank verse depend?
Define and illustrate by examples, the cæsural pause—also the demi-cæsural.

CHAPTER VI.

OF RHETORICAL ACTION.

In a rhetorical sense, ACTION seems to imply those characteristicks of delivery included under the terms *Gesture*, *Attitude*, and *Expression of countenance.*

This important part of good delivery, is much less regarded, and, consequently, much less cultivated, by the moderns, than it was by the ancients. A just and an elegant adaptation of every part of the body, and of every expression of the countenance, to the nature and import of the subject one is delivering, may be considered, however, as too essential a part of oratory to be passed by unnoticed.

As more or less *action* must necessarily accompany the words of every speaker who delivers his sentiments in *earnest*, as they ought to be in order to move and persuade, it is of the utmost importance to him that that action be appropriate and natural—never forced and awkward, but easy and graceful, except where the nature of the subject requires it to be bold and vehement.

The prescribed limits of the author, however, permit him to present only a mere sketch of the outlines of this important subject, leaving it to the dictates of good sense and cultivated taste to fill them up.

OF GESTURE.

Gesticulation and *expression* of countenance, are the language of nature; and, as they spring from the heart and the feelings, when legitimately called forth, they convey a language that reaches the heart. But because it is urged, that gestures must

be *natural*, it is not hence to be inferred, that they must be the spontaneous efforts of nature, *unaided by art* or *cultivation*. In this, as well as in those things which relate to the cultivation of the vocal powers, we call in the aid of art, not to *pervert*, but to *refine*, to *exalt*, to *perfect* nature. No one thinks of becoming skilled in dancing, or in vocal or instrumental musick, or in mathematicks, or logick, without long and close application to the subject, under an able teacher, or in private. If one would excel in penmanship, he places himself under the instruction of a professor in the art; if he would become an adept in wrestling or boxing, he receives instruction from a professor in pugilisticks; if he wishes to be skilled in horsemanship, he puts himself under a riding master: or else he attains any one of these objects, by private application and long practice. When Caspar Hauser was first thrown into Nuremburg, at the age of *seventeen*, after having been confined all his life in a narrow dungeon, he did not know how to *walk!* Although *nature* had performed her whole duty to this youth, she had not taught him this art; nor would she ever have taught him, nor would he ever have learned, to walk, had he not exerted his capabilities for the attainment of this object, by repeated and persevering *efforts*. If, then, any one would excel in gesticulation, or in any other important qualification of an orator, let him assiduously set about the *cultivation* of his natural powers; and if he cannot avail himself of the instructions of a competent master in the art, he may, at least, glean useful hints from books that treat upon the subject, and, more especially, by observing the manner adopted by the best speakers: but let him bear in mind, that, in order to *excel*, in this, or in any other important attainment, he must accompany his desires by *private application* and *persevering efforts*.

If argument were necessary to enforce the importance of *cultivation* in gesticulation, one sufficiently cogent might be drawn from the graceful skill and power displayed in this art by the best actors on the stage. No truth is clearer, than that their masterly excellence is the fruit of their own *industry*.

But, in applying art to the aid of oratory, and especially in

copying the mien and gesture of those who excel in it, *great caution* is to be observed. *No true orator can be formed after* ANY MODEL. He that copies or borrows from any standard of excellence, should be careful, in the first place, not to copy his *peculiarities* or his *defects*. Secondly, whatever is copied, should be so completely brought under his command by long practice, as to *appear perfectly natural, and his own*. Art should never be allowed to put any constraint upon nature; but should be so completely refined and subdued, as to appear to be the work of nature herself. Whenever art, in a speaker, is allowed, in the slightest degree, to put a constraint upon nature, it is immediately detected, shows affectation, and is sure to disgust, rather than to please and impress, the hearer.

The leading object of every publick speaker should be to *persuade*. In order to persuade, he must be able to *please*—to affect the feelings and to move the heart. To accomplish all this, the first important requisite, doubtless, is, to advance sound arguments in clear and chaste language; but he should remember that arguments, when accompanied by appropriate gesture, an earnest and a sincere expression of countenance, and a masterly intonation, come upon the hearer with a double force.

As we have no admitted standard of excellence in gesticulation, we are left without ample data from which to draw a com plete set of rules to regulate all the proper movements of the body, limbs, and features, which should take place in delivery. In general terms, force and grace may be considered the leading qualities of a good delivery. When combined, they mutually support each other, and may be regarded as the most powerful auxiliaries of oratory.

In presenting particular directions for gesture, it is easier to give negative, than positive, instruction. In gesticulation, every one knows, that the right hand should be much more frequently employed than the left; and that it should be allowed to fall with great energy when he wishes to enforce an important sentiment. In order to do this with full effect, it is equally apparent, that the arm should be boldly extended, so as to give all its muscles full play. A bold and manly freedom of gesture is to

be studied, as much as a cramped and awkward stiffness is to be avoided. In general, a contracted movement of the hand and arm, appears trifling and ungraceful. Waves or curved lines described by the hand and arm, are far more graceful than straight lines: and, although these may be studied and practiced, yet, a young speaker should studiously avoid all affected *prettiness* of gesture, all *theatrical* trick and mimickry, and, especially, all scholastick stiffness and *measured, academical formality* of gesture. Every thing of this sort, appears unnatural, and, consequently, produces an effect directly *opposite* to that which is intended.

Those automatical gestures taught in our academies and colleges, seldom do any good, frequently much harm. They are generally imperfect imitations of abominably bad precedents. Therefore, the first thing incumbent on a young man who has had the misfortune to be thus mistaught, if he would make himself an eloquent, or even a tolerable, speaker, is to lay aside all that mechanical stiffness and set formality, and, by *degrees*, to adopt the *natural* manner of those speakers whose gestures bear none of the marks of *study*, but which seem to burst forth as the spontaneous productions of the sentiments delivered. But, above all, he should so completely conceal all *art*, as not to allow his gestures to carry the *least appearance of* DESIGN. Many a young speaker is distressingly *encumbered* with his *hands* and *arms*. They are greatly in his *way*. When this is the case, if he is unwilling to *cut them off*, let him strive to forget that he *has* any—and, at the same time, lay about him lustily and fearlessly. Let him remember, that it is no time to study attitude and gesture when he is addressing a publick audience; but that these should be so thoroughly studied in private, as to enable him to make a happy use of them in publick, as it were, without *thought* or *effort*.

These loose hints will be closed with one remark, which is, that *excess* of action, is nearly as detrimental in oratory, as *no* action. It becomes every speaker, therefore, in this, as well as in every thing else that pertains to elocution and oratory, to *avoid extremes*.

OF ATTITUDE AND EXPRESSION.

By a publick speaker, no small degree of attention should be given to a proper *dignity of mien.* Let him appear graceful, easy, and *natural;* and, when warmed and animated by the importance of his subject, his dignity of mien should become still more elevated and commanding, and assume a somewhat lofty and noble bearing.

But the most important part of action consists in accompanying one's sentiments by an appropriate *expression of the countenance.* The eye of the orator, and the expressive movements of the muscles of his face, often *tell* more than his words, his body, or his hands. In regard to the use of that commanding organ, the eye, it may be worthy of remark, that, when lighted up and glowing with *meaning* and *intelligence,* and frequently and properly directed to the person or persons addressed, it tends greatly to rivet the attention, and deepen the interest, of the hearer, as well as to heighten the effect, and enforce the importance, of the sentiments delivered. A publick speaker, therefore, cannot fall into a greater errour, than to keep his eyes much averted or turned away from his auditory.

GENERAL HINTS

TO THE READER AND THE SPEAKER.

The most *eloquent* manner of reading and of speaking, is the most *easy* of attainment, if sought for through the proper channel; for it is as simple as it is natural. But many who aim at it, fail by the very *efforts* adopted to gain it. They overreach the mark. They shoot too high. Instead of breathing forth their sentiments in the fervid glow of simple nature, which always warms, and animates, and interests the hearer, they work themselves up into a sort of frigid bombast, which chills and petrifies him. One, therefore, who would read well, or who would speak well—who would interest, rivet the attention, convince the understanding, and excite the feelings of his hearers—needs not expect to do it by any extraordinary exer-

tion or desperate effort; for genuine eloquence is not to be wooed and won by any such boisterous course of courtship, but by more gentle means. If one would become glowing and truly eloquent, he must rise *naturally* with his subject, and without betraying the least *art* or *effort*.

As in grammar and rhetorick, so in eloquence, defects are artificial; original beauties are natural. It is, therefore, a great mistake to suppose that *visible art* can do any thing towards making an orator, or an eloquent reader. *Cultivation* may do much. The rules of every science, as far as they are just and useful, are founded in nature, or in good usage. Hence, their adoption and application tend to free us from our *artificial* defects, all of which may be regarded as *departures* from the simplicity of nature. Let the student in elocution, then, bear in mind, that whatever is artificial, is unnatural, and whatever is unnatural, is directly opposed to genuine eloquence.

The reader must not suppose, however, that, in cautioning him against an artificial and frigid vehemence of style in elocution, any countenance is given to a cold and indifferent manner. A slight degree of extravagant warmth, is far more endurable than lifeless dulness and tameness. Notwithstanding all the precautions proper to be observed, therefore, the reader or speaker should not fail to enter with glowing fervour into the spirit of the sentiments which he utters. He should always be in EARNEST; and then, if his manner is *simple*, *natural*, *easy*, and *dignified*, it cannot fail of being eloquent.

In reading, one should *not confine his eyes too much to the book*. By this puerile practice, one-half of the effect of his elocution is lost. A good reader has his eyes directed to his hearers, nearly as much as to his book. Great effect may also be produced, by occasionally casting his eyes upon some of the most distant persons in the room. This is, as it were, to hold a closer communion with them, by which their interest in what is read, is greatly increased.

HINTS ON THE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.

The dignity and importance of this subject require that it always be approached with solemn awe; but the very sacredness of the theological office, has betrayed many a one into a false notion of its true dignity and sanctity. A few, brief remarks, therefore, which go to point out some of the most prominent errours and defects in delivery, prevalent among the clergy of our country, may not be unworthy the attention of young men who are just entering upon the duties of the ministry.

There is not, perhaps, a more common errour of delivery, displayed by him who officiates in the sacred desk, than an *affected* air of sanctimonious solemnity. This is often exhibited in mien, gesture, and tone. But the preacher who is filled with the grandeur and importance of his subject—who considers that his object is, to convince his hearers of the truth of the sublime doctrines of the Bible, and to persuade them to act in conformity to that conviction, will find no time for laying aside his natural tones and mien, but will enter upon his labours in the true spirit and dignity of native simplicity.

Affectation, like all other evils, is *contagious*. Many adopt an affected tone and manner merely by imitating a bad precedent, and are not aware that they are thus tainted. Hence, it would be well for a young speaker often to consider, whether he has not mistaken, and adopted, some affected habits for natural graces. If his tones, gestures, and enunciation generally, closely resemble those he would employ in familiar and earnest discourse with others, they may commonly be regarded as natural.

Affectation in the pulpit, is *fashionable*. This allusion is not made in reference to that affectation of prettiness, adopted by the weak and silly, nor that of sanctimonious austerity and pompous dignity, displayed by the bigoted and hypocritical, but in allusion to that affectation which shows itself in *sectarian* tone or cant. There is a baptist tone or cant, a methodist cant, a presbyterian cant, an episcopalian cant, a catholick cant, and a quaker cant; but as there is no religion in any of these cants, as they are all disagreable to a chaste ear, and degrading to the true dignity of pulpit eloquence, the young clergyman would do well to avoid them.

Though not unfrequently rude and boisterous, yet our methodist preachers are more effective in their *manner* of delivery than the more polished and scholastick clergy of some other sects. Who has not observed, that with less learning, but more zeal, with less argument, but more fervour, with less formality,

but more vehemence, the former often accomplish more than the latter? And what is the *cause* of this singular difference? One very plain reason is, in their *manner*, they are more NATURAL. Having drawn their information more from men than books, the knowledge of the former is more *practical* in its cast than that of the latter; and for this reason, they can apply it to greater advantage, and effect more with small means, than others do with means more ample. If they have not the advantage of scientifick acquirements and literary polish, neither do they labour under the disadvantage of scholastick stiffness and coldness. Although extravagance, and rant, and bawling, and bombast, are by no means commendable in these "fair-spoken days," yet, who would not rather have a preacher breathe forth flames like the mares of Diomedon, and lay about him like a mad dragon from the marshes of Lerna, than to come upon them with frigid gusts from the top of mount Ural, and congeal them into an iceberg?

But without stretching farther this chain of unwelcome comparisons, it may be proper to notice one advantage which pulpit eloquence derives from a quarter whence it would seem to be little expected, and that is, from the peculiar habits of "circuit riders." They who follow this course of itinerancy, generally acquire, in no small degree, what the clergy of other denominations greatly need—a knowledge of *human nature:* and in this we may perceive an illustration of that grand, equalizing principle laid down by the great Dispenser of all good, by the operation of which, all his creatures, provided they make a proper use of the means placed within their reach, possess nearly an equal chance for usefulness and happiness.

If many of our learned divines would study human nature more, and books less, think more, and write less, extemporize more in the pulpit, and read less in it, seek a closer walk with God, and more frequent walks among their parishioners, they would doubtless become far more eloquent and far more useful.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does chapter 6, treat?

What characteristicks of delivery are included under the term, action?

What kind of action is most highly recommended?

What kind of language is conveyed by gesticulation and expression of countenance?

What is said of *art* and *cultivation* in action?—What, of copying from others?—What should be the leading object of a publick speaker?

What constitutes a proper dignity of mien?

What should a speaker do with his eyes?

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

SECTION I.

SELECT PARAGRAPHS.

Beautiful Metaphor.—IRVING.

1. It is interesting to notice how *some* minds seem almost to create *themselves*\, springing up under every disadvantage/, and working their solitary/, but irresistible/, way through a thousand obstacles\. Nature seems to *delight* in disappointing the assiduities of art/, with which it would rear legitimate dulness to maturity/, and to glory in the vigour and luxuriance of her *chance* productions\. She scatters the seeds of genius to the *winds*\, and/, though some may perish among the *stony* places of the world/, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early *adversity*/, yet/, others will now and then strike root even in the *clefts* of the *rock*\, struggle bravely up into sunshine/, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation\.

REMARKS ON SECTION I.

Articulation.—In reading these selections, the first thing to be attended to, is a *clear* and *distinct articulation* of every word, and every syllable, and every letter of each syllable, *silent* letters only excepted.

Modulation.—The second important requisite is, to *vary* the *intonation* with all the different modulations of the voice which a just and a happy elocution requires. This direction refers to all the varied movements of the voice, considered in regard to pitch, tone, inflection, stress, and cadence, and especially to the *prolongation* of the *tonick* and *subtonick* elements.

Inflection.—In reading the 1st paragraph, the rising inflection takes place at the words "disadvantage," "maturity," and "sunshine," in accordance with Rule 7, page 89; and the falling, is made at "*themselves*" and "*winds*," agreeably to Exception 1, to Rule 7. The rising inflection occurs at "world" and "*adversity*," according to Exception

Beautiful Simile.—IB.

2. As the *vine*′, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak′, and been lifted by it into sunshine′, will′, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt′, cling round it with its caressing tendrils′, and bind up its shattered boughs′; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence′, that *woman*′, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours′, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity\; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature\, tenderly supporting the drooping head′, and binding up the broken heart\.

Volcanoes.—FLINT.

3. Nature has reserved *mountains* as the machinery for putting forth her sublimest spectacles\. Her most imposing mysteries are accomplished among the snows and storms that envelop their summits\, while the central fires that burn beneath their roots′, have been contemplated in all time′, as the most terrifick manifestations of his power\. As we mount these ancient piles′, majestick solitudes\, a purer air\, fresher vegetation′, flowers of more brilliant hues\, the enlargement of the horizon\, the expansion of mind′, and thoughts more serene and meditative′, seem to whisper us that′, in climbing the domes of the temple of nature′, we are approaching the throne of the Eternal Being who fills nature with his presence\.

2, to the same rule: and this same Exception applies to the inflection at "*vine*," "oak," "sunshine," "will," "thunderbolt," "boughs," "Providence," "*woman*," and "hours," in the 2nd paragraph. The word "head," in paragraph 2nd, takes the rising inflection, according to Rule 7.

In paragraph 3d, the words "solitudes," "air," and "vegetation," "hues," "horizon," and "mind," are inflected according to a *licensed* use of the rules for inflecting a commencing, compound series.

In the 4th paragraph, the words "come," "totter," "fire," "world," and "dim," "nation," "despotism," "glory," and "freemen," take the rising inflection, agreeably to Exception 2, to Rule 7.

Emphasis.—In paragraph 1st, the idea of *some* minds' creating *themselves*, is contrasted with the implied idea of *other* minds which are supposed not to create themselves. See page 122. Though some might expect nature to *grieve*, yet she "seems to *delight*, in disappointing the assiduities of art."

In the 2nd paragraph, the words "*vine*," and "*woman*," are set in obvious contrast to each other.

Bunker-Hill Monument.

4. How different is the scene which we this day behold′, from that which was displayed on this spot fifty years ago\. The traces of havock have been erased by the hand of time\. The farmer's boy now sips his beverage beside the blue stream once crimsoned with human gore\.—Where banners and plumes went down amid the shock of battle′, now the golden harvest waves its yellow sheaves\. Where rolled the purple stream of blood′, is now beheld the gambols of childhood and the frolick of youth\. The angel of peace now hovers over her domestick altars with outspread wings\.—If the time ever come′, when this mighty fabrick shall totter′; when the beacon of joy that now rises in a pillar of fire′, a sign and a wonder of the world′, shall wax dim′, the cause will be found in the *ignorance* of the *people*\. If our Union is still to continue to cheer the hopes and animate the oppressed of every nation′; if our fields are to be untrodden by the hirelings of despotism′; if long days of blessedness are to attend our country in her career of glory′; if you would have the sun continue to shed unclouded rays upon the face of freemen′, then′, *educate all* the children in the land.\ *This* alone′, startles the tyrant in his dreams of power′, and rouses the slumbering energies of an oppressed people\. It is INTELLIGENCE that reared up the majestick columns of our national glory′; and *this* alone can prevent them from crumbling into ashes\.

The name of the particular subject of remark or discourse, as it is antithetically employed when considered in reference to any and every *other* subject that might be discoursed of, always becomes *emphatick*. Hence, the word "*mountains*," in paragraph 3d, requires a moderate degree of the median stress. In these remarks, Mr. Flint does not wish to call our attention to *valleys*, *rivers*, *lakes*, or *oceans*, but particularly to *mountains*. Here we have revealed the true philosophy of that percussive force called *emphasis:* and the inquiring mind that follows out this principle, as it pervades, more or less, every sentence uttered, and regulates every species of emphatick force, will be no less delighted with its simplicity, than astonished at its extent.

Many of the emphatick words in these paragraphs, are not marked; and many that are marked, it would be too tedious to comment upon.

Rhetorical Pause.—In section 1st, the rhetorical pauses are not marked, or indicated by *dots*. A just elocution requires them to be observed, however, in many places in these examples. In reading paragraph 1st, a *slight* pause of this sort should occur after the words

SECTION II.

SELECT PARAGRAPHS.

Alexander Hamilton.—WEBSTER.

1. The reports of his speeches′, imperfect as they probably are′, yet remain as lasting monuments of his genius and patriotism\. He saw′, at last′, his hopes *fulfilled*\: he saw the *Constitution* adopted′, and the government under it′, established and organized\. The discerning eye of Washington immediately called him to a post′, infinitely the most important in the administration of the new system\. He was made *Secretary* of the *Treasury*\; and how he fulfilled the *duties* of such a place′, at such a time′, the whole country perceived with delight′, and the whole world′, with admiration\. He smote the rock of the national resources′, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth\. He touched the dead corpse of the publick credit′, and it sprang upon its feet\. The fabled birth of Minerva′, from the brain of Jove′, was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States which burst forth from the conceptions of ALEXANDER HAMILTON\.

"way," "nature," the *second* "some," "others," "root," and "birthplace."

In reading the third paragraph, a *slight* rhetorical pause should be made after the words "nature," "*mountains*," "mysteries," and the phrase "whisper us."

In enunciating the 4th paragraph, this pause is proper after the words "havock" "peace," "will be found," "*educate*," and "INTELLIGENCE."

REMARKS ON SECTION II.

The leading remarks applicable to the various paragraphs of Section 2, amount to nothing more than a repetition of those already applied to Section 1. Very few will, therefore, be presented. The young reader cannot be too particular, however, in his attention to a distinct *articulation* and a correct *orthoepy*, in *addition* to the attention required in appropriately applying the rules for inflection, emphasis, pause, and so forth—not only in enunciating the examples in this section, but, also, in reading every piece he may be called on to pronounce.

Inflection.—In the 1st paragraph, the word "*Treasury*" being emphatick, takes the falling inflection in accordance with Exception 1, to Rule 7, page 89. This sentence is brought under the rule, or Exception, by considering that portion of it which follows the word *Treasury*, *one* compound member, answering to the simple member which closes with *Treasury*.

Eloquence of Daniel Webster.

2. It was in the *Senate* that I first became enamoured with the wonderful eloquence of this great man\. Every word that issued from his lips/, seemed like the *battle-axe* of a *warriour/*, falling upon the helmet of his foe/, and striking him to the earth\. It was not the mere rippling of *words/*—the bubbling of *rhetorick/*—the gingling and gurgling of empty *declamation/*—frothy\, flashy/, and inane/; but the mighty rushing of a *thinking*, *logical/*, and *ratiocinative/* mind\—deep\, original/, and intellectual\—where every word was a *thought*, sometimes flashing with brilliancy\; at others/, stunning with force/, or startling with sublimity\—where every sentence was an *argument*, and every argument excited a *feeling* corresponding to the thought\—holding the *heart* and the *mind* captive at the same time\. Sometimes it resembled the tramp of a trooper\, crushing a young forest beneath his courser's feet\; at others/, the boiling torrent\, tumbling mountains of errour into the abyss of sophistry\: and then/, again/, it resembled a dignified chieftain in his battle career\, leading on his legions to sweep an enemy to *destruction*\. Such was the *effect* of his eloquence upon me/, that it seemed as if I actually *heard* the battle-axe\—one argument backing another in rapid and restless succession/, until/, like the piling of Pelion upon Ossa/, they crushed and overwhelmed his antagonists\. It is not surprising that a mind of this exalted order and finished character/, should excite the admiration of an *empire*\.

In paragraph 2nd, the rising inflection takes place at the "*words*," "*rhetorick*," "*declamation*," and "*inane*," in accordance with Rule 2, page 82. At the words "frothy" and "deep," in the 2nd paragraph, and "primer," "name," and "moral," in the 3d, the falling inflection should be but *slight*, not more than the downward concrete of a *second:* see Observation, page 94.

Emphasis.—In the 1st paragraph—Mr. Hamilton's hopes had previously rested on *expectation;* but he now saw them *fulfilled*. Again, "he was made *Secretary* of the *Treasury*," and not, *Ambassador* to *France*, *Vice President* of the *United States*, or some *other* publick officer.

In paragraph 2nd—"It was in the *Senate*," and not at the *Bar*, "that I first became enamoured," and so forth. It seemed as if I, not merely *imagined*, but "actually *heard*, the battle-axe."

A little reflection, will show the reader the propriety and the *reason* for emphasising, not only the words *marked* in these examples, but, also, many *others*.

Waste of Time.—LINDSEY.

3. It has been discovered′, at length′, what′, indeed′, was *always* sufficiently obvious′, that a boy needs not be kept at school eight or ten years′, to learn to read his primer‵, write his name‵, cipher to the Rule of Three′, and hate books and learning for the rest of his life‵. It has been discovered′, that′, in three or four years′, a boy may be taught a *hundred fold môre′*, by skilful teachers in a skilful way′, than their *fathers* dreamed of learning at *âll‵*. This is the *grandest* discovery of our age‵. It will do more to meliorate the moral‵, physical′, and political condition of mankind′, than all other means ever yet devised‵.

SECTION III.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

Importance of Good Conduct.—CECIL.

1. However *ill′* .. men may treat us′, we should never give them an opportunity to say′ .. that we have *misbehaved* ourselves‵. Were I to meet my most bitter *adversary‵*, and know that he approached me with the most *malicious* intention′, I should endeavour to be so completely on my guard′, that he could not lay his finger′, with truth′, on *any* part of my conduct‵.

Importance of Piety.—IB.

2. There are no greater objects of *pity* in the world′, than those men who are admired by all around them′, for their nice *discernment* and fine *taste* in every thing of a *worldly* nature′, but who have *no* taste for the *riches* that *endure forever‵*—*no* love for *God* or his *word‵*—*no* love for *Christ* or their *souls‵*. In *such* a state′, however admired or respected′, they cannot see the kingdom of God‵.

Christian Fortitude.—COLTON.

3. Murmur′ .. at *nothing‵*: if our ills are *reparable′*, it is *ungrâteful‵*; if *remediless′*, it is *vâin‵*. But a *christian′* .. builds his fortitude on a *better* foundation than *stôicism′*: he is pleased with *every* thing that happens′, because he knows it could *not* happen′, unless it had first pleased *God‵*; and that which pleases *him′*, must be the *best‵*. He is assured′ .. that no *new* thing can befall him′, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with *no* affliction′ .. that *resignation* cannot *conquer′*, or that *death* cannot *cure‵*.

Importance of securing the Favour of God.—IB.

4. There are *two* things that speak′ . . as with a voice from *heaven*′, that He who fills that eternal throne′, must be on the side of *virtue*\, and′, that whatever HE befriends′, must finally prosper and prevail\. The first is′, that the *bad*′ . . are never completely *happy* and at ease′, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow\; and that the *good*′ . . are never completely *miserable*′, although deprived of every thing that this world can take away\. For there is *one* reflection′ . . which will obtrude itself′, and which the best′ . . *would* not′, and which the *worst*′ . . *can*not′, dismiss\, namely′, that the time is fast approaching to *both* of them′, when′, if they have gained the favour of *Gôd*′, it matters little′ . . what else they have *lôst*\, but if they have *lost his* favour′, it matters little′ . . what else they have *gâined*\.

SECTION IV.

PARAGRAPHS IN VERSE.

Vice.—POPE.

Vice′ . . is a monster of so frightful mien′,
As′, to be *hated*′, needs but to be *seen*\;
Yet seen too oft′, familiar with her face′,
We first′ . . *endure*\, then′ . . *pity*′, then′ . . . *embrace*\.

Fall of Babylon.—MOORE.

Wô′! wô′!—the time of thy visitation′
Is come\, proud Land′, thy doom is cast\;
And the bleak wave of desolation′
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head at last\.
Wâr\, wâr\, wâr′, against Babylon\!

Fame.—BYRON.

What is the end of *fame*\? 'tis but to fill′
A certain portion of uncertain paper\;
Some′ . . liken it to climbing up a hill′,
Whose summit (like *all* hills) is lost in vapour\:

REMARKS.

Final Pause.—The words "visitation," "desolation," "king," and "thing," in the 1st section of poetick examples, and "shine," "hear," "ear," "dreams," "piled," "blew," and "mock," in the 2nd Section, illustrate the final pause: see page 144.

Rhetorical Pause.—The student in elocution is particularly requested to bear in mind, that, wherever, in the following pages of this work, the rhetorical pause is indicated by *two* dots, (. .), the sign employed to indicate the *shortest* pause of this sort, as at the words "vice . ." "first . ." "some . ." and so forth, it should be *very slight*—not so *long* as that commonly made at a *comma*.

For this′ . . men′ . . write\, speak\, preach′, and heroes kill\;
And bards′ . . burn what they call their "midnight taper\,"
To have′, when the original is dust′,
A name\, a wretched picture′, and worse bust\.

What are the *hopes* of man\? old Egypt's king′
Cheops′, erected the first pyramid′,
And largest\, thinking it was just the thing′
To keep his memory whole and mummy hid\;
But somebody or other′, rummaging′,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid\:
Let not a *monument*′ . . give *you* or *me* hopes′,
Since′ . . not a *pinch* of DUST remains of Cheops\.

SECTION V.

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.—DR. LEYDEN.

Written in Cherical Malabar.

This exquisite Ode was written by Doctor Leyden, a native of Scotland, who had gone as an adventurer to India in search of fortune. When, at last, the bubble was within his grasp, he found he had gained his prize too late, and bought it too dear; health had fled forever. He fell a victim to the peculiar diseases of the climate.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine′!
What vanity has brought thee here\?
How can I love to see thee shine′
So bright′, whom I have bought so dear\?—
The tent ropes' flapping lone I hear′
For twilight converse′, arm in arm\,
The jackal's shriek bursts on my ear′
When mirth and musick wont to charm\.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams′,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild′,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams′
Of Teviot loved while still a child\,
Of castle rocks stupendous piled′
By Esk or Eden's classick wave′,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled′,
Uncursed by thee\, vile yellow slave\!

Fade′, day-dreams sweet′, from memory fade\!—
The perished bliss of youth's first prime′,
That once so bright on fancy played′,
Revives no more in after-time\.
Far from my sacred′, natal clime′,
I haste to an untimely grave\;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime′,
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave\.

Slave of the mine′! thy yellow light′
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear\.
A gentle vision comes by night′,
My lonely widowed heart to cheer\;

Her eyes are dim with many a tear',
That once were guiding stars to mine';
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear':—
I cannot bear to see thee shine'.

For thee', for thee', vile yellow slave',
I left a heart that loved me true';
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave',
To roam in climes unkind and new';
The cold wind of the stranger blew'
Chill on my withered heart';—the grave',
Dark and untimely', met my view'—
And all for thee', vile yellow slave'!

Ha'! com'st thou now so late to mock'
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn',
Now that his frame the lightning shock'
Of sun-rays tipt with death', has borne'?
From love', from friendship', country', torn',
To memory's fond regrets the prey',
Vile slave', thy yellow dross I scorn':—
Go', mix thee with thy kindred clay'!

SECTION VI.

Parting of Zal and Hinda.—MOORE.

Yes', yes', she cried', my hourly fears',
My dreams have boded all too right'—
We part'—forever part' . . . to night'!
I knew', I knew' . . it *could* not last'—
'Twas bright', 'twas heavenly', but' . . . 'tis past'!
Oh'! ever thus', from childhood's hour',
I've seen my fondest hopes decay';
I never loved a *tree*' . . or *flower*',
But 'twas the first to fade away'.
I never nursed a dear *gazelle*',
To glad me with its soft black eye',
But when it came to know me well',
And love me', it was sure' . . to *die*'.
Now', too', the joy most like divine',
Of all I ever dreamed or knew',
To see thee', hear thee', call thee mine'—
Oh', misery', must I lose *that* too'?
Yet go'—on perils brink we meet';
Those frightful rocks'—that treacherous sea'—
No', never come again'—though sweet',
Though *heaven*'—it may be *death* to thee'.
Farewell': and blessings on thy way',
Where'er thou goest', beloved stranger';
Better to sit and watch that ray',
And think thee *safe*', though far away',
Than have thee *near* me', and' . . in *danger*'.

SECTION VII.

A Dirge.—CROLY.

"Earth to earth', and dust to dust'!"
Here the evil and the just',
Here the youthful and the old',
Here the fearful and the bold',
Here the matron and the maid',
In one silent bed are laid';
Here the vassal and the king',
Side by side', lie withering':
Here the sword and sceptre' . . rust':
"Earth to earth', and dust to dust'!"

Age on age shall roll along',
O'er this pale and mighty throng';
Those that wept them', those that weep',
All shall with these sleepers' . . sleep':
Brothers', sisters of the worm',
Summer's sun', or winter's storm',
Song of peace', or battle's roar',
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more';
Death shall keep his sullen trust',
"Earth to earth', and dust to dust'!"

But a day is coming fast',
Earth', thy mightiest and thy last'!
It shall come in fear and wonder',
Heralded by trump and thunder':
It shall come in strife and toil';
It shall come in blood and spoil';
It shall come in empire's groans',
Burning temples', trampled thrones':
Then', ambition', rue thy lust'!
"Earth to earth', and dust to dust'!"

Then shall come the judgment sign';
In the east', the king shall shine';
Flashing from heav'n's golden gate',
Thousands', thousands round his state';
Spirits with the crown and plume';
Tremble', then', thou solemn tomb';
Heav'n shall open on our sight';
Earth be turned to living light',
Kingdom of the ransomed Just'!
"Earth to earth', and dust to dust'!"

Then thy mount', Jerusalem',
Shall be gorgeous as a gem':
Then shall in the desert rise'
Fruits of more than Paradise',
Earth by angel feet be trod',
One great garden of her God'!
Till are dried the martyr's tears'
Through a thousand glorious years':
Now in hope of him we trust',
"Earth to earth', and dust to dust'!"

CHAPTER II.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

***Hamlet's reflections on Yorick's skull.*—SHAKSPEARE.**

ALAS', poor Yorick'!—I knew him', well', Horatio': a fellow of infinite jest', of most excellent fancy'. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times'; and now', how abhorred in my imagination is this skull'! My gorge rises at it'. Here hung those lips that I have kissed', I know not how oft'. Where are your gibes',* now'? your gambols'? your songs'? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar'? Not one', now', to mock your own grinning'? quite chap-fallen'? Now get you to my lady's chamber', and tell her', if she paint an inch thick', yet to this favour† she must come.'

Note. In order to promote the attainment of *good* reading, the author begs leave once more to insist on the importance of teachers' requiring their pupils to read each section *many times over*, even until they can enunciate it both *accurately* and *eloquently*, before they are allowed to proceed to another section. It should be borne in mind, that the higher degrees of excellence in Elocution, are to be gained, not by reading *much*, but by pronouncing what is read with *a strict regard to the nature of the subject, the structure of the sentences, the turn of the sentiment, and a correct and judicious application of the rules of the science.*

SECTION II.

***Reflections on the Tomb of Shakspeare.*—IRVING.**

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return', I paused to contemplate the distant church in which Shakspeare lies buried', and could not but exult in the malediction‡ which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults'.

* Taunts, sarcasms. † Aspect.

‡ *Epitaph on Shakspeare's Tomb.*

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones;
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

What honour could his name have derived from being mingled', in dusty companionship', with the epitaphs', and escutcheons'[a], and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude'? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been', compared with this reverend pile', which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum'![b] The solicitude about the grave', may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility'; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices'; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings'. He who has sought renown about the world', and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favour', will find', after all', that there is no love', no admiration', no applause', so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place'. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour', among his kindred and his early friends'. And when the weary heart and the failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on', he turns as fondly as does the infant[c] to its mother's arms', to sink to sleep in the bosom[d] of the scene of his childhood'.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard', when', wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world', he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home', could he have foreseen', that', before many years', he should return to it covered with renown'; that his name would become the boast and the glory of his native place'; that his ashes would be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure'; and that its lessening spire', on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation', would one day become the beacon', towering amidst the gentle landscape',[e] to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb'!

SECTION III.

On Studies.—Lord Bacon.

(Those words put in *Italicks*, are *emphatical*. Two dots (..) denote the shortest *rhetorical pause*; three dots, (...) a longer pause, and so on.)

Studies' .. serve for delight', for ornament', and for ability'. Their chief use for ***delight***', is' .. in retired ***privacy***'; for ***ornament***', in ***discourse***'; and for ***ability***', in the ***arrangement*** and ***disposition of business***': for ***expert*** men can ***execute***', and', per-

[a] Es-kŭtsh'lns. [b] Mâw-sŏ-lē'ŭm. [c] In'fânt—not, in'fant. [d] Bŏŏ'zŭm—not, buz'um. [e] Lând'skâpe—not, land'skip.

haps', judge of *particulars'*, one by one'; but general *councils'*, and the *plots* and *marshaling of affairs'*, come best from the *learned'*.[a] To spend too much *time* in studies', is *sloth'*;[b] to use them too much for *ornament'*,[c] is *affectation'*; to form one's judgment wholly by their *rules'*, is the humour[d] of a *scholar'*. They *perfect nature'*, and *are* perfected by *experience'*: for natural *abilities'* .. are like natural *plants'*, and need pruning by *study'*; and studies *themselves* give forth directions too much at large', unless they are hedged in by *experience'*.

Crafty men' .. *contemn* studies'; *simple* men' .. *admire'*, and wise men' .. *use'*, them'; for they teach not their *own* use', but *that* is a wisdom *without* them and *above* them', won by *observation'*. Read not to *contradict* and *confute'*; nor to *believe* or *take for granted'*; nor to find matter merely for *conversation'*; but to *weigh* and *consider'*. *Some* books are to be *tasted'*; *others'*, to be *swallowed'*; and some *few'*, to be *chewed* and *digested'*; that is', *some* books are to be only *glanced at'*; *others'* .. are to be *read'*, but not *critically'*; and some *few'* .. are to be read *wholly'*, and with *diligence* and *attention'*. Some books', also', may be read by *deputy'*, and extracts received from them which are made by *others'*; but they should be only the *meaner* sort of books', and the *less important* arguments of those which are *better'*: otherwise', *distilled books'* .. are', like common', distilled waters', *flashy* things'.

Reading' .. makes a *full* man'; *conversation'*, a *ready* man'; and *writing'*, an *exact* man'. Therefore', if a man *write* little', he needs a great *memory'*; if he *converse* little', he wants a present *wit'*; and, if he *read* little', he ought to have much *cunning'*, that he may *seem* to know what he does *not'*. *History'* .. makes men *wise'*; *poetry'* .. makes them *witty'*; *mathematicks'*, *subtle'*; *natural philosophy'*, *deep'*; *moral philosophy'*, *grave'*; *logick* and *rhetorick'*, able to *contend'*: *nay'*, there is *no* obstruction to the human faculties but what may be overcome by proper *studies'*. Obstacles to learning', like the diseases of the body', are removed by appropriate *exercises'*. Thus', *bowling*[e] is good for[f] a *weakness* in the *back'*; *gunning'*, for[f] the *lungs* and *breast'*; *walking'*, for[f] the *stomach'*; *riding'*, for[f] the *head'*, and the like'; so', if one's thoughts are *wandering'*, let him study *mathematicks'*; for',[f] in *demonstrating'*,[g] if his attention be called away ever so *little'*, he must begin again'; if his faculties be not disciplined to *distinguish* and *discriminate'*, let him study the *schoolmen'*; for[f] they are (*cymini sec-*

[a]Lĕrn'ĕd. [b]Slŏth. [c]Or'nà-mĕnt—not, or'na munt. [d]Yū'mŭr. [e]Bōle'-ing. [f]For—not, fur, nor, f'r. [g]Dē mŏn'strā'tĭng.

tores') *the cutters of cummin*'; if he is not accustomed to con over matters', and call up one fact with which to prove and illustrate another', let him study the *lawyers' cases*'. Hence', *every defect* of the mind may have its special *receipt*'.

There are *three* chief *vanities* in studies', by which learning has been most *traduced*'; for[a] we deem those things *vain* which are either *false* or *frivolous*'—which have no *truth*', or are of no *use*'; and those *persons* are considered vain', who are either *credulous* or *curious*'. Judging', then', either from[b] *reason* or *experience*', there prove to be *three distempers* of learning': the first' . . is *fantastical* learning', the second', *contentious* learning', and the last', *affected* learning'—vain *imaginations*', vain *altercations*', and vain *affections*'.

SECTION IV.

Liberty and Slavery.—STERNE.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt', still', *Slavery*', still thou art a bitter draught'; and', though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee', thou art no less bitter on that account'. —It is *thou*', thrice sweet and gracious goddess', *Liberty*', whom all in publick or in private worship', whose taste is grateful', and ever will be so', till *Nature herself* shall change'. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle', or chymick power turn thy sceptre into iron'. With *thee*', to smile upon him[b] as he eats his crust', the *swain* is happier than his *monarch*', from[c] whose court thou art exiled'.—Gracious Heaven'! grant me but *health*', thou great Bestower of it', and give me but *this fair goddess* as my[d] *companion*', and shower down thy mitres', if it seem good unto thy divine Providence', upon those heads which are aching for[a] them'.———

I sat down close by my table', and', leaning my[d] head upon my[d] hand', began to figure to myself the miseries of *confinement*'. I was in a right *frame* for it'; and so I gave full scope to my[d] imagination'.

I was going to begin with the millions of my[d] fellow-creatures', born to *no* inheritance *but* slavery'; but finding', however affecting the picture was', that I could not bring it *near* me', and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but *distract* me', I took a single captive', and', having first shut him up in

[a]Fôr—not, fur, nor f'r. [b]Up-ôn' him—not, *'pun im*. [c]Frôm—not, frum, nor fr'm. [d]Mė—but, when emphatick, mi.

his dungeon', I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture'.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long *expectation* and *confinement*', and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope *deferred*'. Upon looking *nearer*', I saw him pale and feverish'. In *thirty years* the western breeze had not once fanned his blood'. He had seen no sun', no moon', in all that time'; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman[a] breathed through his lattice'. His children'———

But here my[b] heart began to *bleed*'—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait'.

He was sitting on the ground upon a little straw', in the farthest corner of his dungeon', which was alternately[c] his *chair* and *bed*'. A little calender of small sticks was laid at the head', notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had *passed* there'. He had one of these little sticks in his hand',[d] and', with a rusty nail', was etching another day of misery to add to the heap'. As I darkened the little light he had', he lifted up a *hopeless* eye towards the door', then cast it down', shook his head', and went on with his work of affliction'. I heard his chains upon his legs' as he turned his body', to lay his little stick upon the bundle'.—He gave a *deep sigh*'. I saw the *iron* enter his *soul*'.——I burst into tears'.——I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn'.

SECTION V.

On the Starry Heavens.—FLINT.

(Words *Italicised*, are emphatick, in various *degrees*; but it is only those words most *prominently* emphatick, that are thus designated.)

I go forth in the silent and meditative hour of evening', under the cerulean', star-spangled dome of the firmament'.[e] These numberless stars', this multitude of movements', these radiant orbs', this earth of our habitation carried round in space', like a frail vessel borne upon the ocean', penetrate my mind with profound astonishment'.[f] I attempt to scan the *grandeur* and the *power* of Him who has placed us in presence of such magnificent spectacles'. I contemplate the motion of *worlds*', compared with that of the humbliest[g] *insect*'; the *planets*', which

[a]Klnz'mân. [b]Mé—but, when emphatick, mi. [c]âl-têr'nâte'lé—not, awl ter'nate le. [d]Distinctly, "in his hand"—not, *eh ne zand*. [e]Fêr'mâ'mênt—not, fir'ma munt. [f]As-tôn'ish'mênt. [g]Um'blêst.

circulate in the void', without ever deviating from their path'; *animals*', moving in their appointed spheres[a] from an interiour impulse'; and *man*', whose thought', more astonishing still', transcends the limits of time and space', without the accompaniment of the body which it animates'; the *two motions* of the *earth*', the *one* on its axis', the *other* round the sun'; and they are all radiant with the wonderful impress of the Creator's beneficent intelligence'. *One* of the earth's compound movements', is inexplicable upon any of the known laws of physicks'. Attraction causes bodies to tend towards a *centre*', but gives them no impulse of *motion*'. Who can fail to admire the exact *equilibrium* of these motions', and the wants of man and nature'? The earth', inclining on its axis', presents in turn its two hemispheres to the sun', causing us the grateful alternation[b] of day and night'; while the *other* motion presents us with the varied aspects and delightful vicissitudes of the seasons'.

It is *another* harmony of the motions of the earth', that while we are carried round with the greatest absolute *rapidity*', we should have the sensation of being at *rest*'. The atmosphere', and every relative landmark by which we could measure', and be made to perceive this motion', are carried round *with* us'; and thus we have a consciousness that we have not changed our place'. We have familiar examples of the *deceptive* character of this motion'. The fisherman',[c] abandoning himself in his boat to the stream', and borne down by the current', sees the shores apparently[d] *ascend*', and seems himself at rest'. The spectator on the shore', measures the progress[e] of the boat by the trees', and discovers its true and absolute motion'. To us', the sun and planets seem to advance from the eastern to the western horizon'. A person who could contemplate this motion from a fixed point in the heavens', would see the true and absolute motion to be that of the earth advancing rapidly from west to east'.

One beautiful harmony of the universe', resulting from this illusive appearance of relative motion', compared with absolute rest', must not be overlooked'. While movement' and repose', darkness' and light', the changes of the seasons' and the march of the stars', which diversify the decorations of the world', seem to result from *real* change of place', they are *successive* only in *appearance*', being', in reality', *permanent*'. The scene which is effaced from *our* view', is repainted for *another* people'. It is not the *spectator*', but the *spectacle* only', that has

[a] Sfēres. [b] Ăl-tẽr-nā'shŭn—not, *awl'ter na shun*. [c] Flsh'ŭr-măn—not, fish'er man. [d] Ap-pā'rĕnt-lē. [e] Prŏg'grĕs.

changed'. The Author of nature has seen fit to unite the absolute and relative progress[a] of *succession*', as well as of *motion*', in his beautiful work of creation'. The *one* is placed in *time*', the *other*', in *space*'. By the *one*', the beauties of the universe are perpetual', infinite', always the same'. By the *other*', they are multiplied', finished', and renewed'. Without the *one*', there would be no *grandeur* in creation'. Without the *other*', it would have been all *monotony*'. In *this* way', time presents itself to view in a *new* relation'. The least of its *fractions* becomes a complete *whole*'; which comprehends every event', and modifies every change', from the *death* of an *insect* to the *birth* of a *world*'. Every *moment* is', in *itself*', a little *eternity*'. Bring together', then', in thought', the most beautiful accidents[b] of nature'. Suppose you see', at the same moment',[c] all the hours of the day', and all the aspects of the seasons'—a morning of spring', and a morning of autumn'—a burning noon of summer', and a noon of frost and snows'—a night bespangled with stars', and a night of darkness and clouds'—meadows enamelled with flowers', and forests robbed of their foliage[d] by winter and storms'—plains covered with springing corn', and gilded with harvests': you will then have a just idea of the various aspects of the universe as they are presented', at the same moment',[c] to different spectators'.

It is an astonishing fact', that while you admire the sun', sinking under the arches of the *west*', another observer beholds him springing from the regions of the *morning*'. By a wonderful arrangement of the Creator', this ancient[e] and unwearied luminary that reposes from the heat and dust of the day behind his golden canopy[f] in the west', is the same youthful planet that awakes', humid with dew', from behind the whitening curtain of the dawn'. At every moment[c] of the day', to some of our fellow-beings the sun is rising', blazing in the zenith', or sinking behind the western wave'. Our *senses* present us this charming illusion'. To a spectator', beholding from a fixed point in space', there would be neither east', meridian', nor west'; but the sun would blaze motionless from his dome'.

Let us imagine the view of the spectacle', if the laws of nature were abandoned to the slightest change'. The clouds', obeying the laws of gravity', would fall perpendicularly on the earth'; or would ascend beyond condensation into the upper regions of the air'. At *one* period', the air would become too *gross*', and at the *next*', too much *rarefied*', for the organs of

[a]Prŏg'grĕs. [b]Ak'sĕ'dĕnts—not, ak'se'dunts. [c]Mō'mĕnt. [d]Fō'lē'āje. [e]ăne'tshĕnt—not, ăn'shunt. [f]Kăn'ō'pē—not, can'e py.

respiration'. The moon', too near', or too distant from us', would be at one time invisible', and at another', would show herself bloody and covered with enormous spots', or filling with her extended orb all the celestial dome'. As if possessed[a] of some wild caprice',[b] she would either move upon the line of the ecliptick', or', changing her sides', would at length discover to us a face which the earth has not seen'. The stars', smitten with the same *uncertainty* of motion', would rush together', and become a collection of terrifick conjunctions'. On a sudden', the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter'. Boötes[c] would lead the Pleiades';[d] and the Lion would roar in Aquarius'. *Here'*, the stars would fly away with the rapidity of lightning'; *there'*, they would hang motionless in the heavens'. *Sometimes'*, crowding into groups', they would form a new Milky-way'. *Again'*, disappearing altogether', and rending the curtain of worlds', they would open to view the abysses of eternity'. Reason as we will upon the inherent[e] laws of nature',[f] *second* causes are not sufficient to explain *all* the phenomena'. There *must* be a perpetual and omnipotent vigilance always sustaining these laws in their equilibrium'. God would need no other effort to *destroy*[g] this great work', than to *abandon* it to *itself*'. Our confidence that these laws will never *change'*, must rest upon our conviction of the *immortality* of his *character*'.

SECTION VI.

Extract from Essays on Scenes in Italy.—Lady Morgan.

It struck my imagination much, while standing on the last field fought by Bonaparte, that the battle of Waterloo should have been fought on a Sunday. What a different scene did the Scotch Grays and English Infantry present, from that which, at that very hour, was exhibited[h] by their relatives, when over England and Scotland each church-bell had drawn together its worshippers! While many a mother's heart was sending up a prayer for her son's preservation, perhaps that son was gasping in agony. Yet, even at such a period, the lessons of his early days might give him consolation; and the maternal prayer

[a]Pŏz-zĕst'. [b]Kă-prē'sē. [c]Bō-ō'tēz. [d]Plē'yă-dēz. [e]In-hē'rĕnt. [f]Nă'tshûre—not, nā'tshûr. [g]Dē-strŏē'—not, dis trewe'. [h]Egz-hĭb'ĭt-ĕd—not, eg zib'it ed.

might prepare the heart to support maternal anguish. It is religion alone which is of universal application, both as a stimulant and a lenitive, throughout the varied heritage which falls to the lot of man. But we know that many thousands rushed into this fight, even of those who had been instructed in our religious principles, without leisure[a] for one serious thought; and that some officers were killed in their ball dresses. They made the leap into the gulf which divides two worlds—the present from the immutable state, without one parting prayer, or one note of preparation!

As I looked over this field, now green with growing corn, I could mark, with my eye, the spots where the most desperate carnage had been marked out by the verdure[b] of the wheat. The bodies had been heaped together, and scarcely more than covered: and so enriched is the soil, that, in these spots, the grain never ripens. It grows rank and green to the end of harvest. This touching memorial, which endures when the thousand groans have expired, and when the stain of human blood has faded from the ground, still seems to cry to Heaven that there is awful guilt somewhere, and a terrifick reckoning for those who caused destruction which the earth could not conceal. These hillocks of superabundant vegetation, as the wind rustled through the corn, seemed the most affecting monuments which nature could devise, and gave a melancholy animation to this plain of death.

When we attempt to measure the mass of suffering which was here inflicted, and to number the individuals that fell, considering each who suffered as our fellow-man, we are overwhelmed with the agonizing calculation, and retire from the field which has been the scene of our reflections, with the simple, concentrated feeling—these armies once lived, breathed, and felt like us, and the time is at hand when we shall be like them.

SECTION VII.

Affection for the Dead.—IRVING.

THE sorrow for the *dead'*, is the *only* sorrow from[c] which we refuse to be divorced'. Every *other* wound', we seek to *heal'*—every *other* affliction', to *forget'*; but *this* wound', we consider it a duty to *keep open'*—*this* affliction we *cherish'*..

[a]Lē'zhûre. [b]Vêr'jûre. [c]Frŏm—not, frum.

and *brood over in solitude*'. Where is the *mother* who would willingly forget the *infant*[a]' .. that perished', like a blossom', from[b] her arms', though every recollection is a *pâng*'? Where is the *child* that would willingly forget the most tender of *parents*', though', to *remember*', be but to *lament*'? Who', even in the hour of *agony*', would forget the friend over whom he mourns'? Who', even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most *loved*'; when he feels his heart', as it were', *crushed* in the closing of its portals', would accept of consolation that must be bought by *forgetfulness*'? Nô'; the love which survives the *tomb*', is one of the noblest attributes of the soul'.

If it has its *woes*', it has likewise its *delights*'; and when the overwhelming burst of grief' .. is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection';—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved', is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness'—who would root out *such* a sorrow from the heart'? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of *gâiety*'; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of *glôom*'; yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry'? Nô'; there is a voice from the tomb' .. *sweeter* than song'. There is a remembrance of the *dead* to which we turn' .. even from the charms of the *living*'. Oh, the grave'!—the grave'!—It buries every *errour*'—covers every *defect*'—extinguishes every *resentment*'!—From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections'. Who can look down upon the grave even of an *enemy*', and not feel a compunctious throb', that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him'?

But the grave of those we loved'—what a place for meditation'! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness', and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost *unheeded* in the daily intercourse of intimacy';—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness', the solemn', awful tenderness', of the *parting* scene'—the bed of death', with all its stifled griefs'—its noiseless attendants', its mute', watchful assiduities'—the last testimonies of expiring love'—the feeble', fluttering', thrilling', oh', how thrilling'!... pressure of the hand'—the last fond look of the glazing eye', turning upon us even from the threshold of existence'—the faint', faltering accents', struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection'!

Ay', go to the grave of buried *love*', and meditate'! There

[a]In'fânt—not, in'fant. [b]Frôm—not, frum.

settle the account with thy conscience'.. for every past benefit unrequited'—every past endearment unregarded', of that departed being who can never'.. never'... never return to be soothed by thy contrition'! If thou art a *child'*, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul', or a furrow to the silvered brow', of an affectionate parent'—if thou art a *husband'*, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms', to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth' —if thou art a *friend'*, and hast ever wronged', in thought', or word', or deed', the spirit that generously confided in thee'—if thou art a *lover'*, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet'; then be sure that every unkind *look'*, every ungracious *word'*, every ungentle *action'*, will come thronging back upon thy memory', and knocking dolefully at thy soul'—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave', and utter the unheard groan', and pour the unavailing tear',... more deep', more bitter', because'.... unheard'.. and unavailing'.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers', and strew[a] the beauties of nature about the grave'; console thy broken spirit', if thou *canst'*, with these *tender'*, yet *futile'*,[b] tributes[c] of regret';—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the *dead'*, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the *living'*.

SECTION VIII.

Character of Bonaparte, written after his second Abdication. PHILLIPS.

THE bloody drama of Europe is *concluded'*; and the great tragedian', who', for twenty years', has made the *earth* his theatre', and set the *world* in tears', has left the stage forever'. He lifted the curtain with his *sword'*, and filled the scenes with *slaughter'*. His part was invented by *himself'*, and was terribly unique'.[d] Never was there so *ambitious'*, so *restless* a spirit'—never so DARING', so *fortunate* a soldier'. His aim'.. was *universal dominion'*, and he gazed at it steadfastly', with the *eye'*.. of the eagle', and the *appetite'*.. of the vulture'.

He combined within himself', all the elements of terrour',

[a]Strō. [b]Fū'tĭl. [c]Trĭb'ūtes—not, trib'its. [d]U-nēke'.

nerve', malice', and intellect';—a heart'.. that never melted'—a hand'.. that never trembled'—a mind'.. that never wavered from its purpose'. The *greatness* of his plans', defied speculation'; and the *rapidity* of their EXECUTION', outstripped prophecy'.[a] Civilized nations were the victims of his arts'; and the savage could not withstand his warfare'. Sceptres'.. crumbled in his grasp', and liberty'.. withered in his presence'. The Almighty appeared to have entrusted to him the destinies of the *globe*', and he used them to destroy'. He shrouded the sun with the cloud of *battle*'; and unveiled the night with its fires'. His march'.. reversed the course of nature'—the flowers of the Spring'.. perished'; the fruits of Autumn'.. fell', for his track was cold', and cheerless', and desolate', like the withering', wintry blast'. Amid all the physical', political', and moral changes which he produced', he was still the same'. Always ambitious', always inexorable'[b]—no conquests satisfied', no compassion assuaged', no remorse deterred', no dangers alarmed him'. Like the barbarians, he conquered Italy'; and, rolling back to its source the deluge that overwhelmed Rome', he proved himself the Attila of the South'. With Hannibal', he crossed the Alps in triumph'. Africa beheld him a second Scipio'; and', standing on the pyramids of Egypt', he looked down on the fame of Alexander'. He fought the Scythian in his cave'; and the unconquered Arab fled before him'. He won', divided', and ruled'.. nearly all of modern Europe'. It became a large French *province*', where foreign kings still reigned by courtesy',[c] or mourned in chains'. The *Roman Pontiff* [redacted] his *prisoner*'; and he claimed dominion over the altar with the God of Hosts'. Even his NAME'.. inspired *universal terrour*'; and the obscurity of his designs',[d] rendered him awfully mysterious'. The navy of Great Britain'.. watched him with *the eyes of* ARGUS'; and her coast was lined with soldiers who slept on their arms'. He *made* war'.. before he *declared* it'; and *peace*'.. was, with *him*, a signal for *hostilities*'. His FRIENDS were the first whom he *assailed*'; and his ALLIES[e] he selected to *plunder*'.

There was a singular opposition between his *alleged motives* and his *conduct*'. He would have *enslaved* the *land* to make the *ocean free*', and he wanted only *power* to enslave *both*'. If he was *arrogant*', his unparalleled successes must excuse him'. Who could endure the giddiness of such a mountain elevation'? Who', that amid the slaughter of millions had escaped unhurt', would not suppose', like Achilles',[f] that a deity had lent him

[a]Prō-fē'sē. [b]In-ĕks'ō'rā-bl. [c]Kŭr'tē'sē. [d]Dē-sīnes'. [e]Al'līze. [f]A-kĭl'lēz.

armour'? Who that had risen from such obscurity', overcome such mighty obstacles', vanquished so many monarchs', won such extensive empires', and enjoyed so absolute sway'—who', in the fullness of unequalled power', and in the pride of exulting ambition', would not believe himself the favourite of heaven'?

He received the tribute of fear', and love', and admiration'. The *weight* of the chains which he imposed on France', was forgotten in their *splendour*':—it was *glorious* to follow him', even as a *conscript*'. The arts became servile[a] in his praise'; and genius divided with him her immortal honours': for it is *mind* alone that can triumph over time'—*letters* only yield permanent renown'.

The blood-stained soldier adorned his throne with the trophies[b] of art', and made Paris the seat of *taste*', as well as of *power*'. There'.. the old and the new world met and conversed'; there'.. time was then robbed of his scythe', lingering among beauties which he could not destroy'; there the heroes and sages of every age', mingled in splendid alliance', and joined in the march of fame'. They will appeal to *posterity* to mitigate the sentence which *humanity* claims against the *tyrant* Bonaparte'. Awful indeed will be that sentence'; but when will posterity be a disinterested[c] tribunal'? When will the time arrive that Europe shall have put off mourning for his'.. crimes'? In what distant recess of futurity'.. will the memory of Moscow'.. sleep'? When will Jena', Gerona', and Austerlitz'—when will Jaffa', Corunna', and Waterloo', be named'.. without tears of anguish', and vows of retribution'? [redacted]*arth* can never forget'—*man* can never forget'.. them'.

Let him *live*', if he can endure life', divested of his *crown*'—without an army'—and', almost', without a follower'. Let him *live*'—he who never spared his *friends*', if he can bear the humiliation of owing his life to an *enemy*'. Let him live', and listen to the voice of conscience'. He can no longer drown it in "the clamorous report of war'." No cuirass[d] guards his bosom from the arrows of remorse'. Now that the cares of state have ceased to distract his thoughts', let him reflect on his miserable *self*'; and with the map before him', retrace his bloody career'. Alas'! his life is a *picture* of RUIN', and the light that displays it', is the funeral torch of nations'. It exhibits[e] one mighty *sepulchre*', crowded with the MANGLED *victims* of MURDEROUS *ambition*'. Let him reflect on his enormous abuse of power', on his violated faith', and shameless disregard of all law and justice'. Let him live and REPENT'—let him

[a]Sĕr'vĭl. [b]Trō'flz. [c]Dĭs-ĭn'tĕr'ĕst-ĕd. [d]Kwĕ-rās'. [e]Eg-hĭb'ĭts.

seek to atone, in humility and solitude', for the sins of his political life'—an example'.. of the CATASTROPHE'.. of *wicked*', and the VANITY'.. of *false*', greatness'. *Great*'.. he unquestionably was'—great in the resources of a misguided spirit'—great in the conception and execution of evil'—great in mischief', like the pestilence'—great in desolation', like the whirlwind'.

SECTION IX.

Bunker-Hill Monument.—WEBSTER

Extract from a Speech delivered at the laying of the corner-stone.

WE know', indeed', that the record of illustrious actions', is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind'. We know', that', if we could cause this structure to ascend', not only till it *reached* the skies', but till it *pierced* them', its broad surfaces could still contain but a part of that which', in an age of knowledge', has already been spread over the earth', and which history charges itself with making known to all future times'. We know that *no* inscription', on entablatures less broad than the *earth itself*', can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone'; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and of knowledge among men', can prolong the memorial. But our object is', by this edifice', to show our deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements[a] of our *ancestors*'; and', by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye', to keep alive similar sentiments', and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution'. Human beings are composed', not of *reason* only', but of *imagination*', also', and *sentiment*'; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments', and of opening proper springs of feeling in the heart'.

Let it not be supposed', that our object is to perpetuate national *hostility*', or even to cherish a mere *military* spirit'. It is higher', purer', nobler'. We consecrate our work to the spirit of *national* INDEPENDENCE'; and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever'. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our land', and of the happy influences which have

[a] At-tshē've'mĕnts—not, -munts.

been produced', by the same events', on the general interests of mankind'. We come', as Americans', to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and to our posterity'. We wish that whosoever', in all coming time', shall turn his eye hither', may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought'. We wish that this structure[a] may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event', to every class and every age'. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips'; and that wearied and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests'. We wish that labour may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil'. We wish that', in those days of disaster which', as they come on all nations', may be expected to come on us also', desponding patriotism[b] may turn its eyes hitherward', and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong'. We wish', that this column', rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God', may contribute also to produce', in all minds', a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude'. We wish', finally', that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore', and the first to gladden his heart who revisits it', may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country'. Let it rise', till it meets the sun in his coming': let the earliest light of the morning gild it', and parting day linger and play on its summit'.

SECTION X.

Hezekiah, King of Judah.—GLEIG.

SAMARIA fell, and Israel ceased to be an independent state in the year 719, B. C. In the mean while, Ahaz, the impious king of Judah, had been succeeded by his son Hezekiah, a prince in every respect worthy to sit upon the throne of David. He no sooner grasped the reins of government, than he applied himself sedulously to the task of reforming the many abuses which the wickedness of his predecessors had introduced. Ahaz's idolatrous altar he withdrew from the temple, and restored the original, that of Solomon, to its place; and after cleansing the building itself from the pollutions which had been

[a]Strŭk'tshûre. [b]Pă'trē-ŭt-izm.

introduced into it, he threw open its gates for publick worship. He then summoned the priests and Levites together, ordered them to sanctify themselves according to the directions given in the law, and appointed them to offer proper sacrifices[a] in atonement for the sins both of king and people. Not satisfied with this, after a consultation with the leading men in the nation, he determined to renew the solemn festivals which had, unhappily, fallen into disuse; and the feast of the passover was, in consequence, kept with a splendour unknown since the days of Solomon. Finally, he caused every graven image, or other symbol of idolatry, throughout his dominions, to be destroyed, involving in the common ruin, Moses' brazen serpent, which the people had latterly been induced to worship; and putting the priests in fresh courses, he restored to them and to the Levites the tithes and first fruits, which his less worthy predecessors had appropriated. In a word, Hezekiah exhibited,[b] in all his conduct, an extraordinary[c] zeal for the true religion; and he was rewarded by numerous and striking interpositions of divine power in his favour.

While the Assyrians were employed in the subjugation of Samaria, Hezekiah carried his arms, with signal success, against the hereditary enemies of Judea, the Philistines. From these he not only recovered all the conquests which they had made during the late war with Pekah and Rezin, but pursuing his conquests farther, dispossessed them of almost all their own territories, except Gaza and Gath. Emboldened by so much good fortune, and confident in the assistance of Jehovah, he next refused to continue the tribute to the crown of Assyria, which his father had undertaken to pay; and he was saved from, at least, the immediate consequence of his courage, by the necessity under which Shalmaneser lay of reducing certain provinces of Syria and Phœnicia, which had revolted from him. Nor was the Assyrian monarch ever in a condition to accomplish his threat of hurling Hezekiah from the throne, inasmuch as he died while carrying on the siege of Tyre, without having brought that project to a successful termination.

About this time, Hezekiah was affected with a severe distemper; and the prophet Isaiah came to him with a command from God "to set his house in order, because he would surely die." This was a mortifying announcement to an upright prince, who, entertaining no correct notions of a future[d] state of happiness, centred all his hopes and wishes in earthly pros-

[a]Sâk'krē'fī-zēz. [b]Egz-hlb'it-ēd. [c]Eks-trôr'dē-nâr-ē [d]Fû'tshûre—not, fû'tshûr.

perity; and he accordingly prayed with fervour and bitter entreaty, that Jehovah would not carry the sentence of death into immediate execution. God was pleased to listen to the cry of his faithful vicegerent, and again sent to him the prophet Isaiah, who dressed the ulcer with which he was afflicted with a plaster of figs, and restored him to health; having previously caused the shadow to go back upon the sundial ten full degrees, in testimony that his simple remedy would prove effectual.

The pious king was scarcely recovered from his distemper, when Sennacherib, who had succeeded his father, Shalmaneser, on the throne of Assyria, advanced with a prodigious army against him. Incapable of meeting in the field a force so overwhelming, Hezekiah contented himself with throwing garrisons into his fortified towns, putting Jerusalem in a state of defence, and providing it with an ample supply of military stores, at the same time that he despatched ambassadors to solicit the alliance of So, king of Egypt, between whom and the Assyrian monarch numerous grounds of hostility existed. The latter arrangement, however, was highly disapproved by the prophet, both as it implied a want of confidence in the protection of Jehovah, and as a measure fraught with no good consequences: and of the truth of the latter declaration, no great time elapsed ere Hezekiah received the most convincing testimony. The king of Egypt made no movement[a] whatever to support him; and Hezekiah, finding that his towns were,[b] one after another, falling, was compelled to implore the clemency of Sennacherib, and to promise a strict submission to such terms as he should condescend to impose. But the demands of Sennacherib were at once exceedingly grievous, and made with no honest intent. He caused Hezekiah to pay a subsidy of three hundred talents of silver, and thirty talents of gold; to raise which, the good king was compelled, not only to exhaust[c] his treasury, but to strip, from the very doors of the temple, the gold with which they were adorned; and then, after a short truce, which he himself spent in conducting an expedition into Ethiopia, he renewed his hostile[d] intentions towards Judea. For the second time Sennacherib invested Lachish, a town of some importance in South Judah, and sent thence three of his principal officers to demand the surrender of Jerusalem itself.

It is not to be wondered at, if Hezekiah felt both alarmed and distressed when the insolent and blasphemous messages of which they were bearers, were delivered to him by the Assyrian generals. Hoping, however, that even now God would

[a]Mŏv'mĕnt. [b]Wĕr—not, wâre. [c]Egz-hâwst'. [d]Hŏs'tĭl.

not desert him, he carried Sennacherib's letter into the temple, and spreading it before the altar, besought Jehovah to vindicate his own honour, by humbling the pride of him who thus dared to insult him. Hezekiah was not deceived in his expectations. The prophet Isaiah came to him with a declaration that Sennacherib should not be permitted, under any circumstances, to accomplish his threats; and the promise was strictly fulfilled on two separate occasions. In the first instance, Sennacherib, while employed in the siege of Libnah, was alarmed by a rumour that his own dominions had been invaded by a band of Cuthite Arabians, to oppose whose progress he found it necessary to march back with all haste; and though he overthrew them in a great battle, his second attempt upon Jerusalem proved equally abortive, and more disastrous in its issue. He arrived, indeed, in the vicinity of the city, took up his position with great parade, and once more defied, by his heralds, "the living God;" but that very night the blast of the Simoom* came upon his camp, and upwards of eighty thousand of his bravest soldiers perished. Sennacherib himself did not long survive this defeat. He fled in dismay to Nineveh, where he was soon afterward murdered in the temple of the god Nisroch, by two of his sons, who made their escape into Armenia, and left the succession open to Esar-haddon, their younger brother.

Destruction of Sennacherib's Army.—BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down', like the wolf on the fold',
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold';
And the sheen of their spears', was like stars on the sea',
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee'.

Like the leaves of the forest', when summer is green',
That host', with their banners', at sunset were seen':
Like the leaves of the forest', when autumn hath blown',
That host', on the morrow', lay wither'd and strown':

For the Angel of Death'.. spread his wings on the blast',
And breathed'.. in the face of the foe'.. as he passed':
And the eyes of the sleepers'.. waxed deadly and chill',
And their hearts but once heaved', and forever grew still'.

* Then the angel of the LORD went forth, and smote, in the camp of the Assyrians, a hundred and four score and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.—*Isaiah.*

And there lay the steed', with his nostril all wide';
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride';
And the foam of his gasping', lay white on the turf',
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf'.

And there lay the rider', distorted and pale',
With the dew on his brow', and the rust on his mail';
And the tents were all silent', the banners', alone',
The lances', unlifted', the trumpet', unblown'.

And the widows of Asher'.. are loud in their wail';
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal';
And the might of the Gentile', unsmote by the sword',
Hath melted', like snow', in the glance of the Lord'.

SECTION XI.

Psalm 137.

By the rivers of Babylon', there we sat down': yea', we wept when we remembered Zion'. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof': for there', they that carried us away captive', demanded of us a song'; and they that wasted us', required of us mirth', saying', "Sing us one of the songs of Zion'."

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land'?

If I forget thee', O Jerusalem',[a] let my right hand forget her cunning'. If I do not remember thee', let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth', if I prefer not Jerusalem[a] above my chief joy'.

Version of the same.—BARLOW.

Along the banks where Babel's current[b] flows',
Our captive bands in deep despondence[c] strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose',
Her friends', her children', mingled with the dead'.

The tuneless harp', that once with joy we strung',
When praise employed', and mirth inspired', the lay',

[a]Jĕ-rū'sā'lĕm. [b]Kŭr'rĕnt—not, cur'unt. [c]Dĕ-spŏnd'ĕnse—not, dis-pond'unse.

In mournful silence[a] on the willows hung',
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day'.

The barbarous tyrants', to increase the wo',
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim';
Bid sacred praise in streams melodious flow',
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name'.

But how', in heathen chains', and lands unknown',
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise'?
O', hapless Salem'![b] God's terrestrial throne'!
Thou land of glory', sacred mount of praise'.

If e'er[c] my memory[d] lose thy lovely name',
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race',
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame':
My hand shall perish', and my voice shall cease'.

Yet shall the Lord', who hears when Zion calls',
O'ertake her foes with terrour and dismay';
His arm avenge her desolated walls',
And raise her children to eternal day'.

Version of the same.—BYRON.

We sat down and wept by the waters'
Of Babel', and thought of the day'
When our foe', in the house of his slaughters',
Made Salem's[b] high places his prey';
And ye', oh', her desolate daughters'!
Were scattered all weeping away'.

While sadly we gazed on the river'
Which rolled on in freedom below',
They demanded the song'; but', oh', never'
That triumph the stranger shall know'!
May this right hand be withered forever',
Ere[c] it string our high harp for the foe'!

On the willow that harp is suspended',
Oh Salem'![b] its sound should be free';

[a]Sĭ'lĕnse. [b]Sā'lĕm. [c]âre. [d]Mĕm'ŭr-ē.

And the hour when thy glories were ended'
But left me that token of thee':
And ne'er[a] shall its soft tones be blended'
With the voice of the spoiler' .. by me'.

SECTION XII.

Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy on Ambition.—SHAKSPEARE.

FAREWELL', a long farewell', to all my greatness'!
This is the state of man':—to-day he puts[b] forth
The tender leaves of hope'; to-morrow', blossoms',
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him':[c]
The third day', comes a frost', a *killing* frost';
And',—when he thinks', good', easy man', full surely
His greatness is a *ripening*',—nips his root',
And then he falls', as I do'. I have ventured',
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders',
These many summers in a sea of *glory*';
But far beyond my depth'. My high-blown pride
At length[d] broke under me'; and now has left me',
Weary', and old with service', to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me'.
Vain pomp and glory of this world', I *hate* you':
I feel my heart new opened'. O', how wretched
Is that *poor* man that hangs on princes' favours'!
There are', betwixt that smile he would aspire to',
That sweet aspect of princes and his *ruin*',
More pangs and fears than wars or women have':
And when he falls', he falls', like Lucifer',
Never to hope again'.[e]

SECTION XIII.

Cardinal Wolsey's Farewell Address to Cromwell.
SHAKSPEARE.

CROMWELL', I did not think to shed a tear
In all my *miseries*'; but thou hast *forced* me',
Out of thy honest truth', to play the *woman*'.
Let's dry our eyes': and', thus far', *hear* me', Cromwell':

[a]Nâre. [b]Pŭt—*u* in bûll. [c]Hĭm—not, upon *im*. [d]Lĕngth—not, lenth.
[e]A-gĕn'

And',—when I am *forgotten*', as I shall be',
And sleep in dull', cold marble', where no mention
Of me more must be heard of',—say', *I* taught thee';
Say', *Wolsey*', that once trod the ways of *glory*',
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour',
Found *thee* a way', out of *his* wreck', to rise in';
A sure and safe one', though thy *master*' .. missed it'.
Mark but *my* fall', and that that *ruined* me'.
Cromwell', I charge thee', *fling away* ambition'.
By *that* sin fell the *angels*'. How can *man*', then',
The image of his Maker', hope to win by it'?
Love thyself last': cherish those hearts that hate thee'.
Corruption wins not more than *honesty*'!
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace',
To silence[a] envious tongues'. Be just', and fear not'!
Let all the ends thou aim'st at', be thy *country's*',
Thy *God's*', and *truth's*': then', if thou fallest',[b] O, Cromwell',
Thou fallest[b] a blessed martyr'.
O', Cromwell', Cromwell'!
Had I but served my *God* with *half* the zeal
I served my *king*', he would not', in my age',
Have left me naked to my enemies'.

SECTION XIV.

Hohenlinden.—CAMPBELL.

On Linden',[c] when the sun was low',
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as *winter* was the flow'
Of Iser'[d] rolling rapidly'.

But' .. Linden[c] saw *another* sight',
When the drum beat', at dead of night',
Commanding fires of *death* to light'
The darkness of her scenery'.

By torch and trumpet' .. fast arrayed',
Each horseman[e] drew his battle-blade',
And *furious* every charger neighed'
To join the dreadful revelry'.

[a]Sĭ'lĕnce—not, si'lunce. [b]Făll'ĕst. [c]Lĭn'dĕn—not, Lĭn'dun. [d]E'sĕr [e]Hôrse'măn—not, hos'mun.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven',
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven',
And', louder than the *bolts* of heaven',
Far flashed the red artillery'.

And *redder yet* those fires shall glow',
On Linden's[a] hills of blood-stained snow',
And *darker* yet shall be the flow'
Of Iser',[b] rolling rapidly'.

'Tis morn': ... but scarce yon lurid sun'
Can pierce the war-clouds' rolling dun',
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun'
Shout' ... in their sulph'rous canopy'.

The combat[c] deepens'.—ON', ye brave',
Who rush to GLORY', or' ... the grave'!
WAVE', Mûnich', all thy banners *wâve*'!
And charge with all thy chivalry'!

Ah'! few shall *pârt*', where many *meet*'!
The *snow*' .. shall be their *winding*-sheet',
And every *turf* beneath their feet'
Shall be' ... a *soldier's sepulchre*'.

SECTION XV.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.—WOLFE.

NOT a drum was heard', nor a funeral note',
As his corse[d] o'er the rampart we hurried',
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot',
O'er the grave where our hero was buried'.

We buried him darkly', at dead of night',
The sod with our bayonets[e] turning',
By the trembling moon-beam's misty light',
And our lantern dimly burning'.

No useless coffin[f] enclosed his breast',
Nor in sheet', nor in shroud', we bound him';
But he lay' ... like a warriour taking his rest',
With his martial cloak around him'.

[a]Lin'dĕn—not, Lin'dun. [b]E'sĕr. [c]Kŭm'bât. [d]Kôrse. [e]Bā'yŭn'ĕts. [f]Kŏf'fin.

Few and short were the prayers we said',
We spoke not a word of sorrôw';
But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead',
And bitterly thought' .. of the morrow'.

We thought', as we hollowed his narrow bed',
And smoothed down his lowly pillow',
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head',
And we' ... far away o'er the billow'.

Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone',
And o'er his cold ashes' .. upbraid him';
But little he'll reck', if they let him sleep on'
In the grave where his comrades[a] have laid him'.

Not the half of our heavy task was done',
When the bell told the hour for retiring';
And we knew', by the distant random gun
That the foe was then sullenly firing'.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down',
From the field of his fame' .. fresh and gory':
We carved not a line', we raised not a stone';
But left him alone' .. with his glory'.

SECTION XVI.

Messiah.—POPE.

A Sacred Eclogue.

Ye nymphs of Solyma'![b] begin the song':
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong'.
The mossy fountains', and the sylvan shâdes',
The dreams of Pindus', and the Aonian maids',
Delight no more'.—O, Thou my voice inspire'
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire'!
Rapt into future times', the bard begun':
A *virgin* shall conceive', a VIRGIN bear a Son':
From Jesse's root', behold a branch arise',
Whose sacred flower with fragrance[c] fills the skies';
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move',
And on its top descends the mystick dove'.
Ye heavens'! from high the dewy nectar pour',[d]
And', in soft silence', shed the kindly shower'!

[a]Kŭm rădes. [b]Sol'y-ma, *Jerusalem.* [c]Frā'grănse. [d]Pôûr, in *rhyme;* out of it, pôre.

The sick and weak'.. the healing plant shall aid',
From storms a shelter', and from heat a shade'.
All crimes shall cease', and ancient frauds shall fail';
Returning Justice'.. lift aloft her scale';
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend',
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend'.
Swift fly the years', and rise', the expected morn'!
Oh', spring to *light*', auspicious Babe', be BORN'!
See', Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring',
With all the incense of the breathing spring':
See lofty Lebanon his head advance';
See nodding forests on the mountains dance':
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron[a] rise';
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies'!
Hark'! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers';
Prepare the WAY'! A GOD', a GOD appears'!
A GOD', a GOD', the vocal *hills* reply';
The *rocks* proclaim the approaching Deity'.
Lo', earth receives him from the bending skies'!
Sink down', ye mountains'; and', ye valleys', rise'!
With heads declined', ye cedars', homage[b] pay';
Be smooth', ye rocks'; ye rapid floods', give way'.
The *Saviour* comes'! by ancient bards foretold':
Hear him', ye deaf';[c] and all ye blind', behold'!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray',
And on the sightless eye-ball pour[d] the day':
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear',
And bid new musick charm the unfolding ear':
The dumb shall sing', the lame his crutch forego',
And leap', exulting', like the bounding roe'.
No sigh', no murmur', the wide world shall hear';
From every face he wipes off every tear'.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound',
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound'.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care',
Seeks freshest pasture', and the purest air';
Explores the lost', the wandering', sheep directs',
By day o'ersees them', and by night protects';
The tender lambs he raises in his arms',
Feeds from his hand', and in his bosom warms':
Thus shall mankind *his* guardian care engage',
The promised *father* of the future age'.

[a]Så'rŏn. [b]Hŏm'âje. [c]Dĕf. [d]Pōre.

No more shall nation against nation rise',
Nor ardent warriours meet with hateful eyes',
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er',
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more';
But' .. useless lances into scythes shall bend',
And the broad falchion[a] in a plough-share end'.
Then', *palaces* shall rise'; the joyful son'
Shall *finish* what his short-lived sire' .. *begun*';
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield',
And',[b] the same hand that *sowed*', shall *reap*', the field'.
The swain', in barren deserts', with surprise'
Sees lilies spring', and[b] sudden verdure rise';
And[b] starts', amidst the thirsty wilds', to hear'
New falls of water', murmuring in his ear';
On rifted rocks', the dragon's late abodes',
The green reed trembles', and[b] the bulrush nods'.
Waste sandy valleys', once perplexed with thorn',
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn':
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed',
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed'.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead',
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead'.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet',
And harmless serpents' .. lick the pilgrim's feet'.
The smiling infant[c] in his hand shall take'
The crested basilisk and speckled snake',
Pleased', the green lustre of the scales survey',
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play'.
Rise', crowned with light', imperial Salem', rise'!
Exalt thy towery head', and lift thy eyes'!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn';
See future sons', and daughters yet unborn',
In crowding ranks', on every side', arise',
Demanding *life*', impatient for the skies'!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend',
Walk in thy light', and in thy temple bend';
See thy bright altars', thronged with prostrate kings
And heaped with products of Sabean springs'!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow',
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow'.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display',
And break upon them in a flood of day'!

[a]Făl'shŭn. [b]and—not, *und*. [c]In'fănt—not, in'fānt.

No môre the rising sun shall gild the môrn′,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn‵;
But lost′, dissolved′, in thy superiour rays′,
One tide of glory′, one unclouded blaze′,
O'erflow thy courts‵: the Light *himself* shall shine′
Revealed′, and God's eternal day be thine‵!
The seas shall waste‵, the skies in smoke decay‵,
Rocks fall to dust′, and mountains melt away‵;
But fixed his word′, his saving power remains‵;
Thy realm forever lasts‵, thy own Messiah reigns‵!

SECTION XVII.

On receiving his Mother's Picture.—COWPER.

O THAT those lips had language‵! Life has passed′
With me but roughly since I heard[a] thee last‵.
Those lips are thine‵—thy own sweet smile I see′,
The same′, that oft in childhood solaced me‵:
Voice only fails′, else′, how distinct they say′,
"Grieve not‵, my[b] child′, chase all thy fears away‵!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes′,
(Blest be the art that can immortalize‵;
The art that baffles Time's tyrannick claim′
To quench it′,) here shines on me still the same‵.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear′,
O′, welcome guest′, though unexpected here′!
Who bidd'st me honour′, with an artless song′,
Affectionate′, a Mother lost so long‵.
I will obey‵, not willingly alone′,
But gladly‵, as the precept were[c] her own‵:
And while that face renews my[b] filial grief′,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my[b] relief′—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie′,
A momentary dream′, that thou art she‵.

My Mother′! when I learned that thou wast dead′,
Say‵, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed′?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son′,
Wretch even then′, life's journey just begun′?
Perhaps thou gav'st me′, though unfelt′, a kiss‵;
Perhaps a tear‵, if souls can weep in bliss′—
Ah′, that maternal smile′! it answers′... Yes‵.

[a]Hĕrd. [b]Mĕ. [c]Wĕr.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day';
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away';
And', turning from my nursery window', drew'
A long', long sigh', and wept a last adieu'!
But was it such'? It was'. Where thou art gone',
Adieus and farewells are[a] a sound unknown'.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore',
The parting word shall pass my lips no more'!
Thy maidens', grieved themselves at my concern',
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return'.
What ardently I wished', I long believed',
And', disappointed still', was still deceived'.
By expectation every day beguiled',
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child':
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went',
Till', all my stock of infant sorrow spent',
I learned', at last', submission to my lot',
But', though I less deplored thee', ne'er[b] forgot'.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor',
And where the gardener Robin', day by day',
Drew me to school along the publick way',
Delighted with my bauble coach', and wrapped'
In scarlet mantle warm', and velvet capped',
'Tis now become a history little known',
That once we called the pastoral house our own'.
Short-lived possession'! but the record fair'
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there',
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced'
A thousand other themes less deeply traced'.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber[c] made',
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid';
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home',
The biscuit', or confectionary plum';
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed'
By thy own hand', till fresh they shone and glowed':
All this', and more endearing still than all',
Thy constant flow of love', that knew no fall',
Ne'er[b] roughened by those cataracts and breaks'
That', humour[d] interposed', too often makes';
All this', still legible in memory's page',
And still to be so to my latest age',

[a]âr. [b]Nâre. [c]Tshâme'bûr. [d]Yû'mûr.

Adds joy to duty', makes me glad to pay'
Such honours to thee as my numbers may';
Perhaps a frail memorial', but sincere',
Not scorned in heaven', though little noticed here'.

Could time', his flight reversed', restore the hours',
When', playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers',
The violet', the pink', and jessamine',
I pricked them into paper with a pin',
(And thou wast happier than myself the while',
Would'st softly speak', and stroke my head', and smile',)
Could those few pleasant days again appear',
Might one wish bring them', would I wish them here'?
I would not trust my heart': the dear delight'
Seems so to be desired', perhaps I might'—
But no'—what here we call our life', is such',
So little to be loved', and thou so much',
That I should ill requite thee to constrain'
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again'.

Thou', as a gallant bark from Albion's coast',
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed',)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle',
Where spices breathe', and brighter seasons smile',
There sits quiescent on the floods', that show'
Her beauteous form reflected clear below',
While airs impregnated with incense play'
Around her', fanning light her streamers gay';—
So thou', with sails how swift'! hast reached the shore',
"Where tempests never beat', nor billows roar';"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide'
Of life', long since', has anchored by thy side'.
But me', scarce hoping to attain that rest',
Always from port withheld', always distressed',
Me howling blasts drive devious', tempest tossed',
Sails ripped', seams opening wide', and compass lost',
And', day by day', some current's[a] thwarting force'
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course'.
Yet', O', the thought', that thou art safe', and he'!—
That thought is joy', arrive what may to me'.
My boast is not', that I deduce my birth'
From loins enthroned', and rulers of the earth';
But higher far my proud pretensions rise',
The son of parents[b] passed into the skies'.

[a]Kûr'rênts—not, kûr'runts. [b]Pâ'rênts.

And now', farewell'. Time unrevoked has run'
His wonted course', yet what I wished', is done'.
By contemplation's help', not sought in vain',
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again';[a]
To have renewed the joys that once were mine',
Without the sin of violating thine';
And', while the wings of fancy still are free',
And I can view this mimick show of thee',
Time has but half succeeded in his theft',
Thyself removed', thy power to soothe me', left'.

SECTION XVIII.

Man was made to Mourn.—BURNS.

A DIRGE.

(The reader is desired to pay particular attention to the *Rhetorical* marks, and to the words *pronounced* at the bottom of the pages.)

WHEN chill November's surly blast'
Made fields and forests bare',
One evening, as I wandered forth'
Along the banks of Ayr',
I spied a man whose aged step'
Seemed *weary*', *worn* with *care*';
His face was furrowed o'er with years',
And *hoary* was his hair'.

Young stranger', whither wand'rest thou'?
Began the rev'rend sage';
Does thirst of *wealth* thy step constrain',
Or youthful *pleasure's rage*'?
Or', haply', prest with cares and woes',
Too soon thou hast began'[b]
To wander forth with me', to mourn'
The *miseries* of *man*'.

The sun that overhangs yon moors',
Outspreading far and wide',
Where hundreds labour to support'
A haughty lordling's pride'—
I've seen yon weary winter's sun'
Twice forty times return';
And *every* time has *added* proofs',
That man was made to *mourn*'.

O man'! while in thy *early* years',
How *prodigal* of *time*'!
Misspending all thy precious hours',
Thy glorious', youthful prime'.

[a] A-gĕn. [b] Be-gun.

Alternate[a] *follies* take the sway',
Licentious *passions burn*';
Which tenfold force gives nature's law',
That man was made to *mourn*'.

Look not alone on youthful prime',
Or manhood's active might';
Man', then', is useful to his kind';
Supported is his right';
But see him on the *edge* of *life*',
With *cares* and *sorrows* wôrn';
Then', *age* and *want*', oh'! *ill*-matched pâir'!
Show' .. man *was* made to mourn'.

A few seem *favourites*[b] of fate',
In pleasure's lap caressed';
Yet think not all the *rich* and *great*'
Are likewise truly blest':
But', oh'! what crowds in *every* land',
Are *wretched* and *forlorn*'!
Through weary life *this* lesson learn',
That man was made to *mourn*'.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills'
Inwoven with our *frame*';
More pointed still we make *ourselves*',
Regret', remorse', and shame';
And man', whose heaven-erected face'
The smiles of *love* adorn'—
Man's *inhumanity* to man',
Makes countless *thousands* mourn'.

See yonder pôôr', o'erlaboured wight',
So abject', mean', and vile',
Who begs a *brother* of the *earth*'
To give him leave to *toil*';
And see his lordly fellow-worm'
The poor petition SPURN',
Unmindful', though a *weeping wife*',
And *helpless offspring* mourn'.

If I'm designed[c] yon lordling's SLAVE',
By *nature's law* designed'[c]
Why was an *independent*[d] wish'
E'er[e] planted in my mind'?
If *not*', why am I subject to'
His *cruelty*', or *scorn*'?
Or why has man the *will* and *power*'
To make his *fellow* mourn'?

[a]âl-tẽr'nâte—not, *awl*-ter'nate. [b]Fâ'vûr-ĭts. [c]Dẽ-sīnde'—not, de-*zinde*'.
[d]In-dẽ-pẽn'dẽnt. [e]âre.

Yet', let not this too much', my son',
Disturb thy youthful breast';
This *partial* view of human kind'
Is surely not the *last*'.
The poor', oppressed', honest man',
Had never sure been *born*',
Had there not been some *recompense*'
To *comfort* those that mourn'.

O death'! the *poor* man's dearest *friend*',
The kindest and the best';
Welcome the hour my[a] aged limbs'
Are laid with thee at rest'.
The great', the wealthy', *fear* thy blow',
From pomp and pleasure torn';
But', oh'! a blest *relief* to those'
That weary-laden'... mourn'.

SECTION XIX.

To the Skies.—Bryant.

Ay', gloriously thou standest there',
Beautiful', boundless firmament'![b]
That', swelling wide o'er earth and air',
And round the horizon[c] bent',
With that bright vault and sapphire wall',
Dost[d] overhang and circle all'.

Far', far below thee', tall gray trees'
Arise', and piles built up of old',
And hills', whose ancient summits freeze'
In the fierce light and cold'.
The eagle soars his utmost height';
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight'.

Thou hast thy frowns': with thee', on high',
The storm has made his airy seat':
Beyond thy soft blue curtain lie'
His stores of hail and sleet':
Thence the consuming lightnings break';
There the strong hurricanes awake':

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles'—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern':
Earth sends', from all her thousand isles',
A song at their return';
The glory that comes down from thee',
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea'.

[a]Mē—when not emphatical. [b]Fēr'mā'mĕnt. [c]Hŏ-rī'zŏn. [d]Dŭst.

The sun', the gorgeous sun', is thine'—
The pomp that brings and shuts the day';
The clouds that round him change and shine',
The airs that fan his way'.
Thence look the thoughtful stars', and there'
The meek moon walks the silent air'.

The sunny Italy may boast'
The beauteous tints that flush her skies';
And', lovely', round the Grecian coast',
May thy blue pillars rise':—
I only know how fair they stand'
About my own beloved land'.

And they are fair': a charm is theirs',
That earth'—the proud', green earth'—has not',
With all the hues', and forms', and airs',
That haunt her sweetest spot'.
We gaze upon thy calm', pure sphere',
And read of heaven's eternal year'.

Oh'! when', amid the throng of men',
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth',
How willingly we turn us', then',
Away from this cold earth',
And look into thy azure[a] breast',
For seats of innocence[b] and rest'!

SECTION XX.

The Musick of the Ocean.—WALSH'S NATIONAL GAZETTE.

"And the people of this place say, that, at certain seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean."—*Mavor's Voyages.*

LONELY and wild it[c] rose,
That strain[c] of solemn musick from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose
An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,
Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,
Thrilled a rich peal triumphantly around,
And fled again.

[a]A'zhûre. [b]In'nŏ-sĕnse—not, in'no sunse. [c]Poetick license.

O, boundless deep! we know
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom concealed,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colours with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O, restless main!
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
That thus the watery realm cannot contain
The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!
Are thy wild children like thyself arrayed,
Strong in immortal and unchecked delight,
Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
Toiling with wo, and passion's fiery sting,
Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,
As the winds bring?

Alas, for human thought!
How does it flee existence, worn and old,
To win companionship with beings wrought
Of finer mould!

'Tis vain the reckless waves
Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown.

SECTION XXI.

The Ocean, at the Resurrection Morn.—POLLOCK.

GREAT Ocean'! too', that morning', thou the call
Of restitution heardst', and reverently
To the last trumpet's voice', in silence listenedst'.
Great Ocean'! strongest of creation's sons',
Unconquerable', unreposed', untired',
That rolledst the wild', profound', eternal bass
In nature's anthem', and madest musick', such
As pleased the ear of God'! original',
Unmarred', unfaded' work of Deity',
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill';
From age to age enduring' and unchanged',
Majestical', inimitable', vast';
Loud uttering satire', day and night', on each
Succeeding race', and little', pompous work

Of man'!—Unfallen', religious', holy sea'.
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none', fearedst none',
Heardst none', to none didst honour', but to God
Thy Maker', only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance'! Undiscovered sea'!
Into thy dark', unknown', mysterious caves
And secret haunts', unfathomably deep
Beneath all visible retired', none went
And came again to tell the wonders there'.
Tremendous sea'! what time thou liftedst up
Thy waves on high', and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took',[a] and shook[a] thy mighty sides
Indignantly', the pride of navies fell';
Beyond the arm of help', unheard', unseen',
Sunk', friend and foe', with all their wealth and war';
And on thy shores', men of a thousand tribes',
Polite and barbarous', trembling stood', amazed',
Confounded', terrified', and thought vast thoughts
Of ruin', boundlessness', omnipotence',
Infinitude', eternity'; and thought',
And wondered still', and grasped', and grasped', and grasped
Again', beyond their reach', exerting all
The soul to take thy great idea in',
To comprehend incomprehensible',
And wondered more', and felt their littleness'.
Self-purifying', unpolluted sea'!
Lover unchangeable', thy faithful breast
Forever heaving to the lovely moon',
That', like a shy and holy virgin', robed
In saintly white', walked nightly in the heavens',
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience'; nor was wooed in vain'.
That morning', thou', that slumberedst not before',
Nor slept',[a] great Ocean'! laidst thy waves at rest',
And hushed[a] thy mighty minstrelsy'. No breath
Thy deep composure stirred', no fin', nor oar';
Like beauty newly dead', so calm', so still',
So lovely', thou', beneath the light that fell
From angel-chariots', sentinelled on high',
Reposed',[a] and listened',[a] and saw[a] thy living change',
Thy dead arise'.
Charybdis listened', and Scylla',
And savage Euxine on the Thracian beach',
Lay motionless': and every battle-ship
Stood still', and every ship of merchandise',
And all that sailed', of every name', stood still'.
Even as the ship of war', full-fledged' and swift',
Like some fierce bird of prey', bore on her foe',
Opposing with as fell intent', the wind
Fell withered from her wings that idly hung';
The stormy bullet', by the cannon thrown
Uncivilly against the heavenly face
Of men', half sped', sunk harmlessly', and all

[a]Poetick license: grammatically, *didst take, didst shake, &c.*

Her loud', uncircumcised', tempestuous crew',
How ill-prepared to meet their God'! (were changed',)
Unchangeable';—the pilot at the helm
Was changed', and the rough captain', while he mouthed
The huge', enormous oath'. The fisherman',
That in his boat', expectant', watched his lines',
Or mended on the shore his net', and sung',
Happy in thoughtlessness', some careless air',
Heard Time depart', and felt the sudden change'.
In solitary deep', far out from land',
Or steering from the port with many a cheer',
Or while returning from long voyage', fraught
With lusty wealth', rejoicing t' have escaped
The dangerous main', and plagues of foréign climes'—
The merchant quaffed his native air', refreshed',
And saw his native hills', in the sun's light',
Serenely rise'; and thought of meetings glad',
And many days of ease and honour' spent
Among his friends'—unwarned man'; even then
The knell of Time broke on his reverie',
And', in the twinkling of an eye', his hopes',
All earthly', perished all': as sudden rose',
From out their watery beds', the Ocean's dead',
Renewed', and on the unstirring billows stood',
From pole to pole', thick covering all the sea'—
Of every nation blent', and every age'.
Wherever slept one grain of human dust',
Essential organ of a human soul',
Wherever tossed', obedient to the call
Of God's omnipotence', it hurried on
To meet its fellow particles', revived',
Rebuilt', in union indestructible'.
No atom of his spoils remained to death'.
From his strong arm', by stronger arm released',
Immortal now in soul and body both',
Beyond his reach', stood all the sons of men',
And saw', behind', his valley lie', unfeared'.

SECTION XXII.

Address to the Ocean.—BYRON.

OH'! that the desert were my dwelling place',
With one fair spirit for my minister',
That I might all forget the human race',
And', hating no one', love but only her'!
Ye *elements*'!—in whose ennobling stir'
I feel myself exalted'—Can ye not'
Accord me such a being? Do I err'
In deeming such inhabit many a spot'?
Though', with them to converse', can rarely be our lot'.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods',
There is a rapture on the lonely shore',
There is'.. society', where none intrudes',
By the deep sea', and musick in its roar':
I love not *man* the *less*', but *nature*[a] *more*',
From these our interviews', in which I steal'
From all I *may* be', or have been *before*',
To mingle with the universe', and *feel*'
What I can ne'er[b] *express*', yet cannot all *conceal*'.

Roll on', thou deep and dark-blue ocean'—*rôll*'!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain';
Man marks the *earth* with *ruin*';—*his* control'
Stops with the *shore*';—upon the *watery* plain'
The wrecks are all *thy* deed', nor doth[c] remain'
A shadow of *man's* ravage', save his *ôwn*',
When', for a moment',[d] like a drop of rain',
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan',
Without a *grave*', unknelled', uncoffined', and unknown'.

His steps are not upon *thy* paths';—thy fields'
Are not a *spoil* for *him*';—thou dost[e] arise'
And shake him from thee';—the vile strength he wields'
For earth's destruction', *thou* dost[e] all DESPISE',
Spurning him'... from thy bosom to the skies',
And sendst him', shivering', in thy playful spray',
And howling to his gods', where haply lies'
His petty hope', in some near port or bay',
And *dashest* him again to earth':—there let him lay'.[f]

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls'
Of rock-built cities', bidding nations quake',
And monarchs tremble in their capitals'—
The oak leviathans', whose huge ribs make'
Their clay creator the vain title take'
Of *lord* of thee', and *arbiter* of *war*';
These are thy TÔYS',and', as the snowy flake',
They melt into thy yest of waves', which mar',
Alike', the Armada's pride', or spoils of Trafalgar.[g]

Thy shores are *empires*', changed in *all* save *thee*'—
Assyria', Greece', Rome', Carthage', what are *they*'?
Thy waters *wasted* them while they were *free*',
And *many* a tyrant since'; their *shores* obey'
The stranger', slave', or savage'; their *decay*'
Has dried up realms to deserts':—not so *thôû*',
Unchangeable', save to thy wild waves' play'—
Time writes *no wrinkle* on thine azure[h] brôw'—
Such'.. as creation's *dawn* beheld', thou rollest now'.

Thou glorious *mirror*', where the Almighty's form'
Glasses itself in tempests'; in all time',

[a]Nā'tshûre. [b]Nâre. [c]Dûth. [d]Mō'mĕnt. [e]Dŭst. [f]Lie. [g]Tráf-ál-gâr'. [h]ā'zhûre.

Calm or convulsed'—in breeze', or gale', or storm',
Icing the pole', or in the torrid clime'
Dark-heaving'; boundless', endless', and sublime'—
The image of *eternity*'—the throne'
Of the *Invisible*'; even from out thy *slime*'
The monsters of the deep are made'; each zone'
Obeys thee'; thou goest forth'.. dread'... fathomless'... alone'.

And I have *loved* thee', Ocean'! and my joy'
Of youthful sports', was'.. on thy breast to be'
Borne', like thy bubbles', *onward*': from a *boy*'
I wantoned with thy breakers': they to me'
Were a *delight*'; and if the freshening sea'
Made them a *terror*', 'twas a *pleasing* fear',
For I was', as it were',[a] a *child* of thee',
And trusted to thy billows far and near',
And laid my hand upon thy *mane*'—as I do here'.

My task is done'—my song hath ceased'—my theme'
Has died into an echo': it is fit'
The spell should break of this protracted dream'.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit'
My midnight lamp'—and'.. what is writ',[b] is *writ*'..
Would it were[a] *worthier*'! but I am not *now*'
That which I *have* been'—and my visions flit'
Less *palpably* before me'—and the glow'
Which'.. in my spirit dwelt', is fluttering',... faint',..... and low'.

[a]Wêr. [b]Written.

CHAPTER III.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

Colloquial Powers of Dr. Franklin.—WIRT.

NEVER have I known such a fireside companion'. Great as he was', both as a statesman[a] and a philosopher', he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestick circle'. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him', at the house of a private gentleman',[b] in the back part of Pennsylvania'; and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time', by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows'. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate'. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring'. When I speak', however', of his colloquial powers', I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us when he so frequently mentions the colloquial powers of Dr. Johnson'. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war'." It was', indeed', a perpetual contest for victory', or an arbitrary and despotick exaction of homage[c] to his superior talents'. It was strong', acute', prompt', splendid', and vociferous'; as loud', stormy', and sublime' as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides', and rocking the old castles that frowned upon the dark-rolling sea beneath'. But one gets tired of storms', however sublime they may be', and longs for the more orderly current of nature'.—Of Franklin', no one ever became tired'. There was no ambition of eloquence',[d] no effort to shine', in any thing which came from him'. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance' or your admiration'.

His manner was as unaffected as infancy'. It was nature's self'. He talked like an old patriarch';[e] and his plainness and simplicity put you', at once', at your ease', and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties'.

His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light',

[a]Stâtes'mân—not, states'mun. [b]Jĕn'tl'mân. [c]Hŏm'âje. [d]El'ŏ'kwĕnse—not, el'o'kwunse. [e]Pā'trē'ärk.

without any adventitious aid'. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style', to exhibit',[a] to the highest advantage', their native radiance[b] and beauty'. His cheerfulness was unremitting'. It seemed to be as much the effect of a systematick and salutary exercise of the mind', as of its superiour organization'. His wit was of the first order'. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations'; but', without any effort or force on his part', it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse'. Whether in the company of commons or nobles', he was always the same', plain man'; always most perfectly at his ease', with his faculties in full play', and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded'. And then', the stores of his mind were inexhaustible'. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant', that nothing had escaped his observation', and a judgment so solid', that every incident was turned to advantage'. His youth had not been wasted in idleness', nor overcast by intemperance'. He had been all his life a close and deep reader', as well as thinker'; and', by the force of his own powers', had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books', with such exquisite skill and felicity', that he had added a hundred fold to their original value', and justly made them his own'.

SECTION II.

Intellectual Qualities of Milton.—CHANNING.

IN speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton, we may begin by observing that the very splendour of his poetick fame, has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many, he seems only a poet, when, in truth, he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge lest he should oppress and smother his genius. He

[a] Egz-hĭb'ĭt—not, eg-zĭb'ĭt. [b] Rā'dḙ-ăns. [c] Kŏn'stănt—not, kon'stant. [d] ăne tshĕnt.

was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries; and rear fabricks of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.

Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed, almost from infancy, to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, in whatever soil, or in whatever age it might have burst forth, and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the right, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was a universal presence.[a] Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of "Araby the blest," and delighted still more in the romantick spirit of chivalry,[b] and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly, his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness, contributions from all regions under heaven.

Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological[c] attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysicks, ethicks, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind; and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture[d] of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember, that mind is, in its own nature, diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connexions and correspondencies; and, accordingly, its natural progress is from one field of thought to another, and wherever original power or creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more bear-

[a]Prēz'ĕnse—not, prez'unse. [b]Tshĭv'ăl'rē. [c]Fĭl-ŏ-lŏj'-e-kăl. [d]Kŭl'-tshŭre—not, kul'tshŭr.

ings, and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topick it would unfold.

SECTION II.

Hamlet's Advice to the Players.—SHAKSPEARE.

(The words in *Italicks* and CAPITALS, are emphatick.)

SPEAK the speech', I pray you', as I *pronounced* it to you', trippingly on the tongue'. But', if you *mouth* it', as *many* of our players do', I had as lief the *town-crier* had spoken my lines'. And do not *saw* the *air* too much with your hands'; but use all *gently*': for', in the very *torrent*',[a] TEMPEST', and', as I may say', WHIRLWIND of your passion', you must beget a temperance that will give it *smoothness*'. Oh'! it offends me to the *soul*', to hear a robustious',[b] periwig-pated fellow' . . tear a passion to *tatters*', to *very* RAGS', to *split* the *ears* of the GROUNDLINGS';* who' (for the most part') are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise'. Pray you *avoid* it'.

Be not too TAME', either'; but let your *own discretion* be your *tutor*'. Suit the *action* to the *word*', the *word* to the *action*'—with this special observance',[c] that you *o'erstep not the modesty of nature*'; for any thing so *overdone*', is *from* the *purpose* of playing'; whose end is, to hold', as it were', the *mirror* up to *nature*': to show *virtue* her own *feature*', *scorn* her own *image*', and the very *age* and *body* of the *times*', their *form* and *pressure*'. Now', this *overdone*', or *come tardy off*', though it may make the *unskilful*' . . *laugh*', cannot but make the *judicious*' . . *grieve*'; the censure of *one* of which', must', in your allowance', overweigh a *whole theatre* of others'. Oh'! there are players that I have seen play', and heard others *praise*', and that', *highly*'—not to speak it profanely—who', having neither the *accent* of Christian', nor the *gait* of Christian', pagan', nor man', have so strutted and bellowed', that I have thought some of nature's *journeymen* had made men', and not made them *well*', they imitated humanity so abominably'.

[a]Tôr'rênt. [b]Rô-bŭst yŭs. [c]Ob-zêrv'ânse. *Spectators in the Pit.

SECTION IV.

Moral and Intellectual Efficacy of the Sacred Scriptures.

WAYLAND.

As to the *powerful*', I had almost said', *miraculous*', effect of the Sacred Scriptures', there can no longer be a doubt in the mind of any one on whom *fact* can make an impression'. That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character', learned', or ignorant', civilized', or savage'; that they make *bad* men *good*', and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestick', civil', and social relations'; that they teach men to *love right*', to *hate wrong*', and to *seek each other's welfare*', as the children of one common parent'; that they control the *baleful* passions of the human heart',.. and thus make men proficients in the science of *self-government*';[a] and', finally', that they teach him to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness', and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying', more exalting', more suited to his nature',[b] than any other which this world has ever known',—are facts as *incontrovertible* as the *laws* of *philosophy*', or the *demonstrations* of *mathematicks*'. *Evidence* in support of all this', can be brought from *every age* in the history of man', since there has been a revelation from God on earth'. We see the proof of it everywhere around us'. There is scarcely a neighbourhood in our country', where the Bible is *circulated*', in which we cannot point to a very considerable portion of its population', which its truths have reclaimed from the practice of *vice*', and taught the practice of whatsoever things are *pure*', and *honest*', and *just*', and of *good report*'.

That this distinctive and peculiar effect is produced upon *every* man to whom the gospel is announced', we pretend not to affirm'. But we *do* affirm', that', besides producing this special renovation to which we have alluded', upon a *part*', in a most *remarkable* degree', it elevates the tone of moral feeling throughout the whole community'. Wherever the Bible is freely circulated', and its doctrines carried home to the understandings of men', the aspect of society is *altered*'; the frequency of crime is *diminished*'; men begin to love *justice*', and to administer it by *law*'; and a virtuous', publick opinion', that strongest safeguard of right', spreads over a nation the shield of its in-

[a]Gŭv'ûrn'mĕnt. [b]Nā'tshûre.

visible protection'. Wherever it has faithfully been brought to bear upon the human heart', even under the most *unpromising* circumstances', it has', within a *single generation*', revolutionized the whole structure of society'; and thus', within a *few years*', done *more* for man than all *other* means have accomplished for *ages*', without it'. For *proof* of all this', I need only refer you to the effects of the Gospel in *Greenland*', or in *South Africa*', in the *Society Islands*', or even among the *aborigines* of our *own country*'.

But', before we leave this part of the subject', it may be well to *pause* for a moment',[a] and inquire whether', in addition to its *moral* efficacy', the Bible may not exert a powerful influence upon the *intellectual* character of man'.

And here it is scarcely necessary that I should remark', that', of all the books with which', since the invention of writing', this world has been deluged', the number of those is very *small* which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of mankind'. By far the greater part have been', even by their *contemporaries*', unnoticed and unknown'. Now and then one has made its little mark upon the generation that *produced* it', and then', with that generation', has sunk to utter forgetfulness'. But', after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years', how *few* have been the works', the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time', and whose impression can be traced', in the history of our species', through successive centuries'.

When', however', such a work appears', its effects are absolutely *incalculable*'; and such a work', you are aware', is the ILIAD OF HOMER'. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable[b] efforts of a single mind'? Who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song'? Her breathing marbles', her solemn temples', her unrivalled eloquence', and her matchless verse', all point us to that transcendent genius', who', by the very splendour of his *own effulgence*', awoke the human intellect from the slumber of ages'. It was *Homer* who gave laws to the *artist*'; it was *Homer* who inspired the *poet*'; it was *Homer* who thundered in the *senate*'; and', more than all', it was *Homer* who was sung by the *people*'; and hence', a *nation* was cast into the mould of *one mighty mind*'; and the land of the *Iliad* became the region of *taste*', the birth-place of the *arts*'.

Nor was this influence confined within the limits of *Greece*'. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed *westward*', Genius

[a] Mō'mĕnt—not, mo'munt. [b] In-kŏm'pâ'râ-bl.

still held her court on the banks of the *Ilissus*', and', from the country of *Homer*', gave laws to the *world*'. The light which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in *Greece*', shed its radiance[a] over *Italy*'; and thus did he awaken a *second* nation into intellectual existence'. And we may form some idea of the power which this one work', to the *present day*', has exerted over the mind of man', by remarking', that "nation after nation', and century[b] after century',[b] have been able to do little more than *transpose* his *incidents*', *new-name* his *characters*', and *paraphrase* his *sentiments*'."

But', considered simply as an *intellectual* production', who will compare the poems[c] of *Homer* with the *Holy Scriptures* of the Old and New Testament'? Where', in the *Iliad*', shall we find *simplicity* and *pathos* which shall vie with the *narrative* of *Moses*', or *maxims* of *conduct* to equal in wisdom the *Proverbs* of *Solomon*', or *sublimity* which does[d] not fade away before the conceptions of *Job*', or *David*', of *Isaiah*', or *St. John*'? But I cannot *pursue* this comparison'. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad', and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined'. Who that has read Homer's great poem',[c] has not observed how he strove in vain to give *dignity* to the *mythology* of his time'? Who has not seen how the *religion* of his country', unable to support the flight of his imagination', sunk *powerless* beneath him'? It is in the *unseen* world where the master spirits of our race breathe freely', and are at home'; and it is *mournful* to behold the intellect of Homer', striving to free itself from the conceptions of *materialism*', and then sinking down in hopeless despair', to weave idle tales about Jupiter and Juno', Apollo and Diana'. But the *difficulties* under which he laboured', are abundantly illustrated by the fact', that the light which he poured upon the human intellect', taught *other* ages how *unworthy* was the religion of *his* day', and of the man who was compelled to use it'. "It seems to me'," says Longinus',[e] "that Homer', when he ascribes dissensions', jealousies', tears', imprisonments', and *other* afflictions to his deities', as much as was in his power', makes the *men* of the Iliad'.. *gods*', and the *gods*'.. *men*'. To *man*', when afflicted', death is the *termination* of *evils*'; but he makes not only the *nature*', but the *miseries*', of the *gods*', *eternal*'."

If', then', so *great results* have flowed from this *one* effort of a *single* mind', what may we not expect from the *combined* efforts of *several*', at least', his *equals* in power over the human

[a]Rā'dē'ănse. [b]Sĕn'tshū'rē. [c]Pō'ĕmz—not, *pomze*. [d]Dŭz. Lŏn-jī'nŭs.

heart'? If that *one* genius', though groping in the thick darkness of absurd *idolatry*', wrought so *glorious* a transformation in the character of his countrymen', *what* may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings on whose authors was poured the full splendour of *eternal truth*'? If unassisted human nature', spell-bound by a childish mythology', has done so *much*', *what* may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent geniuses', who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost'?"

SECTION V.

St. John, Chapter IX.

AND', as Jesus passed by', he saw a man that had been *blind* from his *birth*'. And his disciples asked him', saying', Master', who did *sin*', *this* man', or his *parents*',[a] that he was born *blind*'? Jesus answered', Neither hath *this* man sinned', *nor* his parents':[a] but', that the works of *God* should be made manifest in him'.[b] *I* must work the works of him[c] that *sent* me', while it is *day*': the *night* cometh when *no* man can work'. As long as I am *in* the world', I am the *light* of the world'.

When he had thus spoken', he *spit* on the ground', and made clay of the spittle', and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay', and said unto him', Go', wash in the pool of *Siloam*', (which is', by interpretation', *Sent*'.) He went his way', therefore',[d] and washed', and came'. . *sēēing*'.

The *neighbours*', therefore',[d] and they that before had seen him', and knew that he was blind', said', Is not this he that sat and *begged*'? *Some* said', This is *hē*': *others* said', He is *like* him': but *he* said', I *am* he'. Therefore[d] said they unto him', How were thine *eyes opened*'? He answered and said', A man that is called *Jesus*', made *clay*', and *anointed* mine eyes', and said unto me', Go to the pool of *Siloam*', and wash'. And I went and washed', and I received my *sight*'. Then said they unto him', Where *is* he'? He said', I know not'.

They brought to the *Pharisees* him that aforetime was blind'. And it was the *Sabbath day* when Jesus made the clay', and opened his eyes'. Then', again',[e] the *Pharisees* also asked him how he had received his sight'. He said unto them', He put *clay* upon mine eyes', and I *washed*', and do *sēē*'. There-

[a] Pā'rĕnts—not, pâr'unts. [b] "in *him*"—not, in *im*. [c] "*of him*"—not, *ov vim*. [d] THĔR'fōre. [e] Ā-gĕn'.

fore[a] said *some* of the Pharisees', This man is not of *God'*, because he keepeth not the *Sabbath day*'. *Others* said', How can a man that is a *sinner'*, do such *miracles*'? And there was a *division* among them'.

They say unto the blind man *again*',[b] What sayest *thou* of him', that he hath opened thine eyes'? *He* said', He is a *prophet*'. But the *Jews* did not *believe* concerning him', that he had *been blind'*, and *received* his *sight'*, until they called the *parents* of him that had received his sight'. And they asked *them*', saying', Is this your *son*' who', ye say', was born *blind'*? How then doth[c] he now *sêê*'? His parents answered them and said', We know that this is our *sŏn*', and that he was born *blĭnd*': but by what means he now *seeth'*, we know *not*'; or who hath opened his *eyes'*, we know not'. He is of *age*': ask *him*'. He shall speak for *himself*'.

These words spake his parents', because they *feared* the Jews': for the Jews had agreed *already'*, that if any man did confess that he was *Christ'*, he should be put out of the *synagogue*'. Therefore[a] said his parents', He is of *age*': ask *him*'.

Then *again*[b] called they the man that had been blind', and said unto him', Give *God* the praise': we know that *this* man is a *sinner*'. He answered and said', Whether he is a *sinner* or not', I do *not knŏw*': *one* thing I know', that', whereas', I was *blĭnd'*, now I *sêê'*.

Then said they to him *again*',[b] What *did* he to thee'?—*how* opened he thine eyes'? He answered them', I have told you *already*', and ye did not *hĕar*': Wherefore would ye hear it *again*'?[b] will *ye* also be his *disciples'*?

Then they *reviled* him',[d] and said', *Thou* art *his* disciple'; but *we* are *Moses'* disciples'. We know that God spake unto *Mŏses*'; as for *this* fellow', we know not *whence he* is'. The man answered and said unto them', Why', herein is a *marvellous* thing', that ye know not whence he is', and yet', he hath opened mine *eyes*'. Now we know that God heareth *not sinners'*: but if any man be a *worshipper* of God', and *doeth his will'*, *him* he *heareth*'. Since the world *begăn* has it not been heard that a man opened the eyes of one that was born *blĭnd*'. If this man were not of *God'*, he could do *nothing*'. They answered and said unto him', *Thou* wast altogether born in *sins*', and dost *thou teach us'*? And they cast him out'.

Jesus *heard*[e] that they had cast him out': and when he had *found* him', he said unto him', Dost[f] thou believe on the *Son*

[a]THĔR'FŌRE. [b]A-GĔN'. [c]DŬTH. [d]"Revil'd *him*"—not, revile *him*. [e]HĔRD. [f]DŬST.

of *God*'? He answered and said', Who *is* he', Lord', that I *may* believe on him'? And Jesus said unto him', Thou hast both *seen* him', and it is *he* that *talketh* with thee'. And he said', Lord', I *believe*'.—And he *worshipped* him'.

And Jesus said', For *judgment*[a] I am come into this world'; that they who see *not*', *may* see', and that they who *see*', may be made *blind*'. And some of the *Pharisees* that were with him', *heard*[b] these words', and said unto him', Are *we* blind also'? Jesus said unto them', If ye *were* blind', ye would have *no sin*'; but now ye say', We *sêê*': therefore your sin *remaineth*'.

SECTION VI.

Industry necessary to the Attainment of Eloquence.—Ware.

The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry. Not an eminent orator has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus, multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent[c] attainments,[d] and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they may rise higher, much less, making any attempt to rise. For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in publick before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and it is only after the most laborious process that he dares to exercise his voice in publick. This he does,[e] though he has scarcely any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before the eye. But the extempore[f] speaker, who is to invent, as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind, as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails! If he were learning to play on the flute for publick exhibition, how many hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and in attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution! If he were devoting himself to the organ, how many months and years would he labour, that he

[a]Jŭdje'mênt—not, judge'munt. [b]Hêrd. [c]In-dĭf'fûr-ênt. [d]At-tâne'mênts. [e]Dûz. [f]Eks-tĕm'pŏ-rĕ.

might know its compass, and become master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression! And yet, he will fancy that the grandest, the most various, and the most expressive of all instruments—an instrument which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice. He comes to it a mere, uninstructed tyro, and thinks, at once, to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt; is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind forever, that the attempt is unavailing.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men, of the finest natural genius, whose beginnings have promised much, but who have wretchedly degenerated as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no efforts to improve upon them. That there have never been other men of equal endowments[a] with Demosthenes and Cicero, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or who have become their equals in excellence?[b] If those great men had been like others, content to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement,[c] what would their countries have been benefited by their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sunk to oblivion around them. Of how many more will the same remark prove true; and what encouragement,[d] is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement,[d] then, how inexcusable is that negligence which suffers the most interesting[e] and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in their delivery! How unworthy of one who performs the high functions of a religious instructer, upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiments,[f] and final character, of many fellow-beings, to imagine, that he can worthily discharge this great concern, by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner which he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, and attractive; and which, merely through want of that command over himself which study would give, is im-

[a]En-dȯ̀th'mênts—not, munts. [b]Ek'sĕl'lênse—not, lunse. [c]Im-prȯ̂ve'-mênt. [d]En-kûr'rij'mênt. [e]In'tẽr-ĕst-ing. [f]Sĕn'tẽ'mênts

methodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling! It has been said of the good preacher, that "truths divine come mended from his tongue." Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as the one here described. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

SECTION VII.

On Eloquence.—WIRT.

TELL me', then', you who are capable of doing it', what is this divine eloquence'? What the charm by which the orator binds the senses of his audience';—by which he attunes', and touches', and sweeps the human lyre', with the resistless sway' and master hand of a Timotheus'? Is not the whole mystery comprehended in one word'.. SYMPATHY'? I mean', not merely that tender passion which quavers the lip', and fills the eye', of the babe when it looks on the sorrows and tears of another', but that still more delicate and subtile quality by which we passively catch the very colours', momentum', and strength of the mind to whose operations we are attending'; which converts every speaker to whom we listen', into a ***Procrustus***', and enables him', for the moment', to stretch or lop our faculties to fit the standard of his own mind'.

If there is not something of this secret intercourse from spirit to spirit', how does it happen that one speaker shall gradually invade and benumb all the faculties of my soul', as if I were handling a torpedo'; while another shall awaken and arouse me', like the clangour of the martial trumpet'? How does it happen', that the first shall infuse his poor spirit into my system', lethargize my native intellect', and bring down my powers exactly to the level of his own'? or that the last shall descend upon me like an angel of light', breathe new energies into my frame', dilate my soul with his own intelligence', exalt me into a new and nobler region of thought', snatch me from the earth at pleasure', and wrap me to the seventh heaven'? And', what is still more wonderful', how does it happen that these different effects endure so long after the agency of the speaker has ceased'? insomuch', that if', after listening to the first speaker', I sit down to any intellectual exercise', my performance shall be unworthy even of me', and the numb-fish

visible and tangible in every sentence': whereas, if', after having attended to the last mentioned orator', I enter on the same amusement', I shall be astonished at the elevation and vigour of my own thoughts'; and', if I accidentally meet with the same production a month or two afterwards', when my mind has lost the inspiration', I shall scarcely be able to recognize it for my own work'?

Whence is all this'? To me it would seem', that it must proceed', either from the subtile commerce between the spirits of men', which lord Verulam notices', and which enables the speaker thereby to identify his hearer with himself', or else', that the mind of man possesses', independent of any volition on the part of its proprietor', a species of pupillary faculty of dilating and contracting itself', in proportion to the pencil of the rays of light which the speaker throws upon it'; which dilation or contraction', as in the case of the eye', cannot be immediately and abruptly altered'.

Whatever may be the solution', the fact', I think', is certainly as I have stated it': and it is remarkable that the same effect is produced', though perhaps in a less degree', by perusing books into which different degrees of spirit and genius have been infused'. I am acquainted with a gentleman who never sits down to a composition in which he wishes to shine', without previously reading', with intense application', half a dozen pages of his favourite Bolingbroke'. Having taken the character and impulse of that writer's mind', he declares that he feels his pen flow with a spirit not his own'; and that', if', in the course of his work', his powers begin to languish', he finds it easy to revive and charge them afresh from the same never-failing source'.

If these things are not visionary', it becomes important to a man', for a new reason', what books he reads', and what company he keeps', since', according to lord Verulam's notion', an influx of the spirits of others', may change the native character of his heart and understanding', before he is aware of it'; or', according to the other suggestion', he may so habitually contract the pupil of his mind', as to be disqualified for the comprehension of a great subject', and fit only for microscopick observations'. Whereas', by keeping the company', and reading the works', of men of magnanimity and genius only', he may receive their qualities by subtile transmission', and eventually get the eye', the ardour', and the enterprise of an eagle'.

But whither am I wandering'? Permit me to return'.—Admitting the correctness of the principles first mentioned', it

would seem to be a fair conclusion', that whenever an orator wishes to know what effect he has produced on his audience', he should coolly and conscientiously propound to himself this question': Have I myself', throughout my oration', felt those clear and cogent convictions of judgment', and that pure and exalted fire of the soul', with which I wished to inspire others'? For', he may rely upon it', that he can no more impart or (to use lord Bacon's word,) *transmit* convictions and sensations which he himself has not', at the time', sincerely felt', than he can convey a clear title to property in which he himself has no right'.

This leads me to point out a fault which I have often noticed'. Following up too closely the cold conceit of the Roman division of an oration', some speakers set aside a particular part of their discourse', (usually the peroration',) in which they take it into their heads that they will be pathetick'. Accordingly', when they reach this part', whether it be prompted by the feelings or not', a mighty bustle commences'. The speaker pricks up his ears', erects his chest', tosses his arms with hysterical vehemence', and says everything which he supposes *ought* to affect his hearers', but it is all in vain': for it is obvious that every thing he says is prompted by the *head*'; and', however it may display his ingenuity and fertility', however it may appeal to the admiration of his hearers', it will never strike deeper'. The *hearts* of the audience will refuse all commerce except with the *heart* of the speaker'; nor', in this commerce', is it possible', by any disguise however artful', to impose false ware upon them'. However the speaker may labour to *seem* to feel', however near he may approach to the appearance of the reality', the heart', nevertheless', possesses a keen', unerring sense which never fails to detect the imposture'. It would seem as if the heart of man stamps a secret mark on all its effusions', which alone can give them currency', and which no ingenuity', however adroit', can successfully counterfeit'.

I have been not a little diverted in listening to some of these fine orators who deal almost entirely in this pathos of the head'. They practise the start', the pause'—make an immense parade of attitudes and gestures', and seem to imagine themselves piercing the heart with a thousand wounds'. The heart', all the time', developing every trick that is played off to cajole her', and sitting serene and composed', looks on and smiles at the ridiculous pageant[a] as it passes'.

[a]Pāj'ănt.

Nothing', in my opinion', can be more ill-judged in an orator', than to indulge himself in this idle', artificial parade'. It is particularly unfortunate in an exordium'. It is as much as to say', *caveat auditor*'; (*let the auditor take care*';) and', for my own part', the moment[a] I see an orator rise with this menacing majesty', assume a look of solemn wisdom', stretch forth his right arm', like the *rubens dexter* (*red right hand*) of Jove', and hear him open his throat in deep and tragick tone', I feel myself involuntarily braced', and in an attitude of defence', as if I were going to take a bout with Mendoza'.

SECTION VIII.

Caspar Hauser.

The following sketch of this extraordinary and ill-fated youth, is extracted from an account given of him by ANSELM VON FEUERBACH, *President of one of the Bavarian courts of appeal—translated by* H. G. LINBERG, *and published at Boston, by* ALLEN & TICKNOR, 1832.

On the 26th of May, 1828, towards the close of the day, a citizen of Nuremberg, (in Franconia,) who lived near the small and unfrequented Haller gate, and who was, at the time, loitering before his door, observed at a short distance, a young man in a peasant's dress. He was standing in a very singular posture, and, apparently[b] like one intoxicated, was endeavouring to walk, but without the ability to keep himself erect, or to govern the movement of his legs. The citizen approached the stranger, who held out to him a letter, directed "To the captain of the 4th Esgataren of the Shwoliskay regiment, Nuremberg."

The captain referred to, lived near the New gate; and, though not without much difficulty, thither the citizen conducted the strange youth. On entering the captain's mansion, the stranger advanced towards[c] the servant that had opened the door, with his hat on his head, and the letter in his hand, addressing him in a jargon of indistinct and almost altogether inarticulate sounds, the meaning of which no one could comprehend. The servant asked him what he wanted; who he was; and whence he came; but the stranger appeared to understand none of these interrogatories, his only reply being, "Ae sechtene möcht ich waehn," &c.: the same unintelligible jargon he had previously uttered when accosted by the citizen who accompanied him. The young man was so much fatigued as scarcely to be able to walk or stand. Weeping, and with an expression of excessive

[a] Mō'mĕnt. [b] Ap-pā'rĕnt-lĕ. [c] Tō'ŭrdz.

pain, he pointed to his feet, which were sinking under him. He appeared, also, to be suffering from hunger and thirst. A small piece of meat was, therefore[a], offered him; but the first morsel had scarce touched his lips, before he shuddered, the muscles of his face being, at the same time, seized with spasms; and, with visible horrour, he spit it out. On tasting a few drops of beer that was presented to him, he likewise showed the same marks of aversion. But a bit of bread, and a glass of water, he swallowed greedily, and with great satisfaction. In the mean time, all attempts to gain any information respecting his person, his arrival, or his residence, were altogether fruitless. His language consisted of tears, moans, and unintelligible sounds, or of an awkward attempt at the words already mentioned.

In the captain's house, he was taken for a kind of demi-savage. The captain knew nothing of the stranger; nor could he learn anything concerning him from the letter which he had brought, any more than by questioning him. For a development[b] of the mystery which hung over the character and purposes of this singular being, as well as for the care of his person, he was, therefore, consigned over to the city police.[c] His journey to the police-office, in his pitiable situation, (for, it afterwards proved, that this was about his *first* attempt at walking, and the first time he had worn shoes or boots; and, moreover, that the boots he then had on, had excoriated and sorely blistered his feet,) was almost a course of martyrdom, and not accomplished but with the greatest difficulty.

At the guard-room, he was equally looked upon as a most extraordinary phenomenon. The attempt to examine him by questions, proved altogether unavailing. A repetition of the sounds, "Ae reuta waehn," &c. (to which sounds he himself, as was afterwards ascertained, attached not the shadow of a meaning,) were the only sounds or words which, on the most diverse occasions, he uttered. He appeared neither to know, nor to consider, where he was. He betrayed neither astonishment,[d] fear, nor confusion; but rather showed that kind of insensibility, or brutish dullness, which either leaves external objects entirely unnoticed, or gazes at them without thought, and suffers them to pass without being affected by them. His tears and whimpering, while he was frequently pointing to his tortured and tottering feet, together with his awkward and child-like demeanour, soon excited the compassion of all who were present. A soldier offered him a piece of meat and a glass of beer; but these, in

[a] THĔR'FÔRE. [b] DĔ-VĔL'ŭP-MĔNT—not, munt. [c] PŌ-LĒĒS'. [d] AS-TŌN'ISH-MĔNT—not, munt.

the same manner as at the captain's house, he rejected with shuddering and abhorrence. Another gave him a piece of coin. At this he expressed the joy of a little child; and, in short, his whole conduct and demeanour seemed to be that of a child scarcely two years old, although he possessed[a] the stature of a young man.

The police, not knowing whether to consider him an idiot, a madman, or a savage, or whether, under the guise of a stupid boy, some cunning deceiver might not be concealed, sent him to the tower of the Vestner gate, a place used for the confinement of rogues and vagabonds.

The name, CASPAR HAUSER, he wore upon his hat, when first discovered in Nuremberg. His dress was very shabby, though evidently not that of a peasant, nor one made for himself. His pockets were stuffed with religious manuscripts and books. The letter which he carried in his hand, was written, a part in German characters, and a part in Latin; but, instead of giving any satisfactory information concerning him, it seemed purposely penned with a view to render still more difficult the solution of the dark enigma which Caspar presented in his own person. It purported to be written by a female; stated that Casper was 17 years old; and that he wished to become a soldier.

On his first appearance in Nuremberg, Caspar was only four feet and nine inches in height; but his stature soon rapidly increased. His complexion was fair; his limbs were[b] delicately formed; his hands small and beautifully shaped; and the soles of his feet, as well as the palms of his hands, were as soft as those of an infant; but his countenance lacked animation and expression; and the staring look of his clear and bright blue eyes, betrayed an infantile inanity. If any thing pleasant, however, affected his mind, a smiling, heart-winning sweetness diffused itself over his features, and lighted up his countenance with that irresistible charm which alone is revealed by the joy of an innocent child. He knew but little better how to use his hands and fingers, than he did his legs and feet. In taking hold of any thing, he employed the tips of his first finger and thumb, with the others stretched out stiff and straight, in the uncouth and awkward manner of a little child that has not yet learned to handle things. His gait, like that of an infant making its first essays in leading-strings, was, properly speaking, not a walk, but rather a waddling, tottering, groping of his way—a painful medium between the motion of falling, and of endeavour-

[a] Pôz-zĕst'. [b] Wĕr.

ing to keep himself upright. In attempting to walk, instead of first treading firmly on his heel, as persons commonly do, he placed his heels and the balls of his feet simultaneously[a] upon the ground; and, instead of lifting only one foot at a time, he would endeavour to raise both at once. In this miserably awkward manner, he toddled and stumbled slowly and heavily forward, with arms stiff and stretched out, which he seemed to use as balance-poles. The slightest impediment caused him to fall flat on the floor: and for a long time after his arrival, he could not go up or down stairs without assistance.[b]

SECTION XI.

Caspar Hauser—Continued.

The surprise and wonder excited by Caspar Hauser's first appearance in Nuremberg, soon settled down into the form of a dark and horrid enigma, to explain which, various conjectures were resorted to. By no means an idiot or a madman, he was so mild, so obedient, and so good-natured, that no one could any longer regard this forlorn and forsaken stranger as a savage, or a child grown up among the wild beasts of the forest. And yet, he was so destitute of words and conceptions, so unacquainted with the most common objects and operations of nature, and showed so great an indifference, nay, abhorrence,[c] to all the ordinary customs, conveniences, and necessaries of life, and, moreover, evinced peculiarities so extraordinary[d] in all the characteristicks of his mental, moral, physical, and social being, as seemed to leave no other choice than to regard him, either as an inhabitant of some other planet, miraculously transferred[e] to the earth,[f] or as one who (like the ideal man of Plato) had been born and bred under ground, and who, having arrived at the age of maturity, had now, for the first time, emerged from his subterranean abode, and ascended to the surface of the earth to behold the light of the sun.

Caspar continued to show the greatest aversion to all kinds of food and drink, except dry bread and water. Without swallowing, or even tasting, them, the very smell of most kinds of common food, was sufficient to make him shudder, or even to affect him still more disagreeably. The least drop of wine,

[a]Sĭl-mûl-tá' nĕ-ûs-lé. [b]As-sis'tânse—not, tanse. [c]Ab-hôr'rênse—not, rense. [d]Eks-trôr'dĕ-nâr-ĕ. [e]Trâns-fêrd'—not, fird. [f]êrth—not, urth.

coffee, or the like, secretly mixed with the water which he drank, produced in him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent headache. A person once attempted to force upon him some brandy, under a pretence that it was water; but the glass had scarcely reached his lips, when he turned pale, sunk down, and would have fallen backward against a glass door, had he not been instantly[a] supported. Even milk, whether boiled or fresh, he could not bear. At one time, some meat being concealed in his bread, he smelled it immediately, and expressed a great aversion to it; but being prevailed on to eat it, extreme illness followed as the consequence. During the night, which, with him, commenced regularly with the setting, and ended with the rising, of the sun, he lay upon his bed of straw; and in the day-time, he sat upon the floor, with his legs stretched out straight before him. When, for the first time, a lighted candle was placed before him, he was delighted with the shining flame, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into it; but he soon drew them back, crying out and weeping. In order to try their effect upon him, feigned cuts and thrusts with a naked sabre, were made at him; but he remained immovable, without even winking: nor did he seem to harbour the least suspicion that any harm could thus be done to him. On placing a looking-glass before him, he caught at his own reflected image, and then looked behind it in order to find the person whom he imagined was concealed there. Like a little child, he endeavoured to lay hold of every glittering object he saw; and when he could not reach it, or when forbidden to touch it, he wept. Of ordinary transactions which passed before his eyes, he took not the least notice; but when objects were brought very near him, he gazed at them with a vacant look, which, in many instances, was expressive of curiosity and astonishment. His whole vocabulary contained only two words. Whatever partook of the human form, he called, without any distinction of sex or age, ***bua;*** and to every animal he met with, whether quadruped or biped, whether dog, cat, goose, or fowl, he gave the name of ***ross;*** a term which, as was afterwards ascertained, in his dictionary, meant ***horse.*** With ***white*** horses, he appeared to be greatly pleased; but ***black*** animals were regarded by him with aversion and fear. The sight of a black hen advancing towards him, once put him in so great fear, that he cried out lustily; and, notwithstanding his feet refused to perform their office, he made every effort in his power to run away from her.

Not only Caspar's mind, but, also, several of his senses, ap-

[a] In'stănt-lē—not, stunt,

peared, at first, to be in a state of torpour, from which they were aroused, and opened up to the perception of external objects, only by slow degrees. It was not before the lapse of several days, that he began to notice the striking of the town clock, and the ringing of bells. These sounds excited in him the most profound astonishment, which was, at first, expressed only by listening looks, and peculiar spasmodick motions of the muscles of his face; but these were soon succeeded by a stare of benumbed meditation. Some weeks after, a band of musick passed by the tower, close under his window. On hearing it, he suddenly stood listening, motionless as a statue. His countenance appeared to be transfigured, and his eyes, as it were, to radiate his ecstacy; his ears and eyes seemed to follow the movements of the sounds as they receded and died away in the distance;[a] and, when they had long ceased to be audible to others, as if unwilling to lose the last vibrations of these, to him, celestial notes, or as if his soul had followed them, and left its body behind it in a state of torpid insensibility. Future developments clearly illustrated, however, that, by his extraordinary and almost superhuman acuteness of hearing, he actually heard, in this instance,[b] the sounds, long after they had become inaudible to common ears.

Among the remarkable phenomena which appeared in Caspar's conduct, it was soon observed that the idea of *horses*, and, particularly, of *wooden horses*, was one which, in his estimation, must have acquired no small degree of importance.[c] The word *ross*, he pronounced more frequently[d] than any other, and on the most diverse occasions: sometimes, indeed, with tears in his eyes, and in a plaintive, beseeching tone. This suggested the idea of presenting him with the toy of a wooden horse. Caspar, who had hitherto been much dejected, appeared now to be, as it were, suddenly transformed, and conducted himself as if he had found, in this little horse, an old and long-desired friend. With a countenance[e] smiling, and in tears, he immediately seated himself on the floor, by the side of his inanimate friend, stroked it, patted it, kept his eyes immovably fixed upon it, and endeavoured to hang upon it all the variegated, glittering trifles with which the benevolence of his visiters had supplied him; and it was only thus applied, that, in his estimation, these trinkets appeared to have acquired their true value. On account of his peculiar partiality for wooden horses, he was soon supplied with several, which henceforward became his constant companions

[a]Dis'tânse—not, dis'tunse. [b]In'stânse—not, in'stunse. [c]Im-pôr'tânse—not, tunse. [d]Frĕ'kwĕnt-lē. [e]Kôûn'tē-nânse.

and playmates. With them he constantly employed himself, either in decorating them with trinkets, or in dragging them backwards and forwards by his side. He never ate his bread without first holding every morsel of it to the mouth of one of his horses; nor did he ever drink water without first dipping their mouths into it; for as yet, in his infantile soul, ideas of things animate and inanimate, organick and inorganick, natural and artificial, were strangely mingled together.

He distinguished animals from man only by their form, and men from women only by their dress: and, on account of its varied and lively colours, the apparel of females was far more pleasing to him than that of males. He therefore expressed a desire to become a girl; or, in other words, to wear women's clothes. That children should become grown people, was altogether inconceivable to him. No idea of a God, no idea of a spiritual existence—not a spark of religion, not the least particle of any dogmatick system, was to be found in his mind; but, as yet, it was a perfect blank sheet, on which the first impressions were to be made. Although by no means an idiot, nor one that had been neglected by nature, yet, innumerable proofs were not wanting to show, that, with the age and physical powers and proportions of a man, he had the mind only of an infant[a]—that, in some mysterious and inconceivable manner, he must have been deprived of all the ordinary means of giving development and culture[b] to his intellectual powers. His whole demeanour was a perfect mirror of child-like innocence.[c] There was nothing deceitful in him. His expressions (as far as the poverty of his language would admit) exactly corresponded with the dictates of his heart.

In a few days after his arrival at the tower, Caspar was no longer considered as a prisoner, but as a forsaken and neglected child, that needed to be cared for and educated. Accordingly, he was soon taught to speak and write, and to begin to lay in a stock of useful ideas adapted to his infantile conception; and when his mind had been once directed to more important occupations, he no longer took delight in his playthings. Curiosity soon brought multitudes to see him. Some, indeed, regarded him only as an object of wonder and amusement;[d] yet others conversed with him rationally, and endeavoured, by pronouncing words which they made him repeat, and by signs, and gestures,[e] and various other means, to make unknown things known to him, and to awaken his mind to the conception and

[a] In'fânt—not, in'fant. [b] Kûl'tshûre—not, cûl'tshûr. [c] In'nô-sênse.
[d] A-mûze'mênt—not, mant. [e] Jês'tshûres.

communication of ideas. Every thing he saw or heard, was, at first, entirely new to him, and supplied him with new materials of thought, and tended to increase his slender stock of ideas.

About a fortnight[a] after the arrival of Caspar in Nuremberg, he was fortunately placed with professor Daumer, an accomplished scholar, and an intelligent and humane man, who, in the kindly feelings of his heart, agreed to take upon himself the important task of instructing the unfortunate youth. To the extraordinary abilities of this benevolent gentleman, was Caspar, in no small degree, indebted for that rapid development of his active mind, that insatiable thirst for knowledge, that fervent[b] zeal to lay hold of every thing that was new to him, and that vivid and wonderfully retentive memory, which, to the astonishment[c] of all, he soon evinced.

As soon as Caspar had acquired a sufficient knowledge of language to enable him, though but imperfectly, to communicate his ideas, means were employed to draw from him all he knew concerning his wonderful and mysterious fate. The following is the substance[d] of his own account of himself, as given to the publick in July, 1828, it being all he could recollect of the history of his past life.

"He knows not who he is, where he was born, nor where he has lived. It was only on his appearance in Nuremberg that he first came into the light of the world. Here he first learned, that, besides himself and 'the man with whom he had always been,' there existed other men and other creatures. As far back as he can recollect, he had lived in a hole, or narrow dungeon, where he had always sat upon the ground, with his feet bare, and very thinly clad. He had never, even in his sleep, *lain down;* but had always slept *in an erect posture*, with his back supported by the wall of his narrow cell. In his apartment, he had never heard a *sound*, whether produced by man, an animal, or the elements. He had never seen the heavens, nor the *light* of *day;* consequently, the distinction between night and day, was utterly unknown to him. Whenever he awoke from sleep, he had always found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water by his side. Sometimes the water had a bad taste; (that is, opium was dissolved in it, as Caspar afterwards ascertained by being made acquainted with this drug;) and whenever this was the case, he soon fell into a sound sleep, and on awaking again, found that he had clean clothes on, and

[a] Fôrt'nite—not, fôrt'nit. [b] Fêr'vênt—not, vunt. [c] As-tôn'ish-mênt—not, munt. [d] Sûb'stânse—not, sub'stunse.

his nails cut. He had never seen the *face* of the man who brought him his food and drink."

"In his hole, he had two wooden horses and several ribands. With these horses, when awake, he had always amused himself, it being his only occupation, to make them run by his side, and to tie the ribands about them in different positions. He had never been[a] sick; and, in only one instance, had he felt the sensation of pain. Upon the whole, he had been[a] much happier there than in the world, where the effect of external objects upon his untutored senses, caused him much suffering. How long he had lived in this situation, he knew not; for he had no knowledge of time: nor did he know when or how he came there; nor had he any recollection of ever having been[a] elsewhere. His keeper had never done him any harm but once; and then he gave him a severe blow with a piece of wood, because he had run his horses so hard as to make a noise."

"At length the man came, lifted him up, placed him on his feet, and endeavoured to teach him to stand. This ceremony he repeated several times; until, at last, he came and placed Caspar's hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and then carried him on his back out of the prison. When he approached the fresh air, all became night;" that is, he fainted away.

Of Caspar's journey to the place where he was discovered by the citizen of Nuremberg, all he recollects, is, that, whilst performing it, "several times he ate bread and drank water; that 'the man with whom he had always been,'[a] repeatedly tried to teach him to walk, which attempts gave him great pain; and that the man never spoke to him, except to repeat the words, 'Reuta waehn,'" &c.

Caspar relates, that he never saw the face of the man, either on this journey, or in his prison; and that not long before he was discovered in Nuremberg, the man had put the clothes upon him which he then wore. He neither observed nor saw the objects around him; and therefore[b] could not tell from what part of the country, in what direction, or by which way, he came. All he was conscious of, was, that the man who had been leading him, put the letter which he brought with him, into his hand, and then disappeared.

This history of the mysterious imprisonment and exposure of this ill-fated youth, presents, not only a fearful, but a most singular and obscure, enigma;—an enigma which may, indeed, give rise[c] to innumerable questions and conjectures,[d] but upon which no light has, as yet, been shed that is likely to lead to its

[a]Bin—not, bēēn—nor, bĕn. [b]THĔR'fōre. [c]Rise. [d]Kŏn-jĕc'tshūres.

solution. Caspar's mental condition during his dungeon life, must have been that of a human being, shut up in his infancy, with his senses and his intellect immersed in a profound sleep, in which pitiable condition he was compelled to drag out, at least, sixteen long years of the bloom and spring-tide of life, without being conscious of even a dream. From the stupour of this more than half non-existent state, he at length awoke to be stunned, and pained, and petrified, and amazed with the din, and clamour, and unintelligible impressions of a variegated world. This appearance[a] of one of our fellow beings, who had attained the physical powers and proportions of manhood, without ever having learned the use of one of his senses, or without ever having one ray of knowledge enter his benighted and infantile soul, presents one of the most unique, and wonderful, and interesting,[b] and instructive anomalies which the world has ever beheld, and may be justly regarded as a new page in the history of the human species.

What other crimes besides those of illegal imprisonment, privation, and exposure, may lie concealed behind the iniquity committed against Caspar, as well as the ends which his secret incarceration was intended to subserve, we must leave with the future to reveal.

SECTION X.

Caspar Hauser—Continued.

Of Caspar's extraordinary[c] powers of *memory*, and his no less wonderful ability to direct his *attention* to *one* object at a time, singly and undividedly, (an ability to gain which, all the efforts of the greatest philosophers[d] have hitherto proved unavailing,) the following is an instance[e] given by the Hon. Von Feuerbach:

On entering Caspar's apartment[f] in the Luginsland, at the Vestner gate, accompanied by Col. Von D. and two ladies, he showed nothing like shyness or timidity, but met us with confidence,[g] and seemed to be rejoiced at our visit. The first thing that attracted his attention, was the Colonel's bright uniform; and particularly his helmet, which glittered with gold, he could not cease to admire. After that, his attention was drawn to the coloured dresses of the ladies; but as for myself, being dressed

[a]Ap-pē'ēr'ânse—not, unse. [b]In'tĕr-ĕst-ĭng. [c]Eks-trŏr'dē'nâr-ē. [d]Fē.lŏs'ŏ'fŭrz. [e]In'stânse—not, stunse. [f]A-pârt'mĕnt. [g]Kŏn'fē'dĕnse.

in a plain, black frock coat, I was, for some time, scarcely honoured with a single glance. Each of us, in turn, placed himself separately before him, and mentioned his name and title. Whenever any one was thus introduced, Caspar went up very close to him, regarded him with a sharp and somewhat staring look, noticed, successively and singly, every part of his face, as his forehead, his eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and so forth, with a penetrating, rapid glance; and, as I could distinctly perceive, at last, combined all the different portions of the countenance, which he had collected, piece by piece, into one whole. He then repeated the name of the person as it had been pronounced to him; and now he knew him; and, as after-experience proved, he knew him forever.

In noticing any one of the numerous things, whether small or great, which were[a] in his possession, he was able to mention both the name and the title of the person who had bestowed it. About an hour after we had left him, we met him on the street; and, on demanding whether he could recollect our names, without the least hesitation, he repeated the *full name of every one* of the company, together with his title, which, nevertheless, must have appeared to him as an unintelligible jargon. On many occasions, still more striking examples of his quick and wonderfully tenacious memory were displayed. Caspar averted his eyes as much as possible from the light, their sensibility being such as not to bear it; for, it must be borne in mind, that in his dungeon, a ray of light had never visited them.

In regard to colours, he evinced a strange predilection for glaring *red*,—blue, green, and paler hues, being held by him at a comparatively low estimate. If the choice had been given him, he would have clothed himself, and all for whom he had a regard, in scarlet or purple. When a tree full of red apples was shown him, he expressed much satisfaction at the sight, but thought it would have been far more beautiful, had its *leaves* also been as red as its fruit. There was but one advantage more which, in his eye, his favourite animals, horses, might have possessed.[b] It was that, instead of being black, bay, or white, their colour should invariably have been scarlet.

The curiosity and thirst for knowledge which he evinced, together with the inflexible perseverance[c] with which he fixed his attention to any thing he was determined to learn or comprehend, surpassed every thing that can be conceived of them; and the manner in which they were expressed, was truly affecting. Having no longer any relish for his playthings, his hours,

[a] Wĕr. [b] Pŏz-zĕst'. [c] Pĕr-sĕ-vē'rănse—not, runse

throughout the day, were employed in writing, drawing, and other instructive exercises with which professor Daumer engaged him. Bitterly did he complain to us, that the great number of visiters who thronged his apartment,[a] left him no time to learn any thing. It was very affecting to hear his often-repeated lamentation, that the people in the world knew so much, and that there were so very many things which he had not yet learned.

On account of the unpleasant[b] and painful sensations which were produced by the many new impressions upon his faculties, to which he was totally unaccustomed—impressions which caused him excessive suffering, he appeared to be by no means satisfied with living in the world, but longed to go back again to "the man with whom he had always been," and regain the rest and quietude he had enjoyed "at home in his hole."

Notwithstanding Caspar yielded, to those who had acquired parental authority over him, unreserved and unconditional obedience, yet, before he would acknowledge any thing to be certain or true, it was necessary that he should be thoroughly convinced, either by the testimony of his senses, by intuition, or by some process of reasoning completely adapted to his powers of comprehension and the scanty acquirements[c] of his almost vacant mind—an instructive lesson to such as are[d] apt to take things for granted without a proper examination of the evidence[e] upon which their truth or falsity rests. Whenever it was impossible to reach his understanding through any of these channels, he would not, indeed, contradict the assertion made, but leave the matter undecided, until, as he would remark, he had learned more.

When the first snow fell in the succeeding winter, on looking out in the morning, he expressed great joy that the streets, the roofs, and the trees, had been so well painted, and went quickly down into the yard to fetch some of the white paint; but he soon ran back to his preceptor, with all his fingers stretched out, crying, blubbering, and bawling out, "that the white paint had bitten his hand."

On my requesting Caspar to look out at the window upon an extensive prospect of a beautiful landscape,[f] which presented itself in all the glory of summer, he obeyed, but instantly drew back with horrour, exclaiming "ugly! ugly!" This singular and disagreeable effect produced upon his vision, he explained to me in 1831, by remarking, that the landscape[f] upon which

[a]A-pârt'mênt—not, munt. [b]Un-plêz'ânt—not, unt. [c]Ak-kwire'mênts—not, munts. [d]âr. [e]Ev'ê'dênse—not, dunse. [f]Lând'skâpe.

he looked, then appeared to him like a window-shutter, placed close to his eyes, upon which a wall painter had spattered the contents of his different brushes, filled with white, blue, yellow, and red paint, all mingled together; for at that time he had not learned, by experience, to distinguish single objects from each other, nor their various distances and magnitudes; but the disagreeable, parti-coloured shutter appeared to come close up before him in such a manner as to prevent his looking out into the open air. He also remarked, that, for some time, he could not distinguish by the eye alone, those objects which were *really* round, square, or triangular, from the representation of such objects in a painting. Men, horses, and other animals represented in pictures,[a] appeared to him, as it regarded their roundness or flatness, precisely like the same, carved in wood. Their real difference, however, by the assistance of the sense of feeling, he soon learned, whilst engaged in packing and unpacking his toys and trinkets. In short, all the phenomena of sight displayed by the young man who was couched by Dr. Cheselden, and, indeed, many more, or, in other words, all the wonderful phenomena which could be revealed by an infant, supposing it could be enabled to explain them, whilst learning to apply the organ of vision, were illustrated in Caspar.

On the 18th of July, Caspar was released from his abode in the tower, and took up his residence[b] in the family of professor Daumer. With this worthy gentleman,[c] he soon learned to sleep in a bed, and, by degrees, to partake of common food. The former caused him, for the first time, to have dreams, which, until otherwise instructed, he looked upon as real transactions.

The following observations concerning this wonderful youth, are taken from the notes of Mr. Daumer. After he had learned to eat meat, his mental vigour was abated; his eyes lost their brilliancy; his unconquerable propensity to constant[d] activity, was diminished; the intense application of his mind gave way to absence and indifference; and the quickness of his apprehension was also lessened. His change of diet, had, likewise, so great an effect upon his growth, that, in a few weeks, he increased more than two inches in height.

By being occasionally employed in easy garden-work, Caspar became daily more and more acquainted with the productions, phenomena, and powers of nature, which, whilst it tended greatly to increase his stock of knowledge, constantly excited in him

[a] Plk'tshûrz—not, plk'tshûrz. [b] Rêz'ê'dênse—not, dunse. [c] Jên'tl'mân—not, mun. [d] Kôn'stânt—not, stunt.

feelings of wonder and admiration; but it required no little pains to correct his mistakes, and teach him the difference between things organick and such as are not organized, between things animate and inanimate, and between voluntary motion and that which is communicated from external causes. Many things which bore the form of men or animals, though cut in stone, carved in wood, or painted, he would still conceive to be animated, and ascribe to them such qualities as he perceived to exist in animated beings. It appeared strange to him that the figures[a] of horses, unicorns, ostriches, and so forth, which were either carved or painted upon the walls of houses, remained always stationary. He wondered that they did not run away. He expressed his indignation against a statue in the garden, because, when very dirty, it did not wash itself. When, for the first time, he saw the great crucifix on the outside of the church of St. Sebaldus, the view affected him with deep sympathy and horrour. He earnestly entreated that the man who was so dreadfully tormented, might be taken down; nor could he, for a long time, be pacified, although it was explained to him, that it was not a real man, but merely an image, which felt nothing.

Every motion he observed to take place in any object, he conceived to be voluntary, or a spontaneous effect of life. When a sheet of paper was blown down from the table by the wind, he thought that it had run away. On seeing a child's wagon rolling down a hill, it was, in his opinion, making an excursion to amuse itself. He supposed that a tree manifested its life by the waving of its branches, and the motion of its leaves; and its voice was heard[b] in the rustling of its leaves when they were moved by the wind. He severely rebuked a boy for striking a tree with a stick, and causing it, as he said, unnecessary pain. The balls of a ninepin alley, he conceived, ran voluntarily along, and, moreover, hurt other balls when they struck against[c] them; and when they stopped, it was because they were tired. He was, at length, convinced that a humming-top, which he had long been spinning, did not move voluntarily, only by finding that, after frequently winding up the cord, his arm began to pain him—being thus *sensibly* convinced, that he had himself communicated the power which caused it to move.

But to animals, particularly, for a long time he ascribed the same properties as to men, and appeared to distinguish the one from the other only by the difference in their external form. He was angry with a cat for taking its food with its mouth, without

[a] Fig'ûrz—not, fig'ûrz. [b] Hêrd. [c] A-gênst'.

ever employing its hands for that purpose. He wished to teach it to use its paws in eating, and to sit upright. He spoke to it as to a rational[a] being, and expressed great indignation at its unwillingness to attend to what he said, and to learn from him; but he once highly commended the obedience of a particular dog. On seeing some oxen lying down in the street, he wondered why they did not go home, and lie down there. When it was told him, that such things could not be expected from animals, which knew no better, he replied, "Then they ought to learn: there are many things which I, also, am obliged to learn."

He had not the least conception of the origin and growth of any of the productions of nature,[b] but imagined that trees, plants, leaves, and flowers, and the like, were the mere workmanship of human hands. This mistake was corrected by his preceptor's causing him to plant some beans, and afterwards to notice how they germinated, and produced leaves and fruit.

Of the beauties of nature,[b] for a long time, he had no idea; nor did they seem otherwise to interest[c] him than merely to excite his curiosity to know *who made* such and such things. Yet there was one view presented to him, which formed a remarkable exception to the truth of this observation, and which ought to be regarded as an important and never-to-be-forgotten incident[d] in the gradual development of his intellectual faculties. It was on a fine summer evening in the month of August, 1829, that his instructer showed him, for the first time, the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport at the sight, transcended all bounds, and surpassed description. He could not be satisfied with looking and gazing at the sublime spectacle: at the same time, he fixed accurately with his eye, the different groups of stars that were pointed out to him, noticed those most distinguished for their brightness, and remarked the difference in their respective colours. "This," he exclaimed, "is, indeed, the most beautiful and magnificent sight I have ever beheld in the world. But who placed all those beautiful candles there? who lights them? who puts them out?" were the interrogatories which burst from his enraptured soul. When he was informed, that, like the sun, with which he had been for some time acquainted, they always remain there to give light by night, he was still not satisfied, but eagerly demanded again, *who had made and hung them up on high*, that they might thus illumine that spacious vault;—for, as yet, he had not formed a just idea of that Being who made all things, who "rules the heavenly

[a]Rāsh'ŭn'ăl. [b]Nā'tshūre. [c]In'tĕr-ĕst. [d]In'sē'dĕnt—not, dunt.

host," and "calls the stars by name." At length, after standing motionless for some time, he fell into a train of profound meditation. On recovering from this reverie, his transport was succeeded by deep sadness. He sunk pale and trembling upon a chair, and asked, "why that wicked man had kept him always locked up—him who had never done any harm—and had never shown him any of these beautiful things."

Caspar was soon after put under the care of a riding-master; in which situation, in the delightful and noble accomplishment of horsemanship, he soon greatly excelled. But besides his extraordinary equestrian talents, the striking peculiarity, the almost preternatural acuteness and intensity of his perceptions, as evinced in the power of his senses, appeared so remarkable and wonderful in him as to elicit the admiration and astonishment[b] of all.

As to his sight, there existed, in respect to him, no twilight, no night, no darkness. He revelled in an ocean of light. One unclouded day shone perpetually on his visual orb. He often looked with astonishment[b] upon others who were compelled to grope their way in the dark, or to use a candle or lantern. In twilight, however, he could see far better than in broad daylight. Thus, after sunset, he once read the number of a house at a distance of 180 paces, which, in daylight, he was not able to distinguish so far off. Towards the close of twilight, he once pointed out to his instructer, a gnat that was hanging in a spider's web very distant. At a distance of 60 paces, he could distinguish, in the dark, elder-berries from black currants. In a totally dark night, he could also distinguish from each other, the different,[c] dark colours, such as blue and green. When, at the commencement of twilight, a common eye could not perceive more than three or four stars in the sky, he could discern[d] the different groups, and distinguish, from each other, the several single stars of which the groups were composed, according to their magnitudes and the peculiarities of their coloured light. In distinguishing objects near by, his sight was as sharp as it was penetrating in discerning them at a distance. In anatomizing plants, he often noticed subtile distinctions and delicate particles which had entirely escaped[e] the observation of others.

But no less wonderful was the acuteness of his hearing. When taking a walk in the fields, he once heard, at a distance comparatively very great, the footsteps of several persons, and was able to distinguish them from each other by their tread.

[a]Ak-kŏm'plish'mĕnt. [b]As-tŏn'ĭsh'mĕnt—not, munt. [c]Dĭf'fĕr-ĕnt. [d]Dĭz-zĕrn'. [e]E-skāpt'.

Of all his senses, however, that which proved the most extraordinary, and which gave him so many disagreeable and painful sensations as frequently to make him miserable, was the sense of smelling. What to ordinary olfactories, is entirely scentless, was by no means so to his. The most delicate and delightful odours of flowers, such, for instance,[a] as those imparted by the rose, were perceived by him as insupportable stenches, which painfully affected his nerves. What announces itself to others by its smell only when near, was scented by him at a great distance.[b] Excepting the smell of bread, of fennel, of anise, and of caraway, to which he had been already accustomed in his prison, (for there, it appears, his bread was seasoned with these condiments,) all kinds of smells were[c] more or less *disagreeable* to him: so much so, that, when asked, which of all smells he liked best, he piquantly replied, "none at all."

His walks and rides were often rendered very unpleasant by their conducting him near flower gardens, tobacco fields, nut trees, and other ordinary shrubs and plants, which affected his olfactory nerves, and caused him to pay dearly for his recreations in the open air, by their inflicting upon him head-aches, cold-sweats, and attacks of fever. Tobacco in blossom he could smell at the distance of fifty paces; and that hung up to dry, one hundred paces off. He could distinguish apple, pear, and plum trees from each other, at a considerable distance, by the smell of their *leaves*. The different colouring materials used in painting and dying, and even the *ink* and *pencil* with which he wrote—in short, all things around him wafted odours to his nostrils which were[c] either unpleasant or painful to him. The smell of old cheese sickened him. The smell of vinegar, though it stood some distance from him, would bring tears into his eyes. The smell of champaigne and other wines, would produce a heat in his head, and make him ill; but of all smells, the most horrible to him, was that of fresh meat.

In the autumn of 1828, when Caspar was walking with professor Daumer near St. John's churchyard, the smell of the dead bodies in their graves, of which the professor had not the slightest perception, affected him so powerfully that he was immediately seized with an ague.[d] This was soon succeeded by an intense, feverish heat, which at length broke out into a most profuse perspiration. After the profuse sweats had subsided, he felt better, but complained that his sight had been obscured by this severe attack. Similar effects were[c] once experienced by him after walking for some time near a tobacco field.

[a] In'stânse—not, in'stunse. [b] Dis'tânse—not, dis'tunse. [c] Wêr [d] A'gû.

Caspar's sense of feeling, and susceptibility of metallick and magnetick excitement,[a] were[b] also very extraordinary. When professor Daumer, by way of experiment,[c] held the north pole of a magnet towards him,[d] he put his hand to the pit of his stomach, and, drawing his waistcoat in an outward direction, remarked that the magnet drew him thus, and that a current of air seemed to proceed from him. The south pole affected him less powerfully; and he said that it appeared like a current of air blowing upon him.

In regard to his sensibility to the presence of metals, and his power to distinguish them from each other merely by his feelings, one or two instances may suffice. On entering a store filled with hardware, he immediately hurried out again, being affected with violent shuddering, and complaining that he felt a drawing sensation in every part of his body, and in all directions at once. Upon a person's slipping a gold coin into Caspar's hand without his seeing it, he immediately remarked, that he felt gold in his hand. At a time when Caspar was absent, professor Daumer once placed a gold ring, a brass and steel compass, and a silver drawing pen under some paper, and in such a manner that it was impossible for him to see what was concealed under it. Mr. Daumer then directed him to move his finger over the paper *without touching it.* He did so; and by the difference of the sensation and the power of attraction which the various metals caused him to feel at the points of his fingers, he accurately distinguished and described them all, each from the other, according to its respective matter and form.

With a view to deceive him, Caspar was once required, in the presence of several distinguished gentlemen, to run his hand over the paper, when, as they supposed, nothing was concealed under it. After moving his finger over it, he exclaimed, "there it draws." "But this time," replied professor Daumer, as he withdrew the paper, "you are mistaken, for nothing lies under it." Caspar seemed, at first, to be somewhat embarrassed; but putting his finger again to the place where he thought he had felt the drawing, he assured them more positively than before, that he *there* felt a drawing. The oil cloth was then removed; and upon making a stricter search, a needle was actually found under it.

But notwithstanding the interest and instruction to be derived from an examination of Caspar's physical and physiological aspect, the contemplation of his intellectual powers and of their development and operation, after having lain so long dormant,

[a] Eks-zite'mĕnt. [b] Wûr. [c] Eks-pĕr'ē'mĕnt. [d] To'ûrdz him—not, to-*ward' zim.* [e] Dôr'mânt—not, *munt.*

ens up a field still more richly stored with novelty and just ubjects of philosophical[a] investigation: and whilst we here dis-ver the acuteness of his natural understanding, we are, at the me time, enabled to draw exact conclusions concerning the te of his life, and the state of utter neglect in which his mind id so long been left by the profligacy and baseness of human eings. Though his heart was filled with a child-like gentleness id kindness, which rendered him incapable of hurting a worm r a fly, much less, a man—though, in all the various relations f life, his conduct evinced that his soul was as pure and spot-ss as the reflex of the eternal in the soul of an angel,[b] yet, as as already been observed, he brought with him from his dun-eon to the light of the world, not an idea, not the least presen-ment of the existence[c] of a God, not the shadow of a belief i a more elevated, invisible intelligence than himself. Raised ke an animal, slumbering even while awake, in the desert of is narrow dungeon, sensible only of the crudest wants of ani-nal nature, occupied with nothing but the taking of his food nd the eternal sameness of his wooden horses, his life may be ompared to that of an oyster, which, adhering to its rock, is ensible of nothing but the absorption of its food, and perceives othing but the everlasting, uniform dashing of the waves, find-ng in its narrow shell no room for the most limited idea of a world without. But Caspar was soon enabled to form a just onception of spiritual existences, and of a God; and he has ow become as sincerely pious as he is innocent and amiable.

In October, 1828, an attempt was made, at mid-day, to mur-der Caspar in the house of his patron and tutor, professor Dau-mer, with whom he then resided. The foul assassin who rush-ed in upon him, gave him a severe wound in his forehead with a sharp instrument, which was supposed to have been aimed at his throat. The blood-thirsty wretch (who is believed to be *known* at Nuremberg, and is supposed to be either the former keeper of Caspar, or one instrumental in his incarceration) made his escape, and, at the time of the writing of this narrative, had continued to elude the arm of justice.

In 1831, Caspar was adopted, by the Earl of Stanhope, as his foster son; and long ere[d] this, he has probably taken him home with him to England.* Thus, this tender plant has hap-

Fil-lô-zôf'fê-kâl. [b]âne'jêl. [c]Eg-zist'ênse—not, unse. [d]âre.

*The earthly career of the ill-fated Caspar Hauser, was short; his life, enigmatically wonderful; his end, tragical. On the 14th of December, 1833, he was met in the Palace Garden, at Anspach, by the same villain (according to Caspar's account) that attempted to assassinate him in 1828. In this last attempt, the assassin was

pily been transferred to a more genial soil, where it will be nourished and protected from the rude blasts of a bustling world.*

SECTION XI.

Traits of Indian Character.—IRVING.

THERE is something in the character and habits of the North American savage', taken in connexion with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range', its vast lakes', boundless forests', majestick rivers', and trackless plains', that is', to my mind', wonderfully striking and sublime'. He is formed for the *wilderness*', as the Arab is for[a] the *desert*'. His nature is stern', simple', and enduring'; fitted to grapple with difficulties', and to support privations'. There seems but little soil in his heart[b] for[a] the growth of the *kindly* virtues'; and yet', if we would but take the trouble to penetrate through that proud *stoicism* and habitual *taciturnity* which lock up his character from casual observation', we should find him linked to his fellow man of civilized life by *more* of those sympathies and affections than are usually ascribed to him'.[c]

It was the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America', in the early periods of colonization', to be *doubly* wronged by the white men'. They have been dispossessed[d] of their hereditary domains by mercenary and frequently wanton warfare'; and their characters have been traduced by bigoted and interested writers'. The *colonist*'. . has often treated them like *beasts* of the *forest*'; and the *author*'. . has endeavoured to *justify* him in his outrages'. The former found it easier to *exterminate* than to *civilize*'—the latter', to *vilify* than to *discriminate*'. The appellations of savage and pagan', were deemed sufficient to

[a]Fôr—not, fer, nor, f'r. [b]in hiz heart—not, in *iz art*. [c]to him—not, to *im*. [d]Dis-pŏz-zĕst'. [e]In'tĕr'ĕst-ĕd.

but too successful in the accomplishment of his diabolical purpose. Drawing suddenly a concealed dagger, he plunged it twice into the breast of Caspar, who, after lingering three days, expired of his wounds. The villain fled; and, at the date of the latest accounts, he had not been apprehended. Suspicion had fallen upon a merchant of Bavaria.—It appears that Lord Stanhope had not taken Caspar to England; but, up to the time of his death, had contributed to his support at Anspach.

* These extracts are not designed to supersede the labours of the worthy translator of "Caspar Hauser," but are presented with the view of bringing these labours into notice—of recommending to the reading portion of the community, one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the present day—a cheap little volume which opens a new and rich vein of instruction, not unworthy the attention of the physiologist, the naturalist, and the philosopher.

sanction the hostilities of *both*; and thus... the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted and defamed, not because they were[a]... *guilty*, but because they were[a]... *ignorant*.

The *rights* of the savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In *peace*, he has too often been the dupe of artful traffick; in *war*, he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is to be expected from him when he feels the sting of the reptile,[b] and is conscious of the power to destroy.

The same prejudices which were indulged thus *early*, exist, in common circulation, at the *present* day. Certain learned societies, it is true, have endeavored, with laudable diligence, to investigate and record the *real* characters and manners of the Indian tribes. The American government,[c] too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and[d] injustice. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is too apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the *frontiers*, and hang on the skirts of the settlements.[e] These... are too commonly composed of *degenerate* beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the *vices* of society, without being benefited by its *civilization*. That proud independence which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken *down*, and the whole moral fabrick lies in ruins. Their spirits... are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage... cowed and daunted[f] by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbours. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breathe desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated[g] their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand *superfluous* wants, whilst it has *diminished* their means of mere *existence*.[h] It has driven before it the *animals* of the *chase*, which *fly* from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds. Thus do we too often find the Indians[i] on our frontiers to be the mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes, that have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements,[e] and sunk into precarious

[a] Wĕr. [b] Rĕp'tĭl. [c] Gŭv'ûrn'mĕnt—not, guv'ur'munt. [d] ănd—not, un. [e] Sĕt'-tl'mĕnts—not, munts. [f] Dănt'ĕd. [g] Ē-nĕr'vā'tĕd. [h] Eg-zĭst'ĕnse. [i] In'dē-ănz.

and vagabond existence'.[a] Poverty', repining and hopeless poverty', a canker of the mind unknown in *savage* life', corrodes their spirits', and blights every free and noble quality of their natures'. They become drunken', indolent', feeble', thievish', and pusillanimous'. They loiter', like vagrants', about the settlements', among spacious dwellings replete with elaborate comforts', which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition'. Luxury'. . spreads its ample board before their eyes'; but they are excluded from the banquet'. Plenty'. . revels over the fields'; but they are *starving* in the midst of its abundance':[b] the whole *wilderness* has blossomed into a *garden*'; but they feel as reptiles that infest it'.

How different was their state', while yet the undisputed lords of the soil'! Their wants were[c] few', and the means of gratification within their reach'. They saw every one round them sharing the same lot', enduring the same hardships', feeding on the same aliments', arrayed in the same rude garments'. No roof then rose'. . but it was open to the homeless stranger'; no smoke curled among the trees'. . but he was welcome to sit down by its fire', and join the hunter in his repast'. "For'," says an old historian of New-England', "their life is so void of care', and they are so loving also', that they make use of those things they enjoy as common goods', and are therein so *compassionate*', that rather than one should starve through want', they would starve *all*': thus do they pass their time merrily', not regarding *our* pomp', but are better content with their *own*', which some men esteem so meanly of'." *Such* were the Indians', whilst in the pride and energy of their primitive natures'. They resemble those wild plants which thrive best in the shades of the *forest*', but shrink from the hand of *cultivation*', and perish beneath the influence of the *sun*'.

In discussing the savage character', writers have been too prone to indulge in vulgar *prejudice* and passionate *exaggeration*', instead of the *candid* temper of true *philosophy*'.[d] They have not sufficiently considered the peculiar *circumstances* in which the Indians have been placed', and the peculiar *principles* under which they have been educated'. No being acts more rigidly from *rule* than the *Indian*'. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general *maxims* early implanted in his mind'. The moral laws that govern him', are', to be sure', but *few*'; but then', he conforms to them *all*';—the *white* man abounds in laws of religion', morals', and manners'; but how many does he *violate*'!

[a]Eg-zĭst'ĕnse. [b]A-bŭn'dănse—not, dunse. [c]Wĕr. [d]Fĭ-lŏs'ō'fĭ.

A frequent ground of accusation against the Indians', is their ***disregard*** of ***treaties***', and the ***treachery*** and ***wantonness*** with which', in time of apparent[a] peace', they will suddenly fly to ***hostilities***'. The intercourse of the white men with the Indians', however', is too apt to be cold', distrustful', oppressive', and insulting'. They seldom treat them with that ***confidence***[b] and ***frankness*** which are indispensable to real friendship'; nor is sufficient caution observed not to offend against those feelings of ***pride*** or ***superstition***', which often prompt the Indian to hostility quicker than mere considerations of ***interest***'. The solitary savage'.. feels ***silently***', but'..***acutely***'. ***His*** sensibilities are not diffused over so wide a surface as those of the ***white*** man'; but they run in steadier and deeper channels'. His pride', his affections', his superstitions', are all directed towards ***fewer*** objects'; but the wounds inflicted on them', are proportionably ***severe***', and furnish motives of hostility which we cannot sufficiently appreciate'. Where a community is also limited in number', and forms one great patriarchal family', as in an Indian tribe', the injury[c] of an ***individual***', is the injury[c] of the ***whole***'; and the sentiment of vengeance is almost instantaneously diffused'. ***One*** council-fire is sufficient for the discussion and arrangement of a plan of hostilities'. Here', all the fighting men and sages assemble'. Eloquence and superstition'..combine to inflame the minds of the warriours'. The orator'..awakens their martial ardour', and they are wrought up to a kind of religious desperation by the visions of the prophet and the dreamer'.

SECTION XII.

Traits of Indian Character—Continued.—Ib.

We stigmatize the Indians', also', as ***cowardly*** and ***treacherous***', because they use ***stratagem*** in warfare', in preference to ***open force***'; but', if courage intrinsically consists in the defiance of ***danger*** and ***pain***', the life of the ***Indian*** is a continual exhibition of it'. He lives in a state of perpetual hostility and risk'. Peril and adventure[d] are congenial to his nature';[e] or', rather', seem necessary to arouse his faculties', and to give an interest to his existence'. Surrounded by hostile[f] tribes', whose mode of warfare is by ambush and surprisal', he is always prepared for ***fight***', and lives with his weapons in his ***hands***'.

[a]Ap-pâ'rênt. [b]Kŏn'fĕ-dĕnse—not, dunse. [c]In'jû'rê—not, in'je'rê. [d]Ad-vĕn'tshûre. [e]Nâ'tshûre. [f]Hŏs'tîl.

As the ship'.. careers in fearful singleness through the solitudes of ocean',—as the bird'.. mingles among clouds and storms', and wings its way', a mere speck', across the pathless fields of air', so the Indian holds his course', silent', solitary', but undaunted',[a] through the boundless bosom of the wilderness'. His expeditions may vie in distance and danger with the *pilgrimage* of the devotee', or the *crusade* of the knight-errant'. He traverses vast forests', exposed to the hazards of lonely sickness', of lurking enemies', and pining famine'. Stormy lakes', those great inland seas', are no obstacles to his wanderings': in his light canoe of bark', he sports', like a feather', on their waves', and darts', with the swiftness of an arrow', down the roaring rapids of the rivers'. His very *subsistence*'.. is snatched from the midst of toil and peril'. He gains his food by the hardships and dangers of the chase'; he wraps himself in the spoils of the bear', the panther', and the buffaloe'; and sleeps among the thunders of the cataract'.

No hero of ancient[b] or modern days can surpass the Indian in his lofty contempt of *death*', and the fortitude with which he sustains its *cruelest affliction*'. Indeed', we here behold him rising *superiour* to the white man', in consequence of his peculiar education'. The *latter*'.. rushes to glorious death'.. at the *cannon's* mouth'; the *former*'.. calmly contemplates its approach', and triumphantly endures it', amidst the varied *torments* of surrounding *foes*', and the protracted *agonies* of *fire*'. He even takes a *pride* in *taunting*[c] his persecutors', and provoking their *ingenuity* of torture';[d] and', as the devouring flames prey on his very *vitals*', and the flesh *shrinks* from the *sinews*', he raises his last song of triumph', breathing the defiance of an *unconquered* heart', and invoking the spirits of his fathers to witness'... that he dies without a *groan*'.

Notwithstanding the obloquy with which the early historians have overshadowed the characters of the unfortunate natives', some bright gleams occasionally break through', which throw a degree of melancholy lustre on their memories'. Facts are occasionally to be met with in the rude annals of the eastern provinces', which', though recorded with the colouring of *prejudice*[e] and *bigotry*', yet speak for *themselves*'; and will be dwelt on with applause and sympathy', when prejudice[e] shall have passed away'.

In one of the homely narratives of the Indian wars in New-England', there is a touching account of the desolation[f] carried

[a]Un-dânt'êd. [b]âne'tshênt. [c]Tânt'ing. [d]Tôr'tshûre. [e]Prêj'û-dis—not, prej'e-dis. [f]Dês'-ô-lâ'shûn—not, *des'l*-a-shun.

into the tribe of the *Pequod* Indians'. Humanity *shrinks* from the cold-blooded detail of indiscriminate butchery'. In one place we read of the surprisal of an Indian fort in the *night*', when the wigwams were wrapped in flames', and the miserable inhabitants shot down and slain in attempting to escape',[a] "all being despatched and ended in the course of an hour'." After a series of similar transactions', "our soldiers'," as the historian piously observes', "being resolved', by God's assistance', to make a final destruction of them'," the unhappy savages being hunted from their homes and fortresses', and pursued with fire and sword',[b] a scanty but gallant band', the sad remnant of the Pequod warriours', with their wives and children',[c] took refuge in a swamp'.

Burning with indignation', and rendered sullen by despair';[d] with hearts bursting with grief at the destruction of their tribe', and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat', they refused to ask their lives at the hands of an insulting foe', and preferred *death* to *submission*'.

As the night drew on', they were surrounded in their dismal retreat', so as to render escape impracticable'. Thus situated', their enemy "plied them with shot all the time', by which means many were killed and buried in the mire'." In the darkness and fog that preceded the dawn of day', some few broke through the besiegers and escaped into the woods': "the rest were left to the conquerors', of which many were killed in the swamp', like sullen dogs', who would rather', in their self-willedness and madness', sit still and be shot through', or cut to pieces'," than implore for mercy'. When the day broke upon this handfull of forlorn but dauntless spirits', the soldiers', we are told', entering the swamp', "saw several heaps of them sitting close together', upon whom they discharged their pieces', laden with ten or twelve pistol-bullets at a time'; putting the muzzles of the pieces under the boughs', within a few yards of them'; so as', besides those that were found dead', many more were killed and sunk into the mire', and never were minded more by friend or foe'."

Can any one read this plain', unvarnished tale', without admiring the stern resolution', the unbending pride', the loftiness of spirit', that seemed to nerve the hearts of these self-taught heroes', and to raise them above the instinctive feelings of human nature'? When the Gauls laid waste the city of Rome', they found the senators clothed in their robes', and seated with stern tranquillity in their curule chairs': in this manner they suffered

[a] *é-skāpe'*—not, *es-kāpe'*. [b] Sōrd. [c] Tshll'drĕn—not, tshll'drun. [d] Dĕ-spāre'—not, *dis-pāre*.

death without resistance[a] or even supplication'. Such conduct was', in *them*', applauded as noble and magnanimous'—in the hapless *Indians*', it was reviled as obstinate and sullen'. How truly are[b] we the dupes of show and circumstance'! How different is virtue', clothed in *purple* and enthroned in *state*', from virtue', *naked* and *destitute*', and *perishing* obscurely in a *wilderness*'![c]

But I forbear to dwell on these gloomy pictures'.[d] The *eastern* tribes have long since disappeared'; the forests that sheltered them have been laid low'; and scarce any traces remain of them in the thickly-settled states of New-England', excepting here and there the Indian name of a village or a stream'. And such must', sooner or later', be the fate of those *other* tribes which skirt the frontiers', and have occasionally been inveigled from their forests to mingle in the wars of the white men'. In a little while', and they will go the way that their brethren have gone before'. The few hordes which still linger about the shores of Huron and Superiour', and the tributary streams of the Mississippi', will share the fate of those tribes that once spread over Massachusetts and Connecticut', and lorded it along the proud banks of the Hudson'; of that gigantick race', said to have existed on the borders of the Susquehanna'; and of those various nations that flourished about the Potomack and the Rappahannock', and that peopled the forests of the vast valley of Shenandoah'. They will vanish', like a vapour', from the *face* of the *earth*'; their very *history* will be lost in forgetfulness', and "the places that *now* know them', will know them no more for *ever*'." Or if', perchance', some dubious memorial of them *should* survive', it may be', in the romantick dreams of the *poet*', to people', in imagination', his glades and groves', like the fauns and satyrs and sylvan deities of antiquity'. But', should he venture[e] upon the dark story of their wrongs and wretchedness'; should he tell how they were invaded', corrupted', despoiled'; driven from their native abodes and the sepulchres of their fathers'; hunted like wild beasts about the earth'; and sent down with violence[f] and butchery to the grave'.... posterity will either turn with horrour and incredulity from the tale', or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers'.—" We are driven back'," said an old warriour', " until we can retreat no farther'—our hatchets'..are[b] broken', our bows'..are[b]

[a]Ré-zist'ânse—not, ré-zist'unse. [b]âr—not, âre. [c]Wil'dûr'nês—not wil'dûr-nis. [d]Plk'tshûrz—not, plk'tshûrz. [e]Vên'tshûre. [f]Vl'ô'lênse—not, vi-o'lunse.

snapped', our fires'.. are[a] nearly extinguished'—a little and the white man will cease to *persecute* us', for we'.. shall cease to exist'!"

SECTION XIII.

Speech of Logan, Chief of the Mingoes.—JEFFERSON

I MAY challenge the whole of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and, indeed, of any more eminent orators, if Europe, or the world, has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superiour to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, delivered to Lord Dunmore, when governour of Virginia. As a testimony of Indian talents in this line, I beg leave to introduce it, by first stating the incidents[b] necessary for understanding it.

In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians upon certain land adventurers on the Ohio river. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Captain Michael Cresap and one Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, travelling and hunting parties of the Indians, who had their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these were[c] unfortunately the family of Logan, a chief celebrated in peace and war, and long distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive[d] battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kenhaway,[e] between the collected forces of the Shawnese, the Mingoes, and the Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were[c] defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants: but, lest the sincerity of a treaty, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, should be distrusted, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

"I appeal to any white man to say', if ever he entered Logan's cabin *hungry*', and he gave him not *meat*'; if ever he came *cold* and *naked*', and he *clothed* him not'. During the course of the last long and bloody war', Logan remained *idle* in his *cabin*', an advocate for peace'. Such was my *love* for the whites', that my countrymen *pointed* as they passed', and said', '*Logan* is the friend of the *white* men'.' I had even thought

[a]ăr. [b]In'sĕ'dĕnts. [c]Wĕr. [d]Dĕ-sī'sĭv. [e]Kĕn-hăw'wā.

to *live* with you', but for the injuries of *one* man'. Colonel Cresap', last spring', in cold blood', and unprovoked', *murdered all* the *relatives* of Logan', not sparing even my[a] women and children'. There runs not a drop of my[a] blood in the veins of any living creature'. This called on me for *revenge*'. I have *sought* it'. I have killed *many*'. I have *fully* glutted my[a] vengeance'. For my[a] *country*', I rejoice at the beams of *peace*': but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of *fear*': *Logan* never felt fear'. He will not *turn* on his *heel*'... to save his life'. Who is there to *mourn* for Logan'? Not *one*'."

SECTION XIV.

Speech of Farmer's Brother.

The sachems', chiefs', and warriours of the Seneca nation', to the sachems and chiefs assembled about the great council-fire of the state of New-York.

Brothers'—As you are once more assembled in council', for the purpose of doing honour to yourselves and justice to your country', we', your brothers', the sachems', chiefs', and warriours of the Seneca nation', request you to open your ears', and give attention to our voice and wishes'.

Brothers'—You will recollect the late contest between you and your father', the great king of England'. This contest threw the inhabitants[b] of the whole island into a great tumult and commotion', like a raging whirlwind', which tears up the trees', and tosses to and fro the leaves', so that no one knows whence they come', or when they will fall'.

Brothers'—This whirlwind was so directed by the Great Spirit', as to throw into our arms two of your infant[c] children',[d] Jasper Parrish' and Horatio Jones'. We adopted them into our families', and made them *our* children'.[d] We loved them', and nourished them'. They lived with us many years'. At length the Great Spirit *spoke* to the whirlwind'... and it was still'.* A clear and uninterrupted sky appeared'. The path of *peace* was opened', and the *chain* of *friendship* was once more made bright'. Then these', our adopted children', left us to seek their relatives'. We wished them to *remain* among us', and promised', if they would return and *live* in our country', to give

[a]Mē. [b]In-hâb'ē-tânts—not, *tunts*. [c]In'fânt. [d]Tshil'drĕn—not, *drun*.

* God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

each of them a *seat* of *land* for them and their children to set down upon'.

Brothers'—They *have* returned', and have', for several years past', been serviceable to us as interpreters'. We still feel our hearts beat with affection for them', and now wish to fulfil the promise we made them', and to reward them for their services'. We have therefore made up our minds to give them a seat of two square miles of land lying on the outlet of Lake Erie', about three miles below Black-Rock'.

Brothers'—We have now made known to you our minds'. We expect', and earnestly request', that you will permit our friends to receive this our gift', and will make the same good to them', according to the laws and customs of your nation'.

Brothers'—Why should you hesitate to make our minds *easy* with regard to this our request'? To you it is but a *little thing'*; and have you not complied with the request', and confirmed the gift', of our brothers', the Oneidas', the Onondagas', and the Cayugas', to their interpreters'? and shall *we* ask', and not be heard'?

Brothers'—We send you this our speech', to which we expect your answer before the breaking up of your great council-fire'.

SECTION XV.

*Red Jacket; a Chief of the Indian Tribe, the Senecas.**

HALLECK.

COOPER', whose name is with his country's wôven',
First in her files', her pioneer of mind',
A wanderer now in other climes', has proven'
His love for the young land he left behind';

And throned her in the senate-hall of nations',
Robed like the deluge rainbow', heaven-wrought',
Magnificent as his own mind's creations',
And *beautiful* as its green world of thought'.

And', faithful to the act of congress', quoted'
As law authority'—it passed *nem. con.*†—
He writes', that we are', as *ourselves* have *voted'*,
The most *enlightened* people ever knôwn':

That all our week is *happy* as a *Sunday'*
In *Paris'*, full of song', and dance', and laugh';
And that', from Orleans to the bay of Fundy',
There 's not a *bailiff'*, nor an *epitaph'*.

---

*From Bliss' Talisman, 1829. †*Nemine contra dicente*, no one contradicting.

And', furthermore'—in fifty years', or sooner',
We shall export our poetry and wine';
And our brave fleet', eight frigates and a schooner',
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the line'.

If he were with *me*', king of Tuscarora',
Gazing', as I', upon thy portrait now';
In all its medalled', fringed', and beaded glory',
Its eye's dark beauty', and its thoughtful brow'—

Its brow', half martial', and half diplomatick',
Its eye', upsoaring like an eagle's wings';
Well might he boast', that *we*', the democratick',
Outrival'.. *Europe*', even'.. in our *kings*'.

For thou wert monarch *born*'. Tradition's pages'
Tell not the planting of *thy* parent[a] tree',
But', that the forest-tribes have bent', for ages',
To thee and to thy sires the *subject knee*'.

Thy *nâme* is princely'.—Though no poet's magick'
Could make *Red Jacket* grace an English rhyme',
Unless he had a genius for the *tragick*',
And introduced it in a pantomime';

Yet', it is *musick* in the language spoken'
Of thine *own* land'; and on her herald-roll',
As nobly fought for', and as proud a token'
As *Cœur de Lion's*',* of a warriour's soul'.

Thy *garb*'—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten'
That medal pâle', as diamonds the dark mine',
And George the Fourth wore', in the dance at Brighton',
A more becoming evening dress than thine';

Yet', 'tis a *brave* one', scorning wind and weather',
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood',
As Rob Roy's tartans', for the Highland heather',
Or forest-green', for England's Robin Hood'.

Is *strength* a monarch's merit'? (like a whaler's'?)
Thou art as tall', as sinewy', and as strong'
As earth's first kings'—the Argo's gallant sailors',
Heroes in history', and gods in song'.

Is *eloquence*'? Her spell is thine that reaches'
The heart', and makes the wisest head its sport';
And there's one rare', strange virtue in thy speeches',
The *secret* of their *mastery*'—they are *short*'.

Is *beauty*'? Thine has with thy youth departed',
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years',
And she', who perished', young and broken-hearted',
Are'—but I rhyme for *smiles*', and not for *tears*'.

[a] Pâ'rênt—not, pâr'ent. *Keur de Lion, *the heart of a lion.*

The monarch mind'—the mystery of commanding',
The godlike power', the art Napoleon',
Of winning', fettering', moulding', wielding', banding'
The hearts of millions till they move as one';

Thou hast it'. At thy bidding men have crowded'
The road to death as to a festival';
And minstrel minds', without a blush', have shrouded'
With banner-folds of glory their dark pall'.

Who will *believe*'—not I'—for in *deceiving*',
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream';
I cannot spare the *luxury* of believing'
That all things *beaûtiful* are *what* they seem'.

Who will *believe*', that', with a smile whose blessing'
Would', like the patriarch's',[a] soothe a dying hour';
With voice', as low', as gentle', and caressing',
As e'er[b] won maiden's lip in moonlight bower';

With look', like patient Job's', eschewing[c] evil';
With motions', graceful as a bird's in air';
Thou art', in sober *truth*', the veriest'... DEVIL'
That e'er[b] clenched fingers in a captive's hair'?

That', in thy veins there springs a poison fountain',
Deadlier than that which bathes the Upas-tree';
And in thy *wrath*', a nursing cat o' the mountain'
Is calm as her babe's sleep', compared with thee'?

And underneath that face', like summer's ocean's',
Its lip as moveless', and its cheek as clear',
Slumbers a *whirlwind* of the heart's emotions'—
Love', hatred', pride', hope', sorrow'—*all'* save *fear*'.

Love'—for thy *land*', as if she were[d] thy *daughter*',
Her pipes in peace', her tomahawk in wars';
Hatred'—of *missionaries* and *cold water*';
Pride'—in thy *rifle trophies*[e] and thy scars';

Hope'—that thy wrongs will be', by the Great Spirit',
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone';
Sorrow'—that none are left thee to inherit'
Thy name', thy fame', thy passions', and thy throne'.

SECTION XVI.

Psalm 90.

God eternal, and Man mortal.

LORD', thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations'. Before the mountains[f] were brought forth', or ever thou hadst

[a]Pā'trē'ārks. [b]āre. [c]Es-tshōō'ing. [d]Wēr. [e]Trō'fīz. [f]Mòûnt'ĭnz —not, mòûnt'*nz*.

formed the earth and the world', even from everlasting to everasting', thou art God'.

Thou turnest man to destruction'; and sayest', "Retûrn', ye children of men'." For a thousand[a] years in thy sight', are but as yesterday when it is past', and as a watch in the night'. Thou carriest men away as with a flood'. They are as a sleep': in the morning', they are like grass which groweth up': in the morning it flourisheth', and groweth up'; in the evening it is cut down', and withereth'. For we are consumed by thine anger', and by thy wrath are we troubled'.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee', our secret sins in the light of thy countenance'. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath': we spend our years as a tale that is told'. The days of our years are threescore years and ten'; and if', by reason of strength', they be fourscore years', yet is their strength labour and sorrow'; for it is soon cut off', and we fly away'.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger'? Even according to thy fear', so is thy wrath'. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom'.

Version of the same.—WATTS.

THROUGH every age', eternal God',
Thou art our rest', our safe abode':
High was thy throne ere[b] heaven was made',
Or earth', thy humble footstool', laid'.

Long hadst thou reigned ere[b] time began',
Or dust was fashioned into man';
And long thy kingdom shall endure',
When earth and time shall be no more'.

But man', weak man', is born to *die*',
Made up of guilt and vanity':
Thy dreadful sentence',[c] Lord', was *just*',
"Retûrn', ye sinners', to your dust'."

A thousand[a] of *our* years amount'
Scarce to a *day* in *thine* account';
Like yesterday's departed light',
Or the last watch of ending night'.

Death', like an overflowing stream',
Sweeps us away': our life 's a dream',
An empty tale', a morning flower',
Cut down and withered in an hour'.

[a] Thôû'zând—not, *thou'zn*. [b] âre. [c] Sĕn'tĕnse—not, sĕn'tunse.

Our age'..to *seventy'* years..is set':
How short the time! hôw frail the state'!
And if to *eighty* we arrive',
We rather *sigh* and *groan'*, than *live'*.

But', oh'! how oft thy wrath appears',
And cuts off our *expected* years'!
Thy wrath awakes our humble[a] dread':
We *fear* the power that strikes us dead'.

Teach us', O Lord', how frail is man';
And kindly lengthen out the span',
Till a wise care of piety'
Fit us to'..die and dwell with thee'.

SECTION XVII.

St. John, chapter 12.

Repenting Mary.

THEN', six days before the passover', Jesus came to Bethany', where Lazarus was who had been dead', and whom he had raised from the dead'. There they made him a supper'; and Martha served': but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him'.

Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard', very costly', and anointed the feet of Jesus', and wiped his feet with her hair': and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment'.

Version of the same.—MOORE.

WERE[b] not the sinful Mary's tears'
An offering worthy heaven',
When o'er the faults of former years'
She wept'...and was forgiven'?

When', bringing every balmy sweet'
Her day of Luxury stored',
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet'
The precious perfumes poured';

And wiped them with that golden hair',
Where once the diamond shone',
Though now those gems of grief were[b] there',
Which shine for God alone'?

[a]Um'bl. [b]Wêr.

Were[a] not those sweets', so humbly shed'—
That hair'—those weeping eyes'—
And the sunk heart that inly bled',
Heaven's noblest sacrifice'?

Thou that hast slept in errour's sleep',
Oh'! wouldst thou wake in heaven',
Like Mary'..kneel', like Mary'..weep',
"Love much'"...and be forgiven'.

SECTION XVIII.

There's nothing true but Heaven.—MOORE.

This world is all a fleeting show',
For man's illusion given';
The smiles of joy', the tears of wo',
Deceitful shine', deceitful flow'—
There's nothing *true*'..but Heaven'.

And false the light on glory's plume',
As fading hues of even';
And love', and hope', and beauty's bloom',
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb'—
There's nothing *bright*'..but Heaven'.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day',
From wave to wave we're driven';
And fancy's flash', and reason's ray',
Serve but to light the troubled way'—
There's nothing *calm* but Heaven'.

Secret Devotion.—IB.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent[c] to Thee,
My God, silent[c] to thee:
Pure, warm, silent[c] to Thee—
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent[c] to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God, trembling to Thee;
True, fond, trembling to Thee—
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

[a]Wêr. [b]Sâk'rĕ-flze. [c]Sl'lĕnt—not, sl'lunt.

SECTION XIX.

The Soul in Eternity.—BYRON.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay',
Ah', whither strays the immortal mind'?
It cannot die', it cannot stây',
But leaves its darkened dust behind'.
Then', unembodied', doth[a] it trace'
By steps each planet's heavenly way'?
Or fill', at once', the realms of space',
A thing of eyes that all survey'?

Eternal', boundless', undecayed',
A thought unseen', but seeing all',
All', all in earth or skies displayed'
Shall it survey', shall it recall':
Each fainter trace that memory holds'
So darkly of departed years',
In one broad glance the soul beholds',
And all that was', at once appears'.

Before creation peopled earth',
Its eyes shall roll through chaos back';
And', where the farthest heaven had birth',
The spirit trace its rising track'.
And', where the future' .. mars or makes',
Its glance dilate o'er all to be',
While sun' .. is quenched', or system'[b] .. breaks',
Fixed' ... in its own eternity'.

Above or love', hope', hate', or fear',
It lives all passionless and pure':
An age shall fleet like earthly year';
Its years as moments[c] shall endure'.
Away', away', without a wing',
O'er all', through all', its thought shall fly';
A nameless and eternal thing',
Forgetting what it was to die'.

SECTION XX.

Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on Sleep.—SHAKSPEARE.

How many thousands of my[d] poorest subjects
Are', at this hour', *asleep*'! O', gentle sleep'!
Nature's[e] soft nurse': how have I *frighted* thee',
That thou no more wilt weigh my[d] eyelids down',
And steep my[d] senses in forgetfulness'?
Why rather', sleep', liest thou in *smoky* CRIBS',
Upon *uneasy pallets* stretching thee',

[a]Dŭth. [b]Sĭs'tĕm. [c]Mō'mĕnts. [d]Mē. [e]Nā'tshŭrz.

And hushed with *buzzing night-flies* to thy slumber',
Than in the *perfumed chambers*[a] of the GREAT',
Under the *canopies* of *costly state*',
And lulled with sounds of *sweetest melody*'?

O', thou dull god'! Why liest thou with the *vile*',
In *loathsome beds*', and leav'st the *kingly couch*',
A *watch-case*', or a common '*larum-bell*'?
Wilt thou', upon the high and giddy mast',
Seal up the *ship-boy's* eyes', and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude', imperious surge',
And in the visitation of the winds
Which take the ruffian billows by the top',
Curling their monstrous heads', and hanging them
With deaf'ning[b] clamours in the slipp'ry clouds',
That', with the hurly* death *itself* awakes'—
Canst thou', O', *partial* sleep'! give thy repose
To the *wet sea-boy* in an hour *so rude*',
And', in the *calmest* and the *stillest* night',
With all *appliances* and *means* to boot',
Deny it to a KING'? Then happy', *low* lie down'!
UNEASY lies the head that wears a *crown*'.

SECTION XXI.

Apostrophe to Light.—MILTON.

HAIL! holy Light, offspring of Heaven first born,
Or of the eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence[c] increate,
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of chaos and eternal night.
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare; Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign, vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain,

*Noise. [a]Tshâme'bûrz. [b]Dĕf'fn'ing. [c]Ĕs'sĕnse—not ĕs'suns.

To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt,
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tyresias and Phineas, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me returns ...
Day, or the sweet approach of even and morn;
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

SECTION XXII.

Darkness.—Byron.

I had a dream', which was not all a drêam'.
The bright sun was extinguished', and the stars
Did wander', darkling in the eternal space',
Rayless' and pathless', and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air'.
Morn came', and went', and came', and brought no day',
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation'; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light'.
And they did live by watchfires'; and the thrones'
The palaces of crowned kings'—the huts',
The habitations of all things which dwell',
Were burned for beacons'. Cities were consumed',
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face'.

Happy were they who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch'.
A fearful hope was all the world contained';
Forests were set on fire'; and hour by hour
They fell and faded'—and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash,—and all was black'.

" The brows of men', by the despairing light',
Wore an unearthly aspect', as by fits
The flashes fell upon them'. Some lay down',
And hid their eyes', and wept'; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands', and smiled';
And others hurried to and fro', and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel', and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky',
The pall of a past world'; and then again'[a]
With curses cast them down upon the dust',
And gnashed their teeth', and howled'. The wild birds shrieked',
And', terrified', did flutter on the ground',
And flap their useless wings'; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous'; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude',
Hissing', but stingless'. They were slain for food':
And war', which', for a moment',[b] was no more',
Did glut himself again';[a]—a meal was bought
With blood'; and each sat sullenly apart',
Gorging himself in gloom'. No love was left';
All earth was but one thought'; and that was' ... death',
Immediate and inglorious'; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails'. Men
Died', and their bones were tombless as their flesh';
The meager by the meager were devoured'.
Even dogs assailed their masters'; all', save one',
And he was faithful to a corse',[c] and kept
The birds and beasts', and famished men', at bay',
Till hunger clung them', or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws'. Himself sought out no food',
But with a piteous and perpetual moan',
And a quick', desolate cry', licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress' ... he died'.

The crowd was famished by degrees'; but two
Of an enormous city did survive',
And they were enemies'. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place',
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage': they raked up',
And', shivering', scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes', and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life', and made a flame
Which was a mockery'. Then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter', and beheld
Each other's aspects'—saw', and shrieked', and died';—

[a]A-gēn'. [b]Mō'mĕnt. [c]Kôrse.

Even of their mutual hideousness they died',
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written'.. fiend'.[a] The world was void';
The populous and the powerful were a lump',
Seasonless', herbless', treeless', manless', lifeless'—
A lump of death'—a chaos of hard clay'.
The rivers', lakes', and ocean', all stood still',
And nothing stirred within their silent[b] depths'.
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea',
And their masts fell down piecemeal'; as they dropped',
They slept on the abyss without a surge'.—
The waves were dead'; the tides were in their grâve',
The moon', their mistress', had expired before';
The winds were withered in the stagnant air';
And the clouds perished'. Darkness had no need
Of aid from them'—she was the universe'.

SECTION XXIII.

Lochiel's Warning.—CAMPBELL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL', Lochiel', beware of the day'
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array'!
For a field of the *dead* rushes *red* on my sight',
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight'.
They rally', they bleed', for their kingdom and crown';
Wô', wô'.. to the riders that trample them down'!
Proud Cumberland prances', insulting the slain',
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain'.
But hark'! through the fast-flashing lightning of war',
What steed to the desert flies frantick and far'?
'Tis *thine*', oh Glenullin'! whose bride shall await',
Like a love-lighted watch-fire', all night at the gate'.
A steed comes at morning': no *rider* is there';
But its *bridle* is red with the sign of despair'.
Wêêp', Albin'! to *death* and *captivity* led'!
Oh', *wêêp*'! but thy tears cannot number the dead':
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave',
Culloden'! that reeks with the blood of the brave'.

LOCHIEL.

Go', preach to the *coward*', thou death-telling seer'!
Or', if gory Culloden *so dreadful* appear',
Draw', dotard', around thy old wavering sight',
This mantle', to cover the phantoms of fright'.

[a] Fêênd. [b] Sî'lênt—not sî'lant.

WIZARD.

Ha'! laugh'st thou', Lochiel', my vision to *scôrn*'?
Proud bird of the mountain',[a] thy plume shall be *torn*'!
Say', rushed the bold eagle', exultingly forth',
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north'?
Lo'! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding', he rode'
Companionless', bearing destruction abroad';
But down let him stoop from his havock on high'!
Ah'! *home* let him speed'... for the *spoiler* is nigh'.
Why flames the far summit'? Why shoot to the blast'
Those embers', like stars from the firmament cast'?
'Tis the fire-shower of *ruin*', all dreadfully driven'
From his eyry',[b] that beacons the darkness of heaven'.
Oh', crested Lochiel'! the peerless in might',
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height',
Heaven's fire is around thee', to blast and to burn';—
Return to thy dwelling': all lonely return'!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood',
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood'.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard', *avaunt*'! I have marshalled my clan':
Their swords are[c] a thousand'; their bosoms are[c] one':
They are[c] true to the last of their blood and their breath',
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death'.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock'!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock'!
But wo to his *kindred*', and wo to his *câûse*',
When *Albin* her claymore indignantly draws';
When her bonneted[d] chieftains to victory crowd',
Clanronald the dauntless', and Moray the proud';
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array'——

WIZARD.

—Lochiel', Lochiel', *beware* of the day'!
For', dark and despairing', my sight I may seal',
Yet *man* cannot *cover* what *God* would *reveal*':
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore',
And coming events cast their shadows before'.
I tell thee', Culloden's dread echoes shall ring'
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive *king*'.
Lo'! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath',
Behôld'... where he flies on his desolate path'!
Now' in darkness and billows', he sweeps from my sight':
Rise'! *Rise*'! ye wild tempests', and cover his flight'!—
'Tis finished'.—Their thunders are hushed on the moors';
Culloden is lost', and my country deplores';
But where is the iron-bound *prisoner*'? *Where*'?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair'.
Say', mounts he the ocean-wave', banished', forlorn',
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn'?

[a]Môûnt'în—not, môûnts. [b]â'rê. [c]âr. [d]Bon'nît-êd—not, bon'nît-êd.

Ah'! no': for a darker departure is near';
The war-drum is muffled', and black is the bier';
His death-bell is tolling'; oh'! mercy dispel'
Yon sight', that it freezes my spirits to tell'!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs',
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims'.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet',
Where his heart shall be thrown', ere[a] it ceases to beat',
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale'——

LOCHIEL.

—Dôwn', soothless insulter'! I trust not the tale':
For never shall *Albin* a destiny meet'
So black with dishonour'—so foul with retreat'.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed[b] in their gore',
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore',
Lochiel', untainted by flight or by chains',
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains',
Shall *victor* exult', or in *death* be laid low',
With his *back* to the field', and his *feet* to the foe'!
And', leaving in battle no blot on his name',
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame'.

SECTION XXIV.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.—GRAY.

The curfew tolls', the knell of parting day';
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea';
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way',
And leaves the world to darkness and to me'.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight',
And all the air a solemn stillness holds';
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight',
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds':

Save', that from yonder ivy-mantled tower',
The moping owl does to the moon complain'
Of such as', wand'ring near her secret bower',
Molest her ancient', solitary reign'.

Beneath these rugged elms'—that yew-tree's shade',
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap'
Each in his narrow cell forever laid',
The rude forefathers of the hamlet'...sleep'.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn',
The swallow', twitt'ring from the straw-built shed',
The cock's shrill clarion', or the echoing horn',
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed'.

[a]Ăre. [b]Strōde.

For them no more the blazing *hearth* shall burn',
Or busy housewife[a] ply her evening care';
Nor children[b] run to lisp their sire's return',
Or climb his knees', the envied kiss to share'.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield';
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke';
How jocund[c] did they drive their team a-field'!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke'.

Let not *ambition* mock their useful toil',
Their homely joys and destiny obscure';
Nor *grandeur* hear', with a *disdâinful* smile',
The short and simple annals of the poor'.

The boast of *heraldry*', the pomp of *power*',
And all that *beauty*', all that *wealth*'.. e'er[d] gave',
Await', alike', the inevitable hour';
The paths of *glory* lead'... but to the *grave*'.

Nor you', ye proud', impute to these the fault',
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies[e] raise',
Where', through the long-drawn aisle[f] and fretted vault',
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise'.

Can storied *urn*', or animated *bust*',
Back to its mansion call the fleeting *breath*'?
Can *honour's* voice provoke the silent *dust*',
Or *flattery* soothe the dull', cold ear of *death*'?

Perhaps'.. in this neglected spot'.. is laid'
Some heart once pregnant with *celestial fire*';
Hands'.. that the *rod* of *empire* might have swayed',
Or waked to ecstacy the living *lyre*':

But knowledge to *their* eyes her ample page',
Rich with the spoils of time', did ne'er[g] unroll';
Chill penury *repressed* their noble rage',
And froze the genial current of the soul'.

Full many a gem'.. of purest ray serene',
The dark', unfathomed caves of ocean bear';
Full many a flower'.. is born to blush unseen',
And waste its sweetness'.. on the desert air'.

Some village *Hampden*', that', with dauntless breast',
The little tyrant of his fields withstood';—
Some mute', inglorious *Milton*', here may rest';
Some *Cromwell*', guiltless of his country's blood'.

Th' applause of list'ning *senates* to command',
The threats of *pain* and *ruin* to despise',
To scatter *plenty* o'er a smiling land',
And read their hist'ry in a nation's *eyes*',

[a]Hûz'wĭf. [b]Tshĭl'drĕn—not, tshĭl'drun. [c]Jŏk'ŭnd. [d]âre. [e]Trō'fĭz. [f]Ile. [g]Nâre.

Their lot *forbade*';[a] nor circumscribed alone'
Their growing *virtues*', but their *crimes* confined';
Forbade[a] to wade through *slaughter* to a *throne*',
And shut the gates of *mercy* on mankind';

The struggling pangs of conscious *truth* to hide',
To quench the blushes of ingenuous *shame*';
Or heap the shrine of *luxury* and *pride*',
With incense kindled at the *muse's* flame'.

Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife',
Their sober wishes never learned to stray';—
Along the cool', sequestered vale of life',
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way'.

Yet even these bones', from insult to protect',
Some frail memorial still erected nigh',
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture[b] decked',
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh'.

Their *name*', their *years*', spelled by th' unlettered muse',
The place of *fame* and *elegy* supply';
And many a holy text around she strews',[c]
That teach[*] the rustick moralist to *die*'.

For who', to dumb forgetfulness a prey',
This pleasing', anxious being e'er[d] resigned';
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day',
Nor cast one longing', ling'ring look behind'?

On some *fond breast* the *parting* soul relies';
Some *pious* drops the closing *eye* requires';
Even from the *tomb* the voice of *nature*[e] cries',
Even in our *ashes* live their wonted *fires*'.

For *thee*', who', mindful of the unhonoured dead',
Dost[f] in these lines their artless tale relate',
If chance', by lonely contemplation led',
Some kindred spirit shall inquire *thy* fate';

Haply some hoary-headed *swain* may say',
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn',
Brushing with hasty step the dews away',
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn'.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beach',
That wreathes its old fantastick roots so high',
His listless length at noontide would he stretch',
And pore upon the brook that babbles by'.

[a]Fôr-bâd'. [b]Skŭlp'tshûre—not, skŭlp'tshûr. [c]Strōze. [d]âre. [e]Nā'-tshûre. [f]Dŭst.

[*]Teaches, grammatically.

Hard by yon wood', now smiling', as in scorn',
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove':
Now drooping', woful', wan', like one forlorn',
Or crazed with care', or crossed in hopeless love'.

One morn I *missed* him on th' accustomed hill',
Along the heath', and near his fav'rite[a] tree';
Another came'; nor yet beside the *rill*',
Nor up the *lawn*', nor at the *wood*' .. was he'

The *next*', with dirges due', in sad array',
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne';
Approach and read' (for *thou canst* read') the lay',
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn'."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth',
A youth to fortune',[b] and to fame *unknown*';
Fair science[c] frowned not on his humble[d] birth',
And melancholy marked him for her *own*'.

Large was his bounty', and his soul', *sincere*':
Heaven did a recompense as largely send'.
He gave to *misery* all he *had*'—a *tear*',
He gained from *heaven*' ('twas all he *wished*') a *friend*'.

No farther seek his merits to disclose',
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode';
(There they', alike', in trembling hope repose';)
The bosom of his Father and his God'.

SECTION XXV.

Stanzas.—Dr. Percival.

My heart was a mirror, that showed every treasure[e]
Of beauty and loveliness life can display;
It reflected each beautiful blossom of pleasure,[f]
But turned from the dark looks of bigots away;
It was living and moving with loveliest of creatures,
In smiles or in tears as the soft spirits chose;
Now, shining with brightest and ruddiest features,
Now, pale as the snow of the dwarf mountain rose.

But the winds and the storms broke the mirror, and severed
Full many a beautiful angel in twain;
And the tempest raged on till the fragments were shivered,
And scattered, like dust that rolls over the plain:

[a]Fā'vŭr-ĭt. [b]Fŏr'tshŭne—not, tshŭn. [c]Sī'ĕnse—not, sĭ'ănse. [d]Ŭm'bl.
[e]Trĕzh'ŭre. [f]Plĕzh'ŭre—not, plĕzh'er.

One piece which the storm in its madness neglected,
Away on the wings of the whirlwind to bear,
One fragment was left, and that fragment reflected
All the beauty that MARY threw carelessly there.

Our Eagle shall rise 'mid the whirlwinds of war,
And dart through the dun cloud of battle his eye;—
Shall spread his wide wings o'er the tempest afar,
O'er spirits of valour that conquer or die.
And ne'er[a] shall the rage of the conflict be o'er,
And ne'er[a] shall the warm blood of life cease to flow,
And still 'mid the smoke of the battle shall soar
Our Eagle—till scattered and fled be the foe:
When peace shall disarm war's dark brow of its frown,
And roses shall bloom on the soldier's rude grave,
Then honour shall weave of the laurel a crown
That beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.

[a]Nâre.

CHAPTER IV.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES

SECTION I.

Dedications.—Lord Bacon.

The dedication of books to patrons',[a] in *this* age', is not to be commended'; for such books as are worthy of the name', ought to have *no* patrons[a] but *truth* and *reason*'. The *ancient*[b] custom was', to dedicate them only to *private* and *equal friends*', or to *entitle* them with a friend's *name*'; or', if dedicated to *kings* or *great personages*', it was to *those* only to whose talents and taste the argument of the work was peculiarly suited'.

I would not be understood', however', as *condemning* the applications of the learned[c] to men of fortune', when the occasion renders it *proper* and *expedient*'. The answer of *Diogenes*[d] was *just*', who', when asked', tauntingly', "How it came to pass that *philosophers*[e] were the followers of *rich men*', and not *rich men*', of *philosophers*'," replied', soberly', and yet', sharply', "Because philosophers[e] know what they *need*'; but rich men do *not*'."

Equally pointed was the following reply of *Aristippus*'. On presenting a petition to Dionysius without being able to gain his attention', he fell down at his feet'; whereupon Dionysius was prevailed on to give him a hearing', and to grant his request'. But afterwards', some one over-sensitive for the reputation of philosophy', *reproved* Aristippus for having offered so great an *indignity* to his *profession*', as for a *philosopher* to fall at a *tyrant's feet*':—to whom Aristippus replied', "It is not *my* fault', sir', but the fault of *Dionysius*', that he has his *ears* in his *feet*'." Nor was it accounted *weakness*', but *discretion*', in him who excused himself for not *disputing* a point with *Adrianus Cesar*', by saying', "It is the dictate of *reason* to yield the argument to one who *commands thirty legions*'."

[a] Pā'trŭnz. [b] ān'shunt—not, ăn'shunt. [c] Lĕrn'ĕd. [d] Dī-ŏj'ĕ-nēze. [e] Fĕ-lŏs'ŏ'fŭrz.

These and the like instances of yielding to the force of *circumstances*', and of stooping to points of *necessity* and *convenience*[a], are to be accounted submissions', not to the *person*', but to the *occasion*'.

SECTION II.

Reflections on Westminster Abbey.—Addison.

When I am in a serious humour', I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey'; where the gloominess of the place', and the use to which it is applied', together with the solemnity of the building', and the condition of the people who lie in it', are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy', or', rather', thoughtfulness', that is not disagreeable'. Yesterday I passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard', the cloisters', and the church', amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions which I met with in those several regions of the dead'. Most of them record nothing else of the buried person', but that he was born on one day', and died on another'; two circumstances that are common to all mankind'. I could not but look upon those registers of existence',[a] whether of brass or marble', as a kind of satire upon the departed persons', who had left no other memorial of themselves', than', that they were born', and that they died'.

Upon my going into the church', I entertained myself with the digging of a grave', and saw', in every shovelful of it that was thrown up', the fragment of a bone or skull', intermixed with a kind of fresh', mouldering earth', which', some time or other', had held a place in the composition of a human body'. Upon this', I began to consider with myself', what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement[b] of that ancient[c] cathedral'; how men and women', friends' and enemies', priests' and soldiers', monks' and prebendaries', were crumbled among one another', and blended together in the same common mass';—how beauty', strength', and youth', with old age', weakness', and deformity', lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter'!

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality', as it were',[d] in the lump', I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments',[e]

[a] Eg-zist'ĕnse—not, unse. [b] Pāve'mĕnt. [c] ăne'tshĕnt—not, ān'tshunt.
[d] Wēr. [e] Mŏn'ū-mĕnts—not, munts.

which are raised in every quarter of that ancient[a] fabrick'. Some of them are covered with such extravagant epitaphs', that', if it were[b] possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them', he would blush at the praise which his friends have bestowed upon him'. There are others so excessively modest', that they deliver the character of the departed person in Greek or Hebrew', and', by that means', are not understood once in a twelvemonth'. In the poetical quarter', I found there were[b] poets who had no monuments',[c] and monuments[c] that had no poets'. I observed', indeed', that the present war had filled the church with many of those uninhabited monuments',[c] which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were,[b] perhaps', buried in the plains of Blenheim', or in the bosom of the ocean'.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs', which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought', and which', therefore', do honour to the living as well as to the dead'. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation', from the turn of its publick monuments[c] and inscriptions', these should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius', before they are put into execution'. Sir Cloudsly Shovel's monument[c] has very often given me great displeasure'. Instead of the brave', rough', English admiral', which was the distinguishing characteristick of that plain', gallant man', he is represented', on his tomb', by the figure of a beau', dressed in a long periwig', and reposing himself upon velvet cushions', under a canopy of state'. The inscription is answerable to the monument';[c] for', instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions which he had performed in the service of his country', it acquaints us only with the manner of his death', in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour'. The Dutch', whom we are apt to despise for want of genius', show an infinitely better taste in their buildings and works of this nature',[d] than we meet with in those of our own country'. The monuments[c] of their admirals', which have been erected at the publick expense', represent them like themselves', and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments',[e] with beautiful festoons of seaweed', shells', and coral'.

I know that entertainments[f] of this nature[d] are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations'; but', for my own part', though I am always serious',

[a]ane'tshent—not, an'tshunt. [b]Wer. [c]Mon'u-ments—not, munts. [d]Na'-tshure. [e]Or'na'ments—not, munts. [f]En-ter-tane'ments.

I do not know what it is to be melancholy', and can', therefore',[a] take a view of nature[b] in her deep and solemn scenes', with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones'. By this means', I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terrour'. When I look upon the tombs of the great', every emotion of envy dies within me'; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful', every inordinate desire goes out'; when I meet with the grief of parents[c] upon a tombstone', my heart melts with compassion'; when I see the tomb of the parents[d] themselves', I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow'. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them';—when I consider rival wits placed side by side', or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes'; I reflect', with sorrow and astonishment', on the little competitions', factions', and debates of mankind'. When I read the several dates of the tombs', of some that died yesterday', and some six hundred years ago', I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries', and make our appearance together'.

SECTION III.

Reflections on Westminster Abbey—Extract.—Irving.

I sat', for some time', lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of musick is apt', at times', to inspire'. The shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me'; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom'; and the distant clock again[d] gave token of the slowly waning day'.

I rose', and prepared to leave the abbey'. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building', my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor'; and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it', to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs'. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform'; and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens'. From this eminence', the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies[e] to the chapels and chambers below', crowded with tombs', where warriours', prelates', courtiers', and statesmen',[f] lie mouldering in "their beds of darkness'." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation', rudely carved of oak', in the bar-

[a]thĕr'fōre. [b]Nā'tshūre. [c]Pā'rĕnts—not, pār'ənts. [d]A-gĕn'. [e]Trō'fīz. [f]Stāts'mĕn.

barous taste of a remote and gothick age'. The scene seemed almost as if contrived', with theatrical artifice', to produce an effect upon the beholder'. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power'; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre'.[a] Would not one think', that these incongruous mementoes had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness'?—to show it', even in the moment[b] of its proudest exaltation', the neglect and dishonour to which it must soon arrive'?—how soon that crown which encircles its brow', must pass away'; and how soon it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb', and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude'? For', strange to tell', even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary'. There is a shocking levity in some natures', which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things'; and there are base minds', which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead', the abject homage[c] and grovelling[d] servility which they pay to the living'. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open', and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments';[e] the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth', and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless'. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage[e] of mankind'. Some are plundered'; some', mutilated'; some', covered with ribaldry and insult';—all', more or less', outraged and dishonoured'!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me': the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight'. The chapels and aisles[f] grew darker and darker'. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows'; the marble figures[g] of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light'; the evening breeze crept through the aisles[f] like the cold breath of the grave'; and even the distant foot-fall of a verger', traversing the Poet's Corner', had something strange and dreary in its sound'. I slowly retraced my morning's walk', and', as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters', the door', closing with a jarring noise behind me', filled the whole building with echoes'.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating', but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion'. Names', inscriptions', trophies',[h] had all become confounded in my recollection', though

[a]Sĕp'ûl'kûr. [b]Mō'mĕnt. [c]Hŏm'âje. [d]Grŏv'v'l'lĭng. [e]Or'nă'mĕnts—not, munts. [f]Ĭlze. [g]Fĭg'ûrze. [h]Trō'flz.

I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold'. What', thought I', is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation'; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown', and the certainty of oblivion'? It is', indeed', the empire of death'; his great shadowy palace', where he sits in state', mocking at the relicks of human glory', and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes'. How idle a boast', after all', is the immortality of a name'! Time is ever silently turning over his pages'; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present', to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past'; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten'. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection'; and will', in turn', be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow'. "Our fathers'," says Sir Thomas Brown', "find their graves in our short memories', and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors'." History fades into fable'; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy'; the inscription moulders from the tablet'; the statue falls from the pedestal'.[a] Columns', arches', pyramids', what are they but heaps of sand'—and their epitaphs', but characters written in the dust'? What is the security of the tomb', or the perpetuity of an embalmment'? The remains of Alexander the Great', have been scattered to the wind', and his empty sarcophagus[b] is now the mere curiosity of a museum'.[c] "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared', avarice now consumeth'; Mizraim cures wounds', and Pharaoh is sold for balsams'."

What', then', is to insure this pile which now towers above me', from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums'?[d] The time must come when its gilded vaults', which now spring so loftily', shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet'; when', instead of the sound of melody and praise', the wind shall whistle through the broken arches', and the owl hoot from the shattered tower'—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death'; and the ivy twine round the fallen column'; and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn', as if in mockery of the dead'. Thus man passes away'; his name perishes from record and recollection'; his history is as "a tale that is told';" and his very monument becomes a ruin'.

[a]Pĕd'ĕs'tăl. [b]Sär-kŏf'fă-gŭs. [c]Mū-zē'ŭm. [d]Mâw-sō-lē'ŭmz.

SECTION IV.

On Subscribing for Books.

[Extract from Flint's Review of Dr. Emmons' Fredoniad.]

We are sensible', that *many* will think we have meddled with a theme which is wholly *below* the dignity of criticism'. *We* do not think so'. We would not', without *object*', wound[a] the feelings of *Mr. Emmons*', nor of *any* man'; and it is *painful* to us to say what our notion of *duty compels* us to say of this work'. We should not have named the work', had it not suggested to us thoughts that we deem equally true and important',[b] and remarks which we deem to be the appropriate award of legitimate criticism'.

We know not how *large* an edition of this work was printed'; but there are *four volumes* of it', and the expense must have been very considerable'. Just so much patronage will be withdrawn from some work of *real merit*'. *We* hear', and *authors* hear', and *editors* hear', and *projectors* of *new works* hear', and *every literary man* hears this grating and discordant theme': "*Indeed*', sir', I cannot subscribe to your work'. I am tormented', by day and by night', at home and abroad', in the house and by the way', in church and on 'change', at funerals and at theatres', by *subscription-papers*'. Here have I been applied to this day for my name for *three* new *periodicals*', and *four* new *books*'. I am taxed beyond all *enduring*'. Subscription rogues'! I had rather encounter a *highwayman* with his *pistols*', than one of *these* fellows with his *paper*'." We appeal to you', my dear book-maker', if you have not heard all this in substance a hundred times'. You need not tell us', that it goes straight to your *commune sensorium* (common seat of feeling) and the medullary marrow', with the causticity of vitriol'. What is the *inference*'? "I must treat you all alike', or subscribe', as I am in the good or the bad fit';"—and probably poet *Emmons* obtains your name', and a man of *genius* and *talents* goes away mortified and rejected'.

Because ten thousand *drivellers* and *fools* are deserting the plough and the work-bench', and merging good *tinkers* in bad poets', and editors', and book-makers', shall the world go back to the ages of *barbarism*'? Shall the press be *suspended*'? Will you treat all the thousand prowlers', who are dispersed over the country with subscription-papers', like a judgment of

[a]Wŏŏnd. [b]Im-pôr'tânt—not, tunt

locusts', *alike*'? *We* say'.. *not*'. We say', that literature[a] is *necessary* to *every* country that is not peopled with savages', or slaves'. We say', that *every* man owes something', in the form of support', to *literature*',[a] as strictly as he does to liberty', education', or religion'. You can no more disengage yourself from *this* obligation', than from that of bestowing *charity*'. Your judging and discriminating faculties were given you', to enable you to *select* from the hundred applications for your name in this way', those works which you *ought* to encourage'. You ought to make it a matter of *deliberation* and *conscience* to decide *to*[b] whom you ought to *give*', and *from* whom *withhold*', your countenance and patronage'. If you have been caught purchasing forty thousand verses of *trash*', shall you *crush* the spirit of modest and ingenuous *talent* by *neglect*'? If your lady has been taken in with *pit-coal indigo*', is it good reason', that she should', therefore',[c] forever after refuse to purchase the *real die*'?

We hold the common objection', "I am tormented to death with subscriptions'," to amount', in substance',[d] to this admission': "I have a *poor head*', and', withal', am a good deal of a *Goth*', and care very little about literature',[a] or any thing that causes man to differ from the brute'. I know of no difference between poet *Emmons*', and *Bryant*', or even *Milton*'. I am told that there are *geese* and *swans*'; but', being of the *former* breed myself', I take *all fowls* to belong to *my* class', and *all works* that ask subscription', to be on the *same footing*'."

This is not the language of a patriot',[e] a scholar', or a gentleman'. A thousand ask *patronage*', and a thousand ask *charity*'; and there are *deserving* and *un*deserving objects in each class'. It is a duty', that you should exercise your *best judgment* in making the proper *discrimination*'.

There is that in the preface of the Fredoniad', which', at the *first* look', disarms criticism', and inspires pity'. But a weak', undistinguishing pity', founded on animal tenderness and good nature', is neither a *rational*[f] nor a *benevolent* sentiment'. *True* benevolence is *wise* in its views'. This gentleman says', he was *cautioned* against *writing* these verses', and found *no* encouragement except from *one* man'. Why did he not *heed* the caution'? Instead of furnishing the community with an argument[g] against yielding its aid to literary efforts', he might have administered pills', or cut down trees', or made chimneys', and in a thousand ways have been usefully', and cheerfully', and

[a]Lĭt'ĕr'ā-tūre. [b]T'ōō—not, tō. [c]THĔR'fōre. [d]SŪB'stănse—not, stunse. [e]Pā'trē'ŭt. [f]RĂsh'ŭn'ăl. [g]Ar'gū'mĕnt.

gainfully', and honourably employed'. If men *will* mistake their powers', and interpret a six years' morbid excitement of a weak brain', for the visitings of the *muse*', and', in consequence', go on to blot and spoil such an immense amount of clean paper with the expensive characters of the press', who can help it'? They may', perhaps', deserve *pity*'; but *duty* requires', that their example be held up as a *warning* to others'.

SECTION V

On Natural and Fantastical Pleasures.—GUARDIAN.

IT is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into Natural and Fantastical. Natural Pleasures I call those which, not depending on the fashion and caprice[a] of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended, by Providence, as rewards for using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they are given us. Fantastical Pleasures are those which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste, accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effects of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, confined my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But, as *my* experience[b] can be a rule only to my *own* actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures, by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature,[c] who best understands our frames, and, consequently, best knows what those pleasures are which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment[d] of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our *natural* desires are cheap, and easy to be obtained; it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, "that nothing is made in vain," much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence,[e] as well as the wisdom, of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy: and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having

[a]Kâ-prê'se'. [b]Eks-pê'rê-ênse—not, unse. [c]Ná'tshûre. [d]En-jôé'mênt. [e]Bé-nêv'ô'lênse—not, lunse.

iswered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting concert with the Supreme Governour of the Universe.

Under *natural* pleasures, I comprehend those which are uni-ersally suited, as well to the rational, as the sensual, part of ir nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, ıose only are to be deemed *natural*, that are contained within ıe rules of *reason*, which is allowed to be as necessary an in-redient of human nature, as sense. And, indeed, excesses of ny kind, are hardly to be considered *pleasures*, much less *atural* pleasures.

It is evident that a desire terminated in *money*, is fantastical. So is the desire of *outward distinctions*, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and, also, the desire of things merely because they are *new* or *foreign*. Men who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher faculties, are driven to such pursuits as these, from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites' being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that, disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves *imaginary* goods, in which there is nothing that can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus, men become the contrivers of their own *misery*, as a punishment to themselves, for departing from the measures of *nature*. Having, by a habitual reflection on these truths, made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a *peculiar* light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world, were, by nature, formed to delight our senses; and, as it is this *only* that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesses those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence, it is usual with me to consider myself as having a *natural property* in every object that administers *pleasure*[a] to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure[a] of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to the fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles, I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England,

[a] Plĕzh'ûre.

which, in the eye of the *law*, belong to certain of my acquaintances, who, being men of business, choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the *domesticks*; but, in my own thoughts and natural judgment,[a] I am *master* of the *house*, and he who goes by that name, is my *steward*, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim, namely: 'That *he* is the *true* possessor of a thing, who *enjoys* it, and not he that *owns* it *without* the enjoyment of it;' and to *convince* myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements[b] designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them, gaily attired, only to please *me*, I find that I have a *real*, they only an *imaginary*, pleasure,[c] from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes which I see at a play or a birthnight, as they give more natural delight to the *spectator*, than to *those* that *wear* them. And I look on the beaus and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or a library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire, is the *use* of things, let who will have the *keeping* of them; by which maxim I am grown one of the *richest* men in Great Britain; with this difference—that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my *private economy*. As I cannot go to the price of history painting, I have purchased, at easy rates, several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste, than unknown faces of Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters. My couches, beds, and window-curtains, are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours; which are not the less pleasing because they are *domestick*, and cheaper than *foreign* toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who would rather *be happy*, than be *thought rich*.

[a] Jŭdj'mĕnt—not, munt. [b] Amūze'mĕnts. [c] Plĕzh'ūre.

Every day, numberless innocent[a] and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of *trifles:* one, that he may be called by a particular[b] *appellation;* another, that he may wear a particular[b] *ornament*, which I regard as a piece of *riband*, that has an agreeable effect on my *sight*, but is so far from supplying the place of *merit*, where merit is not, that it serves only to make the *want* of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul. About noon, I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds both morning and evening. When I am lost among the green trees, I do not envy a *great* man, with a *great crowd* at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkling in their azure[c] ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the *real enjoyments* of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this, the highest state of life is insipid; and with it, the lowest is a paradise.

SECTION VI.

Thoughts on Death.—Lord Bacon.

I have often thought upon *death*; and I find it the *least* of all evils. All that is *past*, is as a *dream*; and he that hopes or depends upon *time* to *come*, dreams *awake*. As much of our life as we have already *discovered*, is already *dead*. All those hours which we enjoy, even from the breasts of our mother until we return to our grandmother the earth, are our *dying* days; for we *die daily*: and as *others* have given place to *us*, so must *we*, in the *end*, give way to *others*.

I know many *wise* men who *fear* to die; for the *change* is

[a] In'nō'sĕnt—not, sunt. [b] Pär-tĭk'ū'lŭr—not, pär-tĭk'*ul*-ŭr. [c] ā'zhŭre.

bitter', and flesh is loth[a] to *prove* it': besides', the *expectation* of it brings *terrour*'; and *that* exceeds the *evil*'. I do not believe that *any* man fears to be *dead*'. He fears only the *stroke* of death'. I cherish the hope', that if Heaven be pleased to renew my lease but for *twenty-one years more*', I shall *then*', without asking longer life', be strong enough to acknowledge', without *mourning*', that I was born a *mortal*'.

Why should man be in love with his *fetters*', though of *gold*'? Art thou drowned in *security*'? Then thou art *perfectly dead*'; for though thou *movest*', yet thy *soul* is *buried* within thee', and thy good angel either *forsakes* his *guard*', or *sleeps*'. There is nothing under the heaven', save a *true friend*', unto which my heart *leans*'. *Religious freedom* hath begotten me *this peace*', that I *mourn not* for that end which *must* be'; nor do I spend one wish to have *one minute*[b] added to the uncertain date of my years'.

Were we to observe even the *heathen* maxim', "*memento mori*'," ("remember death',") we should not become benighted with this *seeming*', *earthly felicity*'; but enjoy it as those prepared to *give it up* at the bidding of the great Donor', and not entwine our thoughts and affections around so *perishing* a fortune'.[c] How can any one but the *votary* of *pleasure*', be unready to quit the veil and false visage of his mortal perfection'? The soul', when she has shaken off her flesh', will set up', or', rather', be set up', for *herself*'. The souls of *idiots* are doubtless composed of the same materials as those of *statesmen*'.[d] Now and then nature is at *fault*', being *thwarted* in her operations'; and this goodly guest of ours takes lodgment[e] in an *imperfect body*', and is thus prevented from displaying her *wonders*': like an *excellent musician*', who cannot perform well on a *defective instrument*'.

But see how I am swerved', and thrown out of my course', by touching upon the *soul*', which', of all things', has the *least* to do with *death*'. *His* style is the end of all flesh', and the opening to incorruption'. This ruler of monuments[f] leads his victims', for the most part', out of this world with their heels *forward*', thereby giving token that his course is contrary to life'.

Men enter headlong upon the wretched theatre of life', where their first act opens in the language of mourning'. I cannot more fitly compare man to any thing than to the Indian *fig-tree*', which', having attained its full height',[g] is said to decline

[a] Lŏth. [b] Mĭn'ĭt. [c] Fôr'tshûne. [d] Stâtes'mĕn. [e] Lŏdj'mĕnt. [f] Mŏn'ŭ-mĕnts—not, munts. [g] Hīte.

its branches down to the earth'; and there', by a new conception', they form new roots', and send up a fresh stock'. So', *man'*, having sprung originally from the earth', passes his temporal life like a *plant'*, sustaining himself and growing vigorous by nourishment drawn from the earth', until made ripe for death', he tends *downwards'*, and is sown again in his mother earth', where he perishes not', but expects a quickening'. Thus we see', that death deprives us not of *existence'*,[a] but merely subjects us to a *change'*.

Death finds not a worse friend than an *alderman'*, to whose door I never knew him *welcome'*. But he is an *importunate* guest', and will not be said *nây'*. Even though the master of the house *himself* should affirm that he is *not within'*, yet his answer will *not* be *taken'*. What *heightens* his fear is', he knows he is in danger of forfeiting his *flesh'*, not being prepared for the *payment* day': and the sickly uncertainty with which he is to step out of the world', quite unfurnished for his general account', makes him desire to retain his gravity and place', and prepare his soul to answer in scarlet'.

I gather', that death is disagreeable to *most* men', because they die *intestate'*: for there is a prevailing superstition among them', that', when their *will* is made', they are *nearer* the *grave* than *before'*. Now they think to *scare destiny'*, from which there is *no* appeal', by *not* making a *will'*; and endeavour to *lengthen life'*, by a protestation of their *unwillingness* to *die'*. They who are *well-seated* in this world', whose fortune looks *towards* them with a *smile'*, are willing to *anchor* at its *side'*, and desire to put the evil day *far off'*, and to *postpone* the ungrateful time of their exit'. *Nô'*; these are not the men who have *bespoken* death'. By their *looks'*, they appear not to entertain a *thought* of him'.

Death arrives graciously only to such as sit in *darkness'*, or lie heavily burdened with *grief* and *irons'*:—To the poor *Christian'*, that sits bound in the *galley'*; to despairing *widows'*, pensive *prisoners'*, and deposed *kings'*:—to them whose fortune[a] runs *back'*, and whose spirit *mutinies'*. To *such'*, *death* is a *redeemer'*, and the *grave* a place of *desired rest'*. These wait upon the *shore'*, and beckon death to *draw near'*, wishing', above *all* things', to see his *star'*, and be led to his *place'*: wooing the remorseless sisters', to draw out the thread of their life', and break it off *before* their *hour'*.

But death is a *doleful* messenger to a *usurer'*, and fate untimely cuts his thread'. Death is never *mentioned* by him', except

[a]Eg-zist'ênse—not, unse. [a]Fôr'tshûne—not, fôr'tshûn.

when rumours of war and civil tumult remind him of his grim approach'. When many hands are armed', and the peace of the city is in disorder', and the foot of the common soldier sounds an alarm on his stairs', *then'*, perhaps', broken in thoughts of his moneys abroad', and cursing the monuments of coin in his house', he is willing to think of *death'*: and', *hasty* of *perdition'*, will doubtless *hang* himself', lest his *throat* be *cut'*; provided he may do it in his *counting-room'*, surrounded with his *wealth'*, towards which his eye sends a languishing salute', even at the *turning off'*; reserving', always', that he have time and liberty in *writing* to depute himself as his *own heir'*: for this is a great *peace* to his end', and *wonderfully reconciles* him upon the point'.

For *my* part', I think that nature[a] would do me great *wrông'*, were[b] I to be as long in *dying* as I was in being *born'*; but that is', doubtless', not a point for *me* to settle'. In truth', no man knows the lists of his own patience', nor can any one divine how able he will be to endure suffering', till the storm *comes'*, *this* virtue being tested only in *action'*. But out of a respect for doing the most *important* business *well'*, I would always keep a *guard'*, and stand upon having *faith* and a *good conscience'*.[c] If *wishes* could find place', I would die *all together'*, and not my *mind often'*, and my *body* but *once'*; that is', I would *prepare* for the messenger of death', for sickness and affliction', and not be compelled to *wait lông'*, or be tempted by the *violence* of *pâin'*. Herein I do not profess to be a *stoick'*, and hold grief no *evil'*, but an *opinion'*, and a thing *indifferent'*. With Cæsar', I grant that the *quickest* passage is the *easiest'*.

There is nothing which more readily *reconciles* us to death', than a *quiet conscience'*,[c] and the belief that we shall be well spoken of by virtuous survivors', and enter upon a rich harvest of immortality'. But what is more *insupportable'*, than *evil* fame *deserved'*; or who can see *worse* days than he who', *living'*, is compelled to follow at the *funeral* of his *reputation'*? I have laid up many hopes that I shall be *privileged* from *that* kind of mourning'; and I wish the same privilege to extend to *all* with whom I wage *love'*.

Death is our *friend'*; and he that is not prepared to *entertain him'*, is not at *hôme'*. Though *ready* for him', I do not wish to *forestall* his coming'. I wish nothing but what may *better* my days': nor do I desire any *greater place* than the *front* of *good opinion'*. Therefore',[d] I make not love to the *continuance* of

[a]Nâ'tshûre—not, nă'tshûr. [b]Wêr. [c]Kôn'shênse—not, shunse. [d]THêr'fôre.

days'; but to the *goodness* of them'. Nor do I wish to *die*', but refer myself to my *hour* which the great *Dispenser* of all things has *appointed* me': yet', as I am *frail*', and have *suffered* for my *first* fault', were[a] it given me to *choose*', I should not be anxious to see the *evening* of my days', *that* extremity being a *disease* of *itself*', a return to mere *infancy*'.[b] Hence', if *perpetuity* of life were[a] offered me', I should concur with the *Greek poet*', who said', that' "*Such* an age would be a *mortal evil*'."

Men *fear* death', as children fear to go in the *dark*'; and as that *natural* fear in children is increased by *tales*', so is the *other*'. Certainly', the *contemplation* of death', as the *wages* of *sin*', and the *passage* to *another world*', is *holy* and *religious*'; but the *fear* of it', as a tribute due to nature', is *weak*'. In *religious* meditations', there is sometimes a mixture of *vanity* and *superstition*'. In some of the friars' books on mortification', you are directed to reflect upon the pain you would experience', if only one of your *fingers' ends* were pressed or tortured', and thus imagine what the *pains* of *death* are when the *whole body* is corrupted and dissolved'; and yet', death often passes with *less* pain than is felt in the torture[c] of a *limb*'; for the most *vital* parts are not always the most *sensitive*'. By him who spoke only as a *philosopher* and a *natural* man', it was well said', "*Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*'," ("The *pageantry* of death terrifies more than death *itself*'.")

It is worthy of remark', that there is *no* passion in the mind of man so *weak*', but it masters the fear of death'. Revenge'.. *triumphs over* death'; love'.. *slights* it'; honour'.. *aspires* to it'; nay', we read that on the death of Otho the emperour', who slew himself', pity', the tenderest of all passions', incited many to die out of mere *compassion* for their sovereign'. It is no less worthy of our attention', to observe how little alteration is made upon *good* spirits by the approaches of death'; for they seem to be the *same* to the *last moment*'. Augustus Cæsar died in a *compliment*': "Livia', remember our *marriage*', and *live*':... farewell';" Tiberius', according to Tacitus', died in dissimulation': "Now his *strength* and *body*', not his *dissimulation*', deserted him';" Vespasian', in a jest':—Galba', with a magnanimous *sentiment*': "*Feri*', *si ex re sit populi Romani*';" ("*Strike*', if it be for the good of the Roman people';") Septimus Severus', in *despatch*': "*Adeste*', *si quid mihi restat agendum*';" ("*Hasten*', if any thing remains to be done for me',") and the like'.

It is as *natural* to *die*', as it is to be *born*'; and to an infant',

[a] Wêr. [b] In'fân'sĕ—not, în'fun'sĕ. [c] Tôr'tshûre—not, tôr'tshûr.

perhaps the *one* is as painful as the *other*'. He that dies in an earnest *pursuit*', is like one that is wounded in *hot blood*', who', for the time', scarcely feels the hurt'. Therefore a mind bent upon that which is *good*', thereby averts the *terrours* of death'. Death opens the gate to *good fame*', and extinguishes *envy*'.

Thus spoke the *Christian philosopher*'; but', on *this* theme', *no philosopher* ever poured forth such a sublime strain of triumphant rapture', as that uttered by the great *apostle* of the *Gentiles*': "I am now ready to be *offered*'; and the time of my departure is *at hand*'. I have *fought* a *good* fight'; I have *finished* my *course*'; I have *kept* the FAITH'. Henceforth there is laid up for me a *crown* of *righteousness*', which the Lord', the righteous Judge', will give me at that day': and not to *me* only', but', also', unto *all* them that *love* his *appearing*'."

SECTION VII.

Ugly Women.—NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ancient inhabitants of Amathus, in the island of Cyprus, were the most celebrated statuaries in the world, which profession they almost exclusively supplied with gods and goddesses. Every one who had a mind to be in vogue, ordered his deity from these fashionable artists: even Jupiter himself was hardly considered orthodox and worship-worthy, unless emanating from the established Pantheon of the Cypriots; and, as to Juno, Venus, Minerva, and Diana, it was admitted that they had a peculiar knack in their manufacture; and, it needs hardly be added, they drove a thriving trade in these popular goddesses.

But this monopoly proved more favourable to the fortunes than to the happiness of the parties. By constantly straining above humanity, and aspiring to the representation of celestial beauty; —by fostering the enthusiasm of their imaginations in the pursuit of the *beau ideal*,* they acquired a distaste, or, at least, an indifference,[a] for mortal attractions, and turned up their noses at their fair country-women, for not being Junoes or Minervas. Not one of them equalled the model which had been conjured

[a] In-dĭf'fûr'ĕnse—not, *unse*.

* Imaginary excellence.

up in their imaginations, and not one of them, consequently, would they deign to notice. At the public games, the women were all huddled together, whispering and looking glum, while the men congregated as far from them as possible, discussing the *beau ideal*. Had they been prosing upon politicks, you might have presumed it an English or an American party. Dancing was extinct, unless the ladies chose to lead out one another; the priests waxed lank and wo-begone for want of the marriage offerings. Hymen's altar was covered with as many cobwebs as a poor's box: successive moons rose and set without a single honey-moon, and the whole island threatened to become an anti-nuptial colony of old bachelors and old maids.

In this emergency, Pygmalion, the most eminent statuary of the place, falling in love with one of his own works, a figure of Diana, which happened to possess[a] the *beau ideal* in perfection, implored Venus to animate the marble; and she, as is well known to every person conversant with authentick history, immediately granted his request. So far as this couple were concerned, one would have imagined that the evil was remedied; but, alas! the remedy was worse than the disease. The model of excellence was now among them, alive and breathing; the men were perfectly mad, beleaguering the house from morn to night to get a peep at her; all other women were treated with positive insult; and, of course, the whole female population was possessed by the furies. Marmorea (such was the name of the animated statue) was no Diana in the flesh, whatever she might have been in the marble; for, if the scandalous chronicles of those days may be believed, she had more than one favoured lover. Certain it is, that she was the cause of constant feuds and battles, in which many lives were lost, and Pygmalion himself was at last found murdered in the neighbourhood of his own house. The whole island was now on the point of civil war, on account of the philanthropical Helen, when one of her disappointed wooers, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed her to the heart, and immediately after threw himself from a high rock into the sea.

Such is the tragedy which would probably be enacting, at the present[b] moment,[c] in every country of the world, but for the fortunate circumstance, that we have no longer any fixed standard of beauty, real or imaginary, and, by a necessary and happy consequence, no determinate rule of ugliness. In fact, there are no such animals as ugly women, though we still continue to talk of them as we do of harpies, gorgons, and chimeras. There is no deformity that does not find admirers, and no

[a] Pŏz-zĕs'. [b] Prĕz'ĕnt—not, unt. [c] Mŏ'mĕnt—not, mō'munt.

loveliness that is not deemed defective. Anamaboo, the African prince, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hand on his heart, and exclaiming, "Ah! madam, if heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible." And the same beauty, when travelling among the Swiss Cretins, heard several of the men ejaculating, "How handsome she is! what a pity that she wants a *Goitre*."*

Plain women were formerly so common, that they were termed *ordinary* to signify the frequency of their occurrence: in these happier days the phrase *extra*ordinary[a] would be more applicable. However parsimonious, or even cruel, nature may have been in other respects, they all cling to admiration by some solitary tenure that redeems them from the unqualified imputation of unattractiveness. One has an eye that, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; another is a female Sampson, whose strength consists in her hair; a third holds your affections by her teeth; a fourth is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot; a fifth makes an irresistible appeal from her face to her figure,[b] and so on to the end of the catalogue. An expressive countenance may always be claimed in the absence of any definite charm; and, if even this be questionable, the party generally contrives to get a reputation for great cleverness; and, if that be too inhumanly disputed, envy itself must allow that she is "excessively amiable."

Still, it must be acknowledged, that however men may differ as to details, they agree as to results, and crowd about an acknowledged beauty, influenced by some secret attraction of which they are themselves unconscious, and of which the source has never been duly explained. It would seem impossible that it should originate in any sexual sympathies, since we feel the impulsion without carrying ourselves, even in idea, beyond the pleasure of gazing, and are even sensibly affected by the sight of beautiful children: yet it cannot be an abstract admiration, for it is incontestable that neither men nor women are so vehemently[c] impressed by the contemplation of beauty in their own, as in the opposite, sex.

This injustice towards[d] our own half of humanity, might be assigned to a latent envy, but that the same remark applies to the pleasure we derive from statues, of the proportions of which we could hardly be jealous. Ugly statues may be left to their fate without any compunctious visitings of nature;[e] but our

[a]Eks-trôr'dĕ'nâ-re. [b]Flg'ûre—not, flg'ûr. [c]Vĕ'hĕ'mĕnt-lĕ. [d]Tô'ûrdz. [e]Nâ'tshûre.

* *Goitre*—gwatr, a large swelling upon the throat, like a wen.

conduct towards women, whom we conceive to be in a similar predicament,* is by no means entitled to the same indulgence. We shuffle away from them at parties, and sneak to the other end of the dinner-table, as if their features were catching; and as to their falling in love, and possessing the common feelings of their sex, we laugh at the very idea. And yet these Parias of the drawing-room, generally atone, by interiour talent, for what they want in exteriour charms; as if the Medusa's head were still destined to be carried by Minerva.

Nature seldom lavishes her gifts upon one subject: the peacock has no voice; the beautiful Camellia Japonica has no odour; and belles, generally speaking, have no great share of intellect. Some visionaries amuse themselves by imagining that the complacency occasioned by the possession of physical charms, conduces to moral perfection.

SECTION VIII.

Ugly Women.—Continued.

WHAT a blessing for these unhandsome damsels, whom we treat still more unhandsomely by our fastidious neglect, that some of us are less squeamish in our tastes and more impartial in our attentions. Solomon proves the antiquity of the adage—"*De gustibus nil disputandum,*" ("The taste is not to be disputed,") for he compares the hair of his beloved, to a flock of goats appearing from Mount Gilead; and in a strain of enamoured flattery, exclaims: "Thy eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose like the tower of Lebanon, looking towards Damascus."

Now I deem it as becoming to see a woman standing behind a good, roomy nose, as to contemplate a fair temple with a majestick portico; but it may be questioned whether a nose like the tower of Lebanon, is not somewhat too elephantine, and bordering on the proboscis. The *nez retroussé** (*na re-troo'-sa*) is smart and piquant; the button-nose, like all other diminutives, is endearing; and even the snub absolutely has its admirers. Cupid can get over it, though it have no bridge; and he jumps through a wall-eye like a harlequin. As to the latter feature, my taste may be singular, perhaps bad, but I confess that I have a *penchant*† for that captivating cast, sometimes in.

*Prĕ-dĭk'ă'mĕnt—not, munt.

* *Un nez retroussé'*—ŭn nă rĕ-trōō'să, a nose that turns up. † Liking.

vidiously termed a *squint*. Its advantages are neither few nor unimportant. Like a bowl, its very bias makes it sure of hitting the jack, while it seems to be running out of the course; and it has, moreover, the invaluable property of doing execution without exciting suspicion, like the Irish guns with crooked barrels, made for shooting round a corner.

Common observers admire the sun in his common state, but philosophers find it a thousand times more interesting[a] when suffering a partial eclipse; while the lovers of the picturesque, are more smitten with its rising and setting, than with its meridian splendour. Such men must be enchanted with a strabismus or squint, where they may behold the ball of sight, gracefully emerging from the nasal east, or setting in its occidental depths, presenting every variety of obscuration. With regard to teeth, also, a very erroneous taste prevails. Nothing can be more stiff and barrack-like, than that uniformity of shape and hue which is so highly vaunted,[b] for the merest tyro in landscape will tell us, that castellated and jagged outlines, with a pleasing variety of tints, are infinitely more pictorial and pleasing.

Patches of bile in the face are by no means to be deprecated. They impart to it a rich mellow tone of autumnal colouring which we should in vain seek in less gifted complexions; and I am most happy to vindicate the claims of a moderate beard[c] upon the upper lip, which is as necessary to the perfect beauty of the mouth, as are the thorns and moss to a rose, or the leaves to a cherry. If there are any old maids still extant, while mysogonists are so rare, the fault must be attributable to themselves, and they must incur all the responsibility of their single blessedness.

In the connubial lottery, ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation, that husband and wife frequently resemble each other; and many ingenious theorists,[d] attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features, congeniality of habits, modes of life, and so forth, have fallen into the very common errour of substituting the *cause* for the *effect*. This mutual likeness is the *occasion*, not the *result*, of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamoured of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman, is self-love at second-hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself in the mirror of a female face,

[a]In'tĕr'est-ing. [b]Vâwnt'ĕd. [c]Bēērd. [d]thē'ō'rists.

he exclaims: "How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting—how admirably adapted for a wife!" and forthwith makes his proposals to the personage so expressly and literally calculated to keep him in countenance. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation. He forms a romantick attachment to the "fascinating creature with the snub nose," or the "bewitching girl with the roguish leer," (Anglice, squint,) without once suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the inamorato before a looking-glass. Take *self*-love from *love*, and very little remains: it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch, and leaving the smoke.

The same feeling extends to his progeny. He would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modelled after the chubbiest cherubs or cupids that ever emanated from the studio of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of a most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considers himself an Adonis; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio[a] of her charms. Upon this principle, ugly women will be converted into belles; perfect frights will become irresistible; and none need despair[b] of conquests, if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

"The best part of beauty," says Lord Bacon, "is that which a statue or painting cannot express." As to symmetry of form, and superficial grace, sculpture is exquisitively perfect; but the countenance is of too subtle and intangible a character to be arrested by any modification of marble. Busts, especially where the pupil of the eye is unmarked, have the appearance of mere masks, and are representations of little more than blindness and death. Painting supplies, by colouring and shade, much that sculpture wants; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in what its rival possesses[c]—fidelity of superficial form. Nothing can compensate[d] for our inability to walk round a picture, and choose various points of view. Facility of production, meanness of material, and vulgarity of association, have induced us to look down with unmerited contempt upon those waxen busts in the perfumers' shops, which, as simple representations of female nature, have attained a perfection that positively amounts to the kissable. That delicacy of tint and material, which so admirably adapts itself to female beauty, forms, however, but a milk-maidish representation of virility; and the men have, consequently, as epicene and androgynous an aspect as if they had just been bathing in the Salmacian fountain.

[a]Rā'shē'ō. [b]Dē'spāre—not, dis'pāre. [c]Pŏz-zĕs'ĕz. [d]Kŏm-pĕn'sāte.

Countenance, however, is not within the reach of any of these substances or combinations. It is a species of *moral* beauty, as superiour to mere charms of surface, as mind is to matter. It is, in fact, visible spirit—legible intellect, diffusing itself over the features, and enabling minds to commune with each other by some secret sympathy unconnected with the senses. The heart has a silent echo in the face, which frequently carries to us a conviction diametrically opposite to the audible expression of the mouth; and we see, through the eyes, into the understanding of the man, long before it can communicate with us by utterance.

This emanation of character is the light of a soul destined to the skies, shining through its tegument[a] of clay, and irradiating[b] the countenance, as the sun illuminates the face of nature before it rises above the earth to commence its heavenly career. Of this indefinable charm, all women are alike susceptible. It is to them what gunpowder is to warriours; it levels all distinctions, and gives to the plain and the pretty, to the timid and the brave, an equal chance of making conquests. It is, in fine, one among a thousand proofs of that system of compensation, both physical and moral, by which a superiour Power is perpetually evincing his benignity; affording to every human being a commensurate chance of happiness, and inculcating upon all, that when they turn their faces towards heaven, they should reflect the light from above, and be animated by one uniform expression of love, resignation, and gratitude.

SECTION IX.

Philosophy of Apparitions.—Quarterly Review.

Extract.

Notwithstanding the eagerness with which almost all educated persons disclaim a belief in the supernatural, and denounce, as a vulgar absurdity, the very notion of apparitions, yet there are few, even of the boldest and least credulous, who are not occasionally the victims of the very apprehensions which they deride; and many such have been ingenuous enough to confess, that their skepticism receives more support from their pride than from their reason.

Occupied with professional toil, or engaged with the objects

[a] Tĕg'ū'mĕnt. [b] Ir-rā'dĕ'ā-tĭng.

of sense, and the dazzling prizes of ambition, the man of the world scarcely recognises[a] himself as the possessor of a spiritual nature; in him

> "This faculty divine
> Is chained and tortured,—cabined, cribbed, confined,
> And bred in darkness;"*

but even over this darkness the truth will sometimes shine forth,

> "The beam pour in, and time and skill will couch the blind."

In the infinite variety of his works and ways, the Almighty has provided numerous means for maintaining[b] a strong sense of the supernatural. A mind of even ordinary energy, naturally turns inward when withdrawn from its daily routine[c] of thought and action; and when placed under circumstances of powerful association, or, when witnessing striking phenomena in the natural or moral world, it readily reverts to its own origin and destiny, and spontaneously claims kindred with the spiritual. Amid the solitude of ancient grandeur, the traveller feels as if he were encircled by its former tenants;—he acknowledges "the power and magick of the ruined battlement;" and, "becoming a part of what has been," he recognises, in the sacred awe which breathes around him, the force of the remark, that

> "There is given
> Unto the things of earth which time has bent,
> A *spirit's feeling*."

But it is not merely by its own creations that the mind feels its connexions with the spiritual world. There are events and scenes in nature so rare in their occurrence, or so overpowering in their grandeur, or so terrifick in their effects, that the mind springs, as it were, its earthly cable, and feels itself in the immediate presence of more exalted intelligences. Amid the darkness and crash of the thunder-storm, human courage stands appalled,[d] and we feel as if the divine ubiquity were concentrated in this powerful appeal to our fears. In the still more terrifick phenomena of the earthquake, the poet has well described

> "The awe
> Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
> Plunge into the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
> From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
> Stumble o'er heaving plains; and man's dread hath no words."

Nor is it by material phenomena only that the mind is withdrawn from its earthly concerns to a due sense of its positions

[a]Rĕk'ŏg'nī-zĕz. [b]Mĕn-tāne'ĭng. [c]Rŏŏ'tēēn. [d]Ap-pâlld'.

*Byron.

and its relations. Moral events address themselves still more powerfully to mankind; and through the channel of the affections, we are often roused from a lethargy that would otherwise prove fatal. When domestick affliction presses its cold hand upon the heart, and throws a blackness over nature, material objects almost cease to influence us; the mind discovers its true place in the scheme of infinite wisdom, and, longing to follow the disembodied spirit from which it has been torn, would almost welcome the stroke that should effect its liberation. Such are some of the means by which ordinary minds are impressed with a serious, though unacknowledged, awe of the unseen world.

The various phenomena of apparitions may be divided into two great classes:—Those which may be seen by several persons at the same time;—and those which are seen by only one person at a time.

The first of these divisions embraces two very opposite classes of phenomena. While it includes the supernatural visions which were displayed during the Jewish theocracy, and at the establishment of Christianity,[a] it comprehends, also, the whole system[b] of imposture[c] which prevailed in the heathen temples. The extraordinary manner in which the Almighty deigned to hold converse with his peculiar people, and the miracles by which our Saviour and his disciples overpowered the incredulity of their hearers, were special interpositions of Providence, rendered for the accomplishing of the high objects of divine government.[d] But far different from these beneficent[e] revelations, were the lying miracles of ancient idolatry. The sciences of the times, limited as they were, became, in the hands of the priest and the magician, the unhallowed instruments[f] of imposture, with which to operate upon the minds of the ignorant and the credulous: and thus, the common people, unacquainted with the powers of nature, and the resources of art, became the willing victims of a base superstition.

The principal apparitions of former times, seem to have been of an optical nature. The properties of lenses and concave mirrors, and especially that of forming images in the air which eluded the grasp of the observer, and possessed all the characteristicks of an incorporeal existence, were certainly known to the ancient magicians. Hence, it was easy to obtain from inverted and highly illuminated statues and pictures, aerial representations of their gods and heroes, or of their departed friends. But though such apparitions had the requisite resemblance to

[a]Krĭs-tshĕ-ăn'ĕ-tĕ. [b]Sĭs'tĕm—not, tsm. [c]Im-pŏs'tshûre. [d]Gŏv'ûrn-mĕnt. [e]Bĕ-nĕf'ĕ-sĕnt. [f]In'strŭ'mĕnts.

their prototypes, they still wanted the appearance of real life. This defect, however, they were able to supply. They possessed the art of giving an erect position to inverted images, so that it was easy to exhibit[a] erect apparitions in the air.

Other sources of such apparitions as may be seen by several persons at once, have their origin in particular functions of vision itself; and to the deceptions which spring from them, the best and the least informed are equally liable. The thousand and one apparitions, which, from age to age, have continued to terrify the young and the ignorant, have generally presented themselves during the hours of twilight and darkness; at which hours the imagination steps in as an auxiliary[b] to physical causes. At such times, all objects, from the obscurity in which they are involved, are seen with difficulty. This obscurity of objects, combined with certain affections and singular changes wrought upon the organs of vision, powerfully contributes to the production of illusions in the dark. It is a curious circumstance, that the spectres of this kind, are always, as they ought to be, *white*, because no other colour can be seen in the dark; and they are always created, either out of inanimate objects which reflect more light than those around them, or which are projected against a more luminous ground, or they are formed out of human beings or animals whose colour or change of place renders them more visible in the dark.

SECTION X.

Philosophy of Apparitions—Continued.—Ib.

That class of apparitions which can be seen only by *one* person at a time, may originate in three different causes. First, they may be the result of mere optical illusion, presented to a person of the soundest mind and in the most perfect health; or of certain physical affections of the eye, occasioned by some temporary derangement[c] of its functions, and exaggerated by the imagination. Secondly, they may have their origin entirely in the imagination when rendered morbid by an early-instilled and deeply-seated belief in apparitions, and when excited by local associations. Thirdly, they may arise, in persons of the soundest minds and with the best regulated imaginations, from a diseased state of the vital functions,—exhibiting[d] themselves in open day, and even in the midst of the social circle.

[a] Egz-hib'lt. [b] Awg-zil'yâ'rĕ. [c] Dĕ-rânje'mĕnt—not, munt. [d] Egz-hib'lt-ing.

One of the most extraordinary illusions of the description last mentioned, is that of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, who communicated an account of his own case to the Prussian[a] Academy of Science.

Towards[b] the close of the year 1790, and at the commencement of 1791, M. Nicolai had been agitated by various misfortunes which preyed deeply upon his mind, when, on the 24th of February, an event occurred which threw him into still deeper distress. At about ten o'clock in the morning, just as his wife and a friend were entering his room for the purpose of consoling him, he perceived, at the distance of a few paces, the standing figure[c] of a person deceased, which remained from seven to eight minutes, and which the rest of the party, of course, were unable to see. A little after four o'clock in the afternoon, the same figure[c] appeared to him when he was alone; and upon his going out, in order to mention the circumstance to his wife, the spectre accompanied him to her apartment, alternately[d] vanishing and reappearing. A little after six o'clock, several stalking figures[e] also appeared; but they had no connexion with the figure[c] already mentioned.

When his mind had become more composed, and his bodily indisposition had been removed by medical treatment, Nicolai expected that these apparitions would take leave of him. His expectations, however, were[f] disappointed, for they increased in number, and underwent the most extraordinary transformations. The standing figure[c] of the deceased person never appeared to him after the 24th of February; but several other figures[e] occupied its place. These figures[e] were chiefly representations of persons whom he did not know, though he sometimes saw those of his acquaintances. The figures[e] of living persons occurred more frequently than those of persons who were[f] deceased; and he distinctly observed, that acquaintances with whom he daily conversed, never appeared to him as phantasms. After some weeks, when he had become familiar with these unbidden guests, he endeavoured to conjure up phantasms of his acquaintances, by bringing them before his imagination in the most lively manner; but, although he had, only a short time previous, seen them as phantasms, by this process he never could succeed in giving them an external locality.

When he was conversing with his physician and his wife, respecting the phantasms which hovered around him, the figures

[a]Prŭsh'yăn. [b]Tō'ŭrdz. [c]Fĭg'ŭre—not, fĭg'er. [d]ăl-tĕr'nāte-lē—not, *awl*-tĕr'nāte-lē. [e]Fĭg'ŭrze. [f]Wĕr.

would sometimes leave him altogether, and then appear again, singly or in groups. The apparitions were generally human figures of both sexes, which, like people at a fair, commonly passed to and fro, as if they had no mutual connexion, though they sometimes appeared to have business with one another. On one or two occasions, he saw persons on horseback, dogs, and birds, all of which appeared in their natural size, and of the same colours which they exhibit[a] in real life, though somewhat paler.

When these apparitions began to be seen more frequently, Nicolai began also to hear them speak. Sometimes they addressed one another, but generally they spoke to himself, in short speeches, which never contained any thing disagreeable. This loquacity in the apparitions, occurred most frequently when he was alone, though he occasionally heard it in society, intermixed with the actual conversation of the company.

Although these appearances had ceased to excite any disagreeable emotion, and had even afforded him frequent subjects of amusement[b] and mirth, yet as his disorder had sensibly increased, and as the figures had appeared to him for whole days together, and even when he awoke during the night, he found it necessary, not only to take medicine, but also to apply leeches. This was done on the 20th of April, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon; and, during the operation, while he was sitting alone with the surgeon, the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast upon one another till half-past four o'clock. The figures then began to move more slowly; their colours became gradually paler; and, after intervals of seven minutes, he could distinguish a palpable diminution in their intensity, without any change in the distinctness of their forms. At about half-past six o'clock, they became entirely white, and moved very slightly; their forms, however, were still perfectly distinct, and, without decreasing in number, they gradually became less perceptible. Instead of moving off or vanishing, as they had usually done, they now dissolved immediately into air; whole pieces of some of them continuing for a length of time, and at last disappearing. About eight o'clock, not a vestige of them remained; and Nicolai never again was disturbed by these spectral illusions.

Accustomed to the investigation of mental phenomena, Nicolai took a great interest in studying the facts which had thus occurred with himself; and he has recorded various, excellent

[a] Egz-hĭb'ĭt—not, ĕg-zĭb'ĭt. [b] A-mūze'mĕnt—not, mŭnt.

observations, of which the following are the most interesting[a] to the pneumatologist.

He could trace no connexion between the figures and the state of his mind, the nature of his employments, or the course of his thoughts previous to their appearance. He could always clearly distinguish phantasms from real personages. The appearance of the phantasms was, in every instance,[b] involuntary, and not dependent on any external circumstances: whether he was alone, or in society, whether in broad day-light, or in darkness, whether in his own house, or that of a neighbour, their appearance was equally distinct.

The figures sometimes disappeared when he shut his eyes, and at other times they remained: when they vanished, in the former case, nearly the same figures reappeared when his eyes were again opened. The figures were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; and they appeared more frequently in motion that at rest. On two or three occasions, after he had ceased to observe these appearances, he felt a propensity to see them again, or, rather, a sensation as if he saw them, but the sensation immediately left him without calling up the phantasms.

From a critical examination of Nicolai's case, it appeared that the immediate cause of these spectral illusions, was a peculiar derangement of the digestive organs. Other similar cases are not unknown, and are found to proceed from the same cause. So recently as in 1829, a very interesting case of the kind occurred in England in the person of Mrs. A., which our restricted limits do not allow us to present.

SECTION XI.

Perpetuity of the Church.—Dr. Mason.

The *long existence*[c] of the Christian Church', would be pronounced', upon *common* principles of reasoning', *impossible*'. She finds in every man a natural and an inveterate enemy'. To encounter and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world', she boasts *no political stratagem*', no *disciplined legions*', no outward coercion of any kind'. Yet', her expectation is', that she will live *forever*'.

To mock this hope', and to blot out her memorial from under heaven', the most furious efforts of *fanaticism*', the most inge-

[a] In'tẽr'ẽst-ing. [b] In'stânse. [c] Eg-zist'ẽnse.

nious arts of *statesmen*',[a] the concentrated strength of *empires*', have been frequently[b] and perseveringly applied'.—The blood of her sons and her daughters has *streamed* like *water*'; the smoke of the scaffold and the stake', where they wore the crown of martyrdom in the cause of Jesus', has ascended in thick volumes to the skies'. The tribes of persecution have sported over her woes', and erected monuments', as *they* imagined', of her perpetual *ruin*'. But where are her *tyrants*', and where their *empires*'? The tyrants have long since gone to their own place'; their names have descended upon the roll of infamy'; their empires have passed', like shadows', over the rock'; they have successively disappeared', and left not a trace behind'!

But what became of the *Church*'? She rose from her ashes', fresh in *beauty* and *might*'; celestial *glory* beamed around her'; she *dashed down* the monumental marble of her foes'; and they who hated her', *fled* before her'. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and kingdoms that plotted her destruction'; and', with the inscriptions of their pride', has transmitted to posterity the records of their shame'.

How shall this phenomenon be *explained*'? We are', at the *present moment*', witnesses of the *fact*'; but *who* can unfold the *mystery*'? The *book* of *truth* and *life*', has made our wonder cease'. "The Lord her God in the midst of her', is *mighty*'." His presence[c] is a *fountain* of *health*', and his protection', a "*wall of fire*'." He has betrothed her', in eternal covenant', to himself'. Her living Head', in whom she breathes', is *above*', and his quickening spirit shall never depart from her'. Armed with divine virtue', his Gospel',[d] secret', silent',[e] unobserved', enters the hearts of men', and sets up an everlasting kingdom'. It eludes all the vigilance', and baffles all the power', of the adversary'. Bars', and bolts', and dungeons', are no obstacles to its approach': bonds', and tortures', and death', cannot extinguish its influence'. Let no man's heart *tremble*', then', because of fear'. Let no man *despair*' (in these days of rebuke and blasphemy') of the Christian cause'. The ark is launched', indeed', upon the floods'; the tempest sweeps along the deep'; the billows break over her on every side'; but Jehovah-Jesus has promised to conduct her in safety to the *haven* of *peace*'. She cannot be *lost*', unless the *pilot* perish'.

[a]Stâtes'mĕn—not, măn. [b]Frĕ'kwĕnt-lĕ. [c]Prĕz'ĕnse—not, ănse. [d]Gŏs'pĕl—not, Gōs'pl. [e]Sī'lĕnt.

SECTION XII.

Dr. Johnson's Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield.

My Lord: I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the World, that two papers in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge. When, upon some slight encouragement,[a] I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment[b] of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself "the conqueror of the conqueror of the earth;"—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending: but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron[c] before.

The Shepherd in Virgil grew, at last, acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron,[c] my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron,[c] which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though

[a]En-kûr'rldje-mênt. [b]En-tshânt'mênt. [c]Pâ'trûn.

I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself, with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

SECTION XIII.

Rolla's Speech to the Peruvians.—SHERIDAN.

My[a] brave associates'!—partners of my[a] toil', my[a] feelings', and my[a] fame'! Can *Rolla's* words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts'?—Nô'; *you* have judged', as *I* have', the *foulness* of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would *delude* you'. *Your* generous spirit has compared', as *mine* has', the MOTIVES which', in a war like *this'*, can animate *their* minds and *ours'*.—*They'*, by a strange *frenzy* driven', fight for *power'*, for *plunder'*, and *extended* rule': *we'*, for our *country'*, our *altars'*, and our *homes'*. *They* follow an *adventurer* whom they FEAR', and obey a *power* which they HATE':—*we* serve a *monarch* whom we LOVE'—a *God* whom WE ADORE'.

Whenever they move in anger', desolation tracks their progress'.[b] Wherever they pause in amity', affliction mourns their friendship'. They boast they come but to *improve* our *state'*, *enlarge* our *thoughts'*, and *free* us from the *yoke* of *errour'!* Yes'; *they'*—THEY will give *enlightened* FREEDOM to *our* minds', who are *themselves* the *slaves* of *passion'*, *avarice'*, and *pride'!* They offer us their PROTECTION'. Yes'; such protection as *vultures* give to *lambs'*, *covering* and *devouring* them'! They call on us to barter all of *good* we have *inherited* and *proved'*, for the desperate chance of something *better* which they *promise'*.—Be our plain answer *this'*: The throne *we* honour', is the *people's* choice'; the laws *we* reverence', are our brave fathers' *legacy'*; the faith *we* follow', teaches us to live in bonds of *charity* with *all mankind'*, and die with the hope of *bliss* beyond the *grave'*.—Tell your invaders *this'*, and tell them', too', we seek NO *change'*; and', least of *all'*, SUCH a change as *they* would bring us'.

[a]Mē. [b]Prŏg'rĕs—not, prō'grĕs.

SECTION XIV.

Speech of Caius Marius to the Romans,

Shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of* GENERAL, *merely on account of his extraction.

IT is but too common', my[a] countrymen',[b] that we observe a material difference[c] in the conduct of those who become candidates for places of power and trust', *before*' .. and *after*' .. they obtain them'. They *solicit* offices', in *one* manner', and *execute* the *duties* of them', in *another*'. They set out with the fair appearance[d] of activity', humility', and moderation'; but soon become slothful',[e] proud', and avaricious'. To discharge the duties of a supreme commander in troublesome times', in such a manner as to give *general satisfaction*', is undoubtedly no easy matter'. To carry on with *effect*', an expensive war', and yet be frugal with the public *money*'; to oblige those to serve whom it may be delicate and dangerous to *offend*'; to conduct', at one and the same time', a variety of complicated operations'; to concert measures at home strictly answerable to the state of things abroad'; and,' in spite of opposition from the envious', the malicious', the factious', and the disaffected', to be successful in gaining every valuable end';—to do all THIS', my[a] countrymen',[b] is *more* difficult than is generally supposed'.

But besides the disadvantages common to the *patrician*', appointed to an equally eminent station', *I* am compelled to sustain the weight of *others* from which *he* is shielded by his *noble birth*'. If he is guilty of *neglect* or a *breach* of *trust*', the influence of his formidable *connexions*', the antiquity of his *family*', the important services of his *ancestors*', and the multitudes secured to his interest by the power of his *wealth*', *all* tend to screen him from the hands of justice and the infliction of condign punishment'; whereas', *my* safety depends wholly upon *myself*'. This renders it *indispensably* necessary', that my conduct be *pure*' and *unexceptionable*'.

I am well aware', my[a] countrymen',[b] that the eye of the *publick* is upon me'; and that', although the *impartial*', who prefer the real advantage of the *commonwealth*', to all *other* considerations', *favour* my pretensions', yet the *patricians* desire nothing more ardently than an *accusation against* me'. It is my fixed resolution', therefore', to use my best endeavours so to discharge the several duties of my office', that you shall

[a]Mē. [b]Kŭn'trē'mĕn—not, mun. [c]Dĭf'fŭr'ĕnse—not, unse. [d]Ap-pēē'r'ăns—not, unse. [e]Slōth'fŭl.

not be *disappointed* in me', and that their indirect designs[a] against me', shall be *frustrated*'.

From my youth', I have been familiar with toils and with dangers'. When I served you for *no* reward but that of *honour*', I was *faithful* to your interest': and now that you have conferred upon me a place of *profit*', it is not my design[a] to *betray* you'. You have committed to my charge the war against Jugurtha'. At this', the *patricians* are *offended*'. But where would be the wisdom of giving *such* a command to one of *their* honourable body'?—to a person of illustrious *birth*', of ancient[b] *family*', of innumerable *statues*', but'... of no EXPERIENCE'?[c] What service would his long line of dead ancestors'; or his multitude of motionless statues', render his country in the *day* of BATTLE'? What could such a general do', amidst difficulties to which he *himself* is unequal', but', in his trepidation and inexperience',[c] have recourse for direction to some *inferiour* commander'? Thus', your *patrician* general would', in *fact*', have a general over *him*'; so that the *acting* commander would still be a *plebeian*'.[d] So true is this', my countrymen', that I have myself known those who were chosen *consuls*', then to begin to read the *history* of their *own country*', of which', until that time', they were totally *ignorant*',[e] that is', they *first* procured the *office*', and *then* bethought themselves of the *qualifications* necessary for the proper *discharge* of its *duties*'.

When a comparison is made between *patrician haughtiness* and *plebeian*[d] *experience*',[c] I submit it to your judgment',[f] Romans', to determine on *which* side the advantage lies'. The very actions of which they have only *read*', I have partly *seen*', and partly myself *achieved*'. What they know by *rêading*', I know by *expêrience*'.[c] They are pleased to *slight* my mean BIRTH': I *despise* their mean CHARACTERS'. Want of *birth* and *fortune* is the objection against *me*': want of *personal worth*', against *them*'. But', are not *all* men of the *same species*'? What can make a *difference* between one man and another', but the *endowments* of the *mind*'? For *my* part', I shall always look upon the *bravest* man', as the *noblest* man'. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such patricians as *Albinus*', and *Bestia*', whether', were[g] they to have their choice', they would desire sons of *their* character', or of *mine*', what would they answer', but', that they would wish the *wôrthiest* to be their sons'? If the patricians have reason to despise *me*', let

[a]Dê-zinze'—not, dê-*zinze*. [b]Âne'tshênt. [c]Eks-pé'ré'ênse—not, *ense*.
[d]Plê-bé'yân. [e]Ig'nô'rânt—not, *runt*. [f]Jûdje'mênt—not, *munt*. [g]Wêr.

them', likewise', despise their *ancestors*', whose *nobility* was the fruit of their *virtue*'. Do they envy me the *honours* bestowed upon me'? Let them', likewise', envy my *lâbours*', my *abstinence*', and the *dangers* I have undergone for my country', by which I have acquired those honours'.

Those worthless men lead a life of so great inactivity as to induce the belief that they despise any honours you can *bestow*', whilst', at the same time', they as eagerly *aspire* to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious course of *virtue*'. They lay claim to the *rewards* of *activity*', for their having enjoyed the *pleasures* of *luxury*'. Yet', none can be more lavish than themselves in the praise of their *ancestors*'. By celebrating their *forefathers*', they imagine that they honour *themselves*'; whereas', they thereby do the very *reverse*'; for', in proportion as their *ancestors* were[a] *distinguished* for their *virtues*', are *they disgraced* by their *vices*'. The glory of ancestors sheds a light', indeed', upon their posterity'; but a light which tends only to reveal the character of their descendants'.[b] It alike exhibits[c] to publick view', both their *degeneracy* and their *worth*'. I acknowledge that I cannot boast of the *deeds* of my *forefathers*'; but I hope to answer the cavils of the patricians by manfully defending what I have *myself accomplished*'.

Observe', now', my countrymen', the *injustice* of the patricians'. *They* arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their *forefathers*', whilst they will not allow *me* the due meed of praise for performing the very *same kind* of *heroick actions* in my *own person*'. He has *no statues* of his *family*', they exclaim'. He can trace back no line of venerable *ancestors*'. What then'? Is it a subject of higher praise for one to *disgrace* his illustrious ancestors', than to become illustrious by his *own noble behaviour*'? What if I can show no statues of my family'? I can exhibit the standards', the armour', and the trappings which I have myself taken from the *van*quished'. I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the *en*emies of my *coun*try'. *These* are *my* statues'. *These* are the honours of which *I* boast'. These were[a] not left me by *inheritance*',[d] as *theirs* were';[a] but they have been earned by toil', by abstinence',[e] by acts of valour amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood';—amidst scenes of peril and carnage in which those effeminate patricians who', by indirect means', endeavour to lower me in your estimation', have never dared to show their faces'.

[a]Wêr. [b]Dê-sênd'ânts—not, ənts. [c]Egz-hîb'îts. [d]In-hêr'ît'ânse—not, ənse. [e]Ab'stê'nênse—not, âb'stê'nənse.

SECTION XV.

Reply of Mr. Pitt,

(The late Earl of Chatham,)

To the charge of youthful inexperience, and theatrical enunciation.

This illustrious father of English oratory, when a young member, having expressed himself, in the House of Commons, with his accustomed energy, in opposition to one of the measures then in agitation, his speech produced an answer from Mr. Walpole, who, in the course of it, said, "Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident[a] assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and, perhaps, the honourable gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his *own age*, than with *such* as have had *more opportunities* of acquiring *knowledge*, and more *successful* methods of *communicating* their sentiments." He also made use of certain expressions, such as "vehemence[b] of gesture,[c] theatrical emotion," and the like, applying them to Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking. As soon as Mr. Walpole sat down, Mr. Pitt got up, and replied:

THE atrocious crime of being a *yoûng mân*', which', with so much spirit and decency', the honourable gentleman has charged upon me', I shall neither attempt to *palliate*', nor *deny*'; but content myself with wishing', that I may be one of those whose *follies cease* with their *youth*'; and not of *that* number who are *ignorant*[d] in *spite* of *experience*'.[e]

Whether *youth* can be imputed to any man as a *reprôach*', I will not assume the province of determining'; but', surely', AGE may become justly *contemptible*', if the *opportunities* which it brings', have passed away without *improvement*', and *vice* appears to prevail when the passions have *subsided*'. The *wretch* that', after having *seen* the *consequences* of a *thousand errours*', continues still to *blunder*', and whose age has only added *obstinacy* to *stupidity*', is surely the object of either *abhorrence* or *contempt*'; and deserves not that his *gray head* should screen him from *insults*'. Much more is *he* to be abhorred', who', as he has *advanced* in *age*', has *receded* from *virtue*', and becomes *more wicked*', with *less temptation*':—who prostitutes himself for *money* which he cannot *enjoy*', and spends the remains of his life in the *ruin* of his *country*'.

But *youth* is not my *ônly* crime'. I have been accused of acting a *theatrical* part'. A theatrical part may imply', either some *peculiarities* of *gesture*', or a *dissimulation* of my *real*

[a]Kôn'fē'dĕnt—not, kŏn'fē'dunt. [b]Vē'hē'mĕnse. [c]Jĕs'tshûre—not, tshûr. [d]Ig'nō'rânt—not, ĭg'nē'runt. [e]Eks-pē'rē'ĕnse.

sentiments',[a] and an adoption of the opinions and language of *another* man'.

In the *first* sense', the charge is too *trifling* to be *confuted*'; and deserves only to be *mentioned*', that it may be *despised*'. *I* am at liberty' (like *every other* man') to use my *own* language': and though I may', perhaps', have some *ambition*', yet', to please *this* gentleman',[b] I shall not lay myself under any restraint', or very solicitously copy his *diction*', or his *mien*', however matured by *age*', or modelled by *experience*'. If', by charging me with *theatrical* behaviour', any man mean to insinuate that I utter any sentiments[c] but my *own*', I shall treat him as a *calumniator* and a VILLAIN': nor shall *any protection* shelter him from the treatment[c] which he *deserves*'. On *such* an occasion', I shall', without scruple', trample upon all those forms with which *wealth* and *dignity entrench* themselves'; nor shall any thing *but* age', restrain my resentment':[d] —*age*', which always brings *one* privilege'—that of being *insolent*[e] and *supercilious* without *punishment*'.

But', with regard to those whom I have *offended*', I am of opinion', that', *had* I acted a borrowed part', I should have *avoided* their censure'. The *heat* that offended them', is the *ardour* of *conviction*', and that *zeal* for the service of my country', which neither *hope*', nor *fear*', shall influence me to *suppress*'. I will *not* sit *unconcerned*', while my LIBERTY is *invaded*'; nor look in *silence*[f] upon *publick* ROBBERY'. I will exert my endeavours', at *whatever hazard*', to REPEL the *aggressor*', and *drag* the *thief* to JUSTICE',—*what power* SOEVER may protect the *villany*', and WHOEVER may partake of the *plunder*'.

SECTION XVI.

On the Death of Gen. Hamilton.—DR. NOTT.

HE yielded to the force of an imperious custom'; and', yielding', he sacrificed[g] a life in which all had an interest':—and he is lost'; lost to his country', lost to his family', and lost to us'. For this act', because he disclaimed it', and was penitent',[h] I forgive him'. But there are those whom I cannot forgive'. I mean not his antagonist', over whose erring steps', if there are tears in heaven', a pious mother looks down and weeps'. If he

[a]Sĕn'tē'mĕnts—not, mŭnts. [b]Jĕn'tl'măn—not, mŭn. [c]Trē'ĕt'mĕnt. [d]Rē-zĕnt'mĕnt—not, rē-zĕnt'mŭnt. [e]In'sō'lĕnt—not, lŭnt. [f]Sī'lĕnse. [g]Sāk'rē'flzd. [h]Pĕn'ē'tĕnt.

is capable of feeling', he suffers already all that humanity can suffer'. Suffers', and wherever he may fly', will suffer with the poignant[a] recollection of having taken the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own'. Had he known this', it must have paralyzed his arm while it pointed', at so incorruptible a bosom', the instrument of death'. Does he know this now', his heart', if it is not adamant', must soften'; —if it is not ice', it must melt'.

But', on this article I forbear'. Stained with blood as he is', if he is penitent', I forgive him'; and if he is not', before these altars where all of us appear as suppliants', I wish not to excite your vengeance', but', rather', in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime', to wake your prayers'. But I have said', and I repeat it', there are those whom I cannot forgive'. I cannot forgive that minister at the altar who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject'. I cannot forgive that publick prosecutor who', entrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs', has seen those wrongs', and taken no measures[b] to avenge them'. I cannot forgive that judge upon the bench', or that governour in the chair of state', who has lightly passed over such offences'. I cannot forgive the publick', in whose opinion the duelist finds a sanctuary'.

I cannot forgive you', my brethren', who', till this late hour', have been[c] silent', whilst successive murders were committed'. No'; I cannot forgive you', that you have not', in common with the freemen of this state', raised your voice to "the powers that be'," and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws'. Demanded this in a manner which', if it did not reach the ear of government',[d] would', at least', have reached the heavens', and have plead your excuse before the God that filleth them', in whose presence', as I stand', I should not feel myself innocent[e] of the blood which crieth against us', had I been[e] silent'. But I have not been[e] silent'. Many of you who hear me', are my witnesses', the walls of yonder temple where I have heretofore addressed you', are my witnesses', how freely I have animadverted on this subject in the presence', both of those who have violated the laws', and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them'.

[a]Pō̇ē'nânt. [b]Mĕzh'ûrze. [c]Bĭn—not, bēēn—nor, bĕn—nor, jō̇! nor, tō̇m! [d]Gûv'ûrn'mênt. [d]In'nō̇'sĕnt—not, in'nō̇'sunt.

SECTION XVII.

Extract from Mr. Webster's Speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, in the Senate of the U. S. 1830.

THE honourable gentleman argues', that if this government is the sole judge of the extent of its own powers', whether that right of judging is in congress', or the supreme court', it equally subverts state sovereignty'. This the gentleman sees', or *thinks* he sees', although he cannot perceive how the *right* of *judging*', in this matter', if left to the exercise of state legislatures', has any tendency to subvert the government of the Union'. The gentleman's opinion may be', that the right *ought not* to have been lodged with the general government'; he may like better', *such* a constitution as we should have under the right of state interference'; but I ask him to meet me on the plain matter of fact'—I ask him to meet me on the constitution itself'—I ask him', if the power is not found there'—clearly and visibly found there'.

But', sir', what *is* this danger', and what the *grounds* of it'? Let it be remembered', that the constitution of the United States', is not unalterable'. It is to continue in its present form', no longer than the people who established it', shall *choose* to continue it'. If they shall become convinced', that they have made an injudicious or inexpedient partition and distribution of powers between the state governments and the general government', they can *alter* that distribution at will'.

If any thing be found in the national constitution', either by original provision', or subsequent interpretation', which ought *not* to be in it', the people know how to get *rid* of it'. If any construction be established', unacceptable to them', so as to become', practically', a part of the constitution', they will amend it at their own sovereign pleasure'. But while the people choose to maintain it as it *is*'; while they are satisfied with it', and refuse to change it'; who has *given*', or who *can* give', to the state legislature', a right to alter it', either by interference', construction', or otherwise'? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect', that the *people* have any power to do anything for themselves'; they imagine there is no safety for them', any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the *state* legislatures'. Sir', the people have not trusted their safety', in regard to the general constitution', to *these* hands'. They have required *other security*', and taken *other bonds*'. They have chosen to trust themselves', first', to the plain words of the *instrument*', and to such construction as the *government itself*', in doubtful cases', should

put on its own powers', under their oaths of office', and subject to their responsibility to *them*': just as the people of a state', trust their own state governments with a similar power'. Secondly,' they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent *elections*', and in their own power to *remove* their own servants and agents', whenever they see cause'. Thirdly', they have reposed trust in the *judicial* power', which', in order that it might be trustworthy', they have made as respectable', as disinterested', and as independent', as was practicable'. Fourthly', they have seen fit to rely', in case of necessity', or high expediency', on their known and admitted power to *alter* or *amend* the constitution', peaceably and quietly', whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections'. And', finally', the people of the United States have', at no time', in no way', directly or indirectly', authorized any *state* legislature to construe or interpret their high instrument of government'; much less to interfere by their own power', to arrest its course and operation'.

If', sir', the people', in these respects', had done otherwise than they *have* done', their constitution could neither have been *preserved*', nor would it have been *worth* preserving'. And', if its plain provisions shall now be *disregarded*', and these new doctrines interpolated in it', it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies', whether early or more recent', could possibly desire'. It will exist in every state', but as a poor dependant on state permission'. It must borrow *leave* to BE', and *will* BE', no longer than state pleasure', or state discretion', sees fit to grant the indulgence', and to prolong its poor existence'.

But', sir', although there are *fears*', there are *hopes* also'. The people have preserved this', their own chosen constitution', for forty years', and have seen their happiness', prosperity', and renown', grow with its growth', and strengthen with its strength'. They are now', generally', strongly attached to it'. Overthrown by direct assault, it *can* not be'; evaded', undermined', NULLIFIED', it *will* not be', if we, and those who shall succeed us here', as agents and representatives of the people', shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our publick trust'—faithfully to preserve and wisely to administer it'.

Mr. President', I have thus stated the *reasons* of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained'. I am conscious of having detained you and the senate much too long'. I was drawn into the debate with no previous delibera-

tion', such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject'. But it is a subject of which my heart is *full*; and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments'.

I cannot', sir', even now', persuade myself to relinquish this subject', without expressing', once more', my deep conviction', that since it respects nothing less than the *Union* of the States', it is of the most vital and essential importance to publick happiness'. I profess', sir', in my career hitherto', to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honour of the *whole country*', and the preservation of our *Federal Union*'. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home', and our consideration and dignity abroad'. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country'. That Union we reached', only by the discipline of our virtues', in the severe school of adversity'. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance', prostrate commerce', and ruined credit'. Under its benign influences', these great interests immediately awoke', as from the dead', and sprang forth with newness of life'. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings'; and', although our territory has stretched out', wider and wider', and our population has spread farther and farther', they have not outrun its protection', or its benefits'. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national', social', and personal happiness'.

I have not allowed myself', sir', to look *beyond* the Union', to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind'. I have not coolly weighed the *chances* of *preserving* liberty', when the bonds that unite us together shall be *broken asunder*'. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of *dis*union', to see whether', with my short sight', I can fathom the depth of the abyss below'; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government', whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering', *not* how the Union should be best *preserved*', but how *tolerable* might be the condition of the people when it shall be *broken up* and *destroyed*'.

While the Union *lasts*', we have high', exciting', gratifying prospects spread out before us', for ourselves and our children'. Beyond *that*', I seek not to penetrate the veil'. God grant', that', in *my* day', at least', that curtain may not rise'. God grant', that', on *my* vision', never may be opened what lies behind'. When my eyes shall be turned to behold', for the last time', the sun in the heavens', may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union';

on States dissevered', discordant', belligerent'; on a land rent with civil feuds', or drenched', it may be', in fraternal blood'! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republick', now known and honoured throughout the earth', still full high advanced', its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre', with not a stripe erased or polluted', nor a single star obscured'—bearing for its motto', no such miserable interrogatory as'—*What is all this worth'?* nor those other words of delusion and folly'—*Liberty first', and Union afterwards'*—but *everywhere'*, spread all over in characters of living light', blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land', and in every wind under the whole heavens', that other sentiment', dear to every true American heart'—Liberty AND Union', *now* and FOREVER', one and inseparable'!

SECTION XVIII.

The Broken Heart.—IRVING.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet', the Irish patriot': it was too touching to be soon forgotten'. During the troubles in Ireland', he was tried', condemned', and executed', on a charge of treason'.* His fate made a deep impression on publick sympathy'. He was so young'—so intelligent'—so generous'—so brave'—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man'. His conduct under trial', too', was so lofty and intrepid'. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country'—the eloquent vindication of his name'—and his pathetick appeal to posterity', in the hopeless hour of condemnation'—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom', and even his *enemies* lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution'.

But there was *one* heart', whose anguish it would be impossible to describe'. In happier days and fairer fortunes', he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl', the daughter of a late', celebrated Irish barrister'.† She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love'. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him'; when blasted in fortune', and disgrace and danger darkened around his name', she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings'. If', then', his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his *foes'*, what must have been the agony of *her* whose whole soul was occupied by his image'? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth'—who have sat at its threshold', as one shut out in a cold and lonely world', from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed'.

* In 1803. † Mr. Curran.

But then', the horrours of *such* a grave'!—so frightful', so dishonoured'! There was nothing for memory to dwell on', that could sooth the pang of separation'—none of those tender', though melancholy', circumstances', that endear the parting scene'—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears', sent', like the dews of heaven', to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish'.

To render her widowed situation more desolate', she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment', and was an exile from the paternal roof'. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horrour', she would have experienced no want of consolation', for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities'. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her', by families of wealth and distinction'. She was led into society'; and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief', and wean her from the tragical story of her loves'. But it was all in vain'. There are some strokes of calamity that scath and scorch the soul'—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness'—and blast it', never again to put forth bud or blossom'. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure', but she was as much alone there', as in the depths of solitude'. She walked about in a sad reverie', apparently unconscious of the world around her'. She carried with her an inward wo that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship', and "heeded not the song of the charmer', charm he ever so wisely'."

The person who told me her story', had seen her at a masquerade'. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene'. To find it wandering', like a spectre', lonely and joyless', where all around is gay'—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth', and looking so wan and wo-begone', as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow'. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction', she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra', and looking about for some time with a vacant air', that showed her insensibility to the garish scene', she began', with the capriciousness of a sickly heart', to warble a little plaintive air'. She had an exquisite voice'; but on this occasion', it was so simple'—so touching'—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness',—that she drew a crowd', mute and silent', around her', and melted every one to tears'.

The story of one so true and tender', could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm'. It completely won the heart of a brave officer', who paid his addresses to her', and thought', that one so true to the dead', could not but prove affectionate to the living'. She declined his attentions', for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover'. He', however', persisted in his suit'. He solicited not her tenderness', but her esteem'. He was assisted by her

conviction of his worth', and her sense of her own destitute and dependant situation', for she was existing on the kindness of friends'. In a word', he at length succeeded in gaining her hand', though with the solemn assurance', that her heart was unalterably another's'.

He took her with him to Sicily', hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes'. She was an amiable and exemplary wife', and made an effort to be a *happy* one'; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul'. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline', and at length sank into the grave', the victim of a broken heart'.

It was on her that Mr. Moore', the distinguished Irish poet', composed the following lines':

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps',
And lovers around her are sighing';
But coldly she turns from their gaze', and weeps',
For her heart in his grave is lying'.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains',
Every note which he loved awaking'—
Ah'! little they think', who delight in her strains',
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking'!

He had lived for his love'—for his country he died';
They were all that to life had entwined him'—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried',
Nor long will his love stay behind him'.

Oh'! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest',
When they promise a glorious morrow';
They 'll shine o'er her sleep', like a smile from the west',
From her own loved island of sorrow'

Speech of Robert Emmet, Esq. before Lord Norbury, on an Indictment for High Treason.—Extract.

WHAT have I to say', why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law'? I have *nothing* to say that can alter your *predetermination*', nor that will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce', and which I must abide by'. But I have *that* to say which interests me more than life', and which you have laboured' (as was necessarily your office to do', in the present circumstances of this oppressed country') to *destroy*'. I have *much* to say why my reputation should be rescued from

the load of *false* accusation and *calumny* which has been heaped upon it'.

I do not imagine that', seated where *you* are', your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the *least* impression from what I am going to utter'. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammeled as *this* is'. I only wish', and it is the utmost I expect', that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories', untainted by the foul breath of *prejudice*', until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is at present buffeted'. Were I only to suffer death', after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal', I should bow in silence', and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur'; but the sentence of the law', which delivers my *body* to the executioner', will', through the *ministry* of that law', labour', in its own vindication', to consign my *character* to obloquy'—for there *must* be guilt SOMEWHERE'; whether in the *sentence* of the *court*', or in the *catastrophe*', posterity must determine'.

A man in my situation', has to encounter', not only the difficulties of fortune', and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated', but also the difficulties of established *prejudice*'. The MAN *dies*', but his MEMORY *lives*'. That *mine* may not perish', that it may live in the respect of my countrymen', I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me'. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port',—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field', in defence of their country and of virtue', this is my hope'—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who *survive* me'; while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that *perfidious* government'. . which upholds its domination by *blasphemy* of the MOST HIGH'—which displays its power over *men*'. . as over the *beasts* of the forest'—which sets man upon his brother', and lifts his hand', in the name of God', against the throat of his fellow'. . who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard'—a government'. . which is *steeled* to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made'. [*Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that those wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.*]

I appeal to the immaculate *God*'—I swear by the *throne* of HEAVEN', before which I must shortly appear'—by the blood

of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been', through all this peril', and through all my purposes', governed only by the convictions which I have *uttered*', and by no other motive than that of their *cure*', and the emancipation of my country from the *superinhuman oppression* under which she has so long and too patiently travailed'; and I confidently hope', that', wild and chimerical as it may appear', there are still union and strength in Ireland sufficient to *accomplish* this noblest enterprise'. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate *knowledge*', and with the consolation that *appertains* to that confidence'. Think not', my lord', I say this for the petty gratification of giving *you* a transitory *uneasiness*'. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a LIE', will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country', and on an occasion like this'. Yes', my lord', a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is *liberated*', will not leave a weapon in the power of ENVY to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which *tyranny* consigns him'. [*Here he was again interrupted by the judge.*]

Again I say', that what I have spoken was not intended for your *lordship*', whose situation I *commiserate*', rather than *envy*': my expressions were for my *countrymen*'. If there is a true *Irishman* present', let my last words *cheer* him in the hour of *affliction*'. [*Here he was again interrupted by the court.*] I have always understood it to be the duty of a *judge*', when a prisoner has been convicted', to pronounce the sentence of the *law*': I have *also* understood', that judges *sometimes* think it their duty to hear with *patience*', and to speak with *humanity*'; to exhort the victim of the laws', and to offer', with tender benignity', their opinions of the *motives* by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty'—that a judge has thought it his duty so to do', I have no doubt'; but where is the boasted freedom of your *institutions*'—where is the vaunted *impartiality* and *clemency* of your *courts* of *justice*', if an unfortunate prisoner', whom *your policy*', not *pure justice*', is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner', is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly', and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated'?

My lord', it may be a part of the system of angry *justice* to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold': but *worse* to me than the purposed *shame*', or the scaffold's *terrours*', would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this

court'. You', my lord', are a judge'; I am the *supposed* culprit'—I am a man'; you are a man also'. By a revolution of power', we might change *places*', though we never could change *characters*'. If I stand at the bar of this court', and dare not *vindicate* my *character*', what a *farce* is your justice'! If *I* stand at this bar', and dare not *vindicate* my character', how dare *you calumniate* it'? Does the sentence of death', which your unhallowed policy inflicts upon my *body*', also condemn my *tongue* to *silence*', and my *reputation* to *reproach*'? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence'; but', *while* I exist', I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions'; and', as a man to whom fame is dearer than life', I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me', and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love', and for whom I am proud to perish'. As men', we must appear', on the great day', at one common tribunal'; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe', who was engaged in the most virtuous actions', or actuated by the purest motives'—my country's oppressors', or'—[*Here he was interrupted*', *and told to listen to the sentence of the law*'.]

My lord', shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself', in the eyes of the community', from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial', by charging him with ambition', and attempting to cast away', for a paltry consideration', the liberties of his country'? Why did your lordship *insult* me'?—or', rather', why insult *justice*', by demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced'? I know', my lord', that *form* prescribes that you should ask the question': the form also presumes a right of *answering*'. *This*', no doubt', may be *dispensed* with'; and so might the whole ceremony of the trial', since sentence was already pronounced at the castle before your jury was empannelled': your lordships are but the priests of the oracle'—and I submit to the sacrifice'; but I insist on the *whole* of the FÔRMS'. [*Here the court desired him to proceed*'.]

I am charged with being an *emissary* of *France*'. An *emissary* of *France*'! and for what end'? It is alleged that I wished to sell the *independence* of my *country*'! And for what end'? Was *this* the object of my ambition'? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles *contradictions*'? No'; I am no *emissary*'. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country'—not in power', not in profit', but', in the glory of the achievement'. Sell my country's independence

to *France*'! and for *what*'? A change of *masters*'? Nô'; but for *ambition*'!

Oh', my country'! had it been *personal* ambition that influenced me'—had *it* been the soul of my actions', could I not', by my education and fortune', by the rank and consideration of my family', have placed myself amongst the proudest of your *oppressors*'? My *country* was my *idol*'. *To* it I sacrificed every selfish', every endearing sentiment'; and *for* it I now offer up my life'. No', my lord', I acted as an *Irishman*', determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny', and from the more galling yoke of a domestick faction', its joint partner and perpetrator in parricide', whose rewards are the ignominy of existing with an exteriour of splendour', and a consciousness of depravity'.

It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism'. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth'. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had destined her to fill'.

I have been charged with so great importance', in the efforts to emancipate my country', as to be considered the *key-stone* of the combination of Irishmen', or', as your lordship expressed it', "the life and blood of the conspiracy'." You do me honour overmuch'—you have given to the *subaltern* all the credit of a *superiour*'. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superiour to *me*', but even to your own conceptions of *yourself*', my lord'—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference', and who would think themselves dishonoured to be called *your friends*'—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand'—[*Here he was interrupted*'.]

What', my lord', shall *you* tell *me*', on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny', of which you are only the intermediary executioner', has erected for my *murder*', that I am accountable for all the blood that has been', and will be', shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor'—shall you tell me *this*', and must I be so very a *slave* as not to *repel* it'? —*I*', who fear not to approach the omnipotent Judge', to answer for the conduct of my whole life'—am *I* to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here'?—by *you*', too', who', if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed', in your unhallowed ministry', in one great

reservoir', your lordship might *swim* in it'?—[*Here the judge interfered*'.]

Let no man *dare*', when I am dead', to charge me with *dishonour*': let no man attaint my memory', by believing that I could engage in any cause but that of my country's *liberty* and *independence*'; or that I could become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen'. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks my views'; from which no inference can be *tortured* to countenance barbarity or debasement at home', or subjection', or humiliation', or treachery', from abroad'. I would not have submitted to a *foreign invader*', for the same reason that I would resist the *domestick oppressor*'. In the dignity of freedom', I would have fought upon the threshold of my country', and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse'. And am *I*', who lived but for my *country*', who have subjected myself to the *dangers* of the jealous and watchful *oppressor*', and now to the *bondage* of the *grave*', only to give my countrymen their rights', and my country her independence', to be loaded with *calumny*', and not suffered to *resent* and REPEL it'? No'; God forbid'!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead', participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life'—oh'! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father', look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son', and see if I have', even for a moment',[a] deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism[b] which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind', and for which I am now to offer up my life'.

My lords', you seem impatient for the sacrifice'.[c] The blood for which you thirst', is not congealed by the artificial terrours which surround your victim': it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes', but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so *grievous*', that they cry to Heaven'.

Be yet patient'. I have but a few words more to say'. I am going to my cold and silent grave': my lamp of life is nearly extinguished': my race is run': the grave opens to receive me'; and I sink into its bosom'. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world': it is the charity of its *silence*.[d] Let no man write my *epitaph*'; for', as no man who knows my motives', dares *now* vindicate them', let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them'. Let them and me repose in obscurity',

[a]Mō'mĕnt—not, mō'munt. [b]Pā'trē-ŭt-izm. [c]Sāk'rē-fīze. [d]Sī'lĕnse.

and my tomb remain uninscribed', until *other times* and *other men* can do justice to my character'. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth', *then*', and not *till* then', let my epitaph be written'.——I HAVE DONE'.

SECTION XIX.

Brutus' Harangue on the Death of Cesar.—SHAKSPEARE.

ROMANS', countrymen', and lovers'! hear me for my *cause*'; and be *silent*', that you *may* hear'. Believe me for my *honour*'; and have *respect* to my honour', that you *may* believe'. Censure me in your wisdom'; and awake your senses', that you may the better judge'.—If there is any in this assembly', any dear *friend* of *Cesar's*', to *him* I say', that *Brutus*' love to Cesar was no less than his'. If', then', that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cesar', this is my answer': Not that I loved Cesar *less*', but that I loved Rome *more*'. Had you rather Cesar were *living*', and die all SLAVES', than that Cesar were *dead*', to live all *freemen*'?—As Cesar *loved* me', I *weep* for him'; as he was *fortunate*', I *rejoice* at it'; as he was *valiant*', I *honour* him'; but', as he was AMBITIOUS', I SLEW him'. There are *tears* for his *love*', *joy* for his *fortune*', *honour* for his *valour*', and DEATH for his AMBITION'.—Who is here so *base*', that he would be a *bondman*'? If any', *speak*'; for *him* I have offended'. Who is here so *rude*', that he would not be a *Roman*'? If any', *speak*'; for *him* I have offended'.—Who is here so *vile*', that he will not *love* his *country*'? If any', *speak*'; for *him* I have offended'.—I pause for a reply'——

None'! Then *none* have I *offended*'. I have done no more to *Cesar*', than you shall do to *Brutus*'. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol'; his glory not extenuated', wherein he was worthy'; nor his offences enforced', for which he suffered death'.

Here comes his *body*', mourned by Mark Antony'; who', though he had no *hand* in his *death*', shall receive the *benefit* of his dying', a *place* in the *commonwealth*'; as which of you shall not'?—With this', I depart'—and', as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome', I have the same dagger for myself', when it shall please my country to need my death'.

SECTION XX.

Antony's Oration over Cesar's Dead Body.—SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDS', Romans', countrymen'! Lend me your ears'.
I come to *bury* Cesar', not to *praise* him'.
The *evil* that men do', lives after them';
The *good* is oft interred with their bones':
So let it be with Cesar'! Noble Brutus
Hath told you', that Cesar was *ambitious*'.
If it were so', it was a *grievous fâult'*;
And grievously hath Cesar *answered* it'.
Here', under leave of Brutus and the rest',
(For Brutus is an *hônourable* mân';
So are they *all'*, *all* hônourable mên',)
Come I to speak in Cesar's funeral'.——

He was my *friend*', faithful and just to me':
But *Brutus* says', he was *ambitious'*;
And Brutus is an *hônourable* mân'.
He hath brought many *captives* home to Rome',
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill':
Did *this* in Cesar seem ambitious'?
When that the *pôôr* have *crîed'*, *Cesar* hath *wept*'.
Ambition should be made of *sterner* stuff'.
Yet Brutus says he *was* ambitious';
And Brutus is an *hônourable* mân'.
You all did see', that', on the Lupercal',
I thrice presented him a kingly crown';
Which he did thrice *refuse*': Was *this* ambition'?
Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious'*;
And', sure', he is an *hônourable* mân'.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke';
But here I am', to speak what I do *knôw*'.
You all did *love* him once'; not without *cause*';—
What cause withholds you then to *môurn* for him'?
O judgment'! Thou art fled to brutish *beasts'*,
And *men* have lost their reason'.——Bear with me':
My heart is in the coffin there with Cesar';
And I must pause till it come back to me'.

But yesterday the word', *Cesar'*, might
Have stood against the world'! Now lies he there',
And none so poor [as] to do him reverence'.
O Masters'! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage',
I should do *Brutus* wrong', and *Cassius* wrong',
Who', you all know', are *hônourable* men'.
I will not do *them* wrong'—I rather choose
To wrong the *dead*', to wrong myself and you',
Than I will wrong such *hônourable* men'.

But here's a *parchment*', with the seal of Cesar'.
I found it in his closet': 'tis his *will*'.
Let but the commons hear this *testament*',
(Which', pardon me', I do not mean to *rêad*',)
And they would go and kiss dead Cesar's *wounds*',
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood';
Yea', beg a *hâir* of him for memory',
And', dying', mention it within their wills',
Bequeathing it', as a rich legacy',
Unto their issue'.——

If you have *têars*', prepare to shed them now'.
You all do know this *mantle*': I remember
The first time ever Cesar put it on';
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent':
That day he overcame the Nervii'—
Look'! In *this* place ran *Cassius'* dagger through'—
See what a rent the envious *Casca* made'——
Through *this* the well-beloved *Brutus* stabbed';
And', as he plucked his *cursed* steel away',
Mark how the blood of Cesar followed it'!
This', THIS was the unkindest cut of all'!
For when the noble Cesar saw HIM stab',
Ingratitude', more strong than *traitor's* arms',
Quite vanquished him'! *Then* burst his *mighty* heart',
And in his mantle muffling up his face',
Even at the base of Pompey's statue',
(Which all the while ran blood',) great Cesar FELL'.
O', what a fall was there', my countrymen'!
Then *I*', and *you*', and *all* of us', fell down',
Whilst bloody *treason* flourished over us'.
O', *now* you weep'; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity'! These are *gracious* drops'.
Kind souls'! What', weep you when you but behold
Our Cesar's *vesture* wounded'? Look ye here'!—
Here is *himself*'—marred', as you see', by *traitors*'.

Good friends'! Sweet friends'! Let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of *mutiny*'.
They that have *done* this deed, are *hônourable*'.
What *private griefs* they have', alas', I know not',
That *made* them do it'. They are *wise* and *hônourable*',
And will', no doubt', with reason answer you'.
I come not', friends', to steal away your hearts'!
I am no *orator*', as *Brutus* is';
But', as you know me all', a plain', blunt man',
That love my friend'—and that they know full well',
That gave me publick leave to speak of him'!
For I have neither wit', nor words', nor worth',
Action', nor utterance', nor power of speech',
To stir men's blood'—I only speak right on'.
I tell you that which you *yourselves* do know'—
Show you sweet Cesar's *wounds*', poor', poor', dumb mouths',
And bid *them* speak for me'. But', were *I*', *Brutus*',

And *Brutus'*, *Antony'*, there were* an Antony [that]
Would ruffle up your spirits', and put a tongue
In every wound of Cesar', that should move
The *stones* of Rome to rise and mutiny'.

SECTION XXI.

Speech of Henry the Fifth before the battle of Agincourt.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHO 's he that wishes more men from England'?
My cousin Westmoreland'? No', my fair cousin':
If we are marked to die', we are enough
To do our country loss'; and if to live',
The fewer men', the greater share of honour'.
No', no', my lord'; wish not a mân from England'.
Rather proclaim it', Westmoreland', throughout my host',
That he who hath no stomach for this fight',
May straight depart'; his passport shall be made',
And crowns', for convoy', put into his purse'.
We would not *dîe* in that man's company'.
This day is called the feast of Crispian'.
He that outlives this day', and comes safe home',
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named',
And rouse him at the name of Crispian'.
He that outlives this day', and sees old age',
Will', yearly', on the vigil', feast his neighbours',
And say', To-morrow is St. Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve', and show his scars'.
Old men forget', yet shall not all forget';
But they 'll remember', with advantages',
What feats they did that day'. Then shall our names',
Familiar in their mouths as household words',
Harry the king', Bedford and Exeter',
Warwick and Talbot',[a] Salisbury[b] and Gloucester',[c]
Be, in their flowing cups', freshly remembered'.
This story shall the good man teach his son',
And Crispian's day shall ne'er[d] go by',
From this time to the ending of the world',
But we and it shall be remembered';
We few', we happy few', we band of brothers';
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me',
Shall be my brother'; be he e'er[e] so vile',
This day shall gentle his condition';
And gentlemen in England', now abed',
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here';
And hold their manhoods cheap', while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day'.

[a]Tôl'bŭt. [b]Sôlz'bĕr-ré. [c]Glŏs'tĕr. [d]Nâre. [e]âre.

---

* *Would be*, grammatically.

SECTION XXII.

Last Parting of the three Indian Friends.—MOORE.

WHEN shall we three *meet* again?
When shall we three meet *again*?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall weary love retire,
  Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
  Ere[a] we three shall meet again.

Tho' to distant lands we hie,
Parched beneath a burning sky,
Tho' the deep between us rolls,
Friendship still unites our souls;
  And, in fancy's wide domain,
  Oft shall we three meet again.

When those burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day,
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
  Long may this loved hour remain,
  Oft may we three meet again.

When the dream of life is fled,
When those wasting lamps are dead,
When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wit, and power are laid,
  Where immortal spirits reign,
  There may we three meet again.

SECTION XXIII.

The Sailor-Boy's Dream.—ANONYMOUS.

IN slumbers of midnight', the sailor-boy lay';
  His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind';
But watch-worn and weary', his cares flew away',
  And visions of happiness'.. danced o'er his mind'.

He dreamed of his home', of his dear native bowers',
  And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn';
While memory stood sideways', half covered with flowers',
  And restored every rose', but secreted its thorn'.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide',
  And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise':—
Now', far', far behind him the green waters glide',
  And the cot of his forefathers'.. blesses his eyes'.

[a] are.

The jessamine'.. clambers in flowers o'er the thatch',
And the swallow'.. sings sweet from her nest in the wall';
All trembling with transport', he raises the latch',
And the voices of loved ones'.. reply to his call'.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight';
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear',
And the lips of the boy'.. in a love-kiss unite'
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear'.

The heart of the sleeper'.. beats high in his breast';
Joy quickens his pulse';—all hardships seem o'er',
And a murmur of happiness'.. steals through his rest'—
"O God'! thou hast blessed me'—I ask for no more'."

Ah'! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye'?
Ah'! what is that sound which now larums his ear'?
'Tis the lightning's red glare', painting hell on the sky':
'Tis the crash of the thunder', the groan of the sphere'.

He springs from his hammock'—he flies to the deck';
Amazement confronts him with images dire'—
Wild winds and mad waves'.. drive the vessel awreck'—
The masts fly in splinters'—the shrouds are on fire'!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell';
In vain the lost wretch'.. calls on Mary to save';
Unseen hands of spirits'.. are ringing his knell',
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave'.

Oh', sailor-boy'! woe to thy dream of delight'!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss'—
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright'—
Thy parents' fond pleasures', and love's honeyed kiss'?

Oh', sailor-boy'! sailor-boy'! never again'
Shall home', love', or kindred', thy wishes repay':
Unblessed and unhonoured', down deep in the main',
Full many a score fathom', thy frame shall decay'.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee',
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge';
But the white foam of waves'.. shall thy winding-sheet be',
And winds in the midnight of winter', thy dirge'.

On beds of green sea-flowers'.. thy limbs shall be laid';
Around thy white bones'.. the red coral shall grow';
Of thy fair yellow locks'.. threads of amber be made',
And every part suit to thy mansion below'.

Days', years', and ages', shall circle away',
And still the vast waters'.. above thee shall roll':
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye'—
Oh', sailor-boy'! sailor-boy'! peace to thy soul'.

SECTION XXIV.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.—SHAKSPEARE.

To be'—or not to be'—that is the question';
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune'—
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles',
And', by opposing', end them'? To die'—to sleep'—
No more'?—and', by a sleep', to say we end
The heart-ache', and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to':—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished'. To die'—to sleep'—
To slêêp'—perchance', to drêam'—ay', there's the rub'—
For', in that sleep of death', what dreams may come',
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil',
Must give us pause'.—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life';
For who could bear the whips and scorns of time',
Th' oppressor's wrong', the proud man's contumely',
The pangs of despised love', the law's delay'
The insolence of office', and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes',
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin'? Who would fardels* bear',
To groan and sweat under a weary life',
But that the dread of something after death',
(That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns',) puzzles the will',
And makes us rather bear those ills we have',
Than fly to others that we know not of'?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all',
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought';
And enterprises of great pith and moment',
With this regard', their currents turn away',
And lose the name of action'.

SECTION XXV.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.—ADDISON.

It must be so'—Plato', thou reasonest well'—
Else', whence this pleasing hope', this fond desire',
This longing after immortality'?
Or', whence this secret dread' and inward horrour',
Of falling into nought'? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself', and startles at destruction'?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us',
'Tis heav'n itself that points out a hereafter',

* Fardel, oppressive burden.

And intimates eternity to man'.
Eternity'!—Thou pleasing', dreadful thought'!
Through what variety of untried being'
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass'!—
The wide', th' unbounded prospect lies before me':
But shadows', clouds', and darkness rest upon it'.
Here will I hold'. If there's a power above us',
(And that there is', all nature cries aloud
Through all her works',) he must delight in virtue';
And that which he delights in', must be happy'.
But when'? or where'? This world was made for Cesar'.
I'm weary of conjectures'—this must end them'.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus I am doubly armed'. My death', and life',
My bane and antidote', are both before me'.
This', in a moment', brings me to an end';
But this informs me I shall never die':
The soul', secured in her existence', smiles
At the drawn dagger', and defies its point'.
The stars shall fade away', the sun himself
Grow dim with age', and nature sink in years';
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth',
Unhurt amidst the war of elements',
The wreck of matter', and the crush of worlds'.

SECTION XXVI.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.—POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame',
Quit', oh quit', this mortal frame':
Trembling', hoping', ling'ring', flying',
Oh', the pain', the bliss', of dying'!
Cease', fond nature', cease thy strife',
And let me languish into life'.

Hark'! they whisper': angels say',
'Sister spirit', come away'.'
What is this absorbs me quite'?
Steals my senses', shuts my sight',
Drowns my spirit', draws my breath'?
Tell me', my soul', can this be death'?

The world recedes': it disappears'!
Heav'n opens on my eyes'! my ears'
With sounds seraphick ring'!
Lend', lend your wings'! I mount'! I fly'!
O grave'! where is thy victory'?
O death'! where is thy sting'?

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Alhambra by Moonlight.—IRVING.

I HAVE given a picture of my apartment on my first taking possession[a] of it': a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings'. The moon', which then was invisible', has gradually gained upon the nights', and now rolls in full splendour above the towers', pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall'. The garden beneath my window, is gently lighted up'; the orange and citron trees'. . are tipped with silver'; the fountain'[b]. . sparkles in the moonbeams'; and even the blush of the rose'. . is faintly visible'.

I have sat for hours at my window', inhaling the sweetness of the garden', and musing on the chequered features[c] of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around'. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight'. . when every thing was quiet', and have wandered over the whole building'. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate', and in such a place'! The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer', is perfectly ethereal'. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere'; there is a serenity of soul', a buoyancy of spirits', an elasticity of frame', that render mere *existence*'[d]. . enjoyment'. The effect of moonlight', too', on the Alhambra', has something like enchantment'[e]. Every rent and chasm of time', every mouldering tint and weather-stain', disappears'; the marble resumes its original whiteness'; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams'; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance',[f] until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale'. At such a time', I have ascended to the little pavilion', called the queen's toilette', to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect'. To the right', the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada', would gleam',

[a]Pôz-sĕsh'ŭn. [b]Fôûn'tĭn—not, fôûn'tn. [c]Fē'tshûrz. [d]Eg-zĭst'ĕns—not, unse. [e]En-tshânt'mĕnt—not, munt. [f]Rā'dē-ăns—not, unse.

like silver clouds', against the darker firmament', and all the outlines of the mountain'.. would be softened', yet delicately defined'. My delight', however', would be to lean over the parapet of the Tocador', and gaze down upon Granada',* spread out like a map below me': all buried in deep repose', and its white palaces and convents sleeping', as it were', in the moonshine'.

Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers'.. lingering in the Alameda'; at other times', I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar', and the notes of a single voice'.. rising from some solitary street', and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier', serenading his lady's window'; a gallant custom of former days', but now sadly on the decline', except in the remote towns and villages of Spain'.

Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour', loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle', enjoying that mixture[b] of reverie and sensation which steal away existence[c] in a southern climate'—and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed', and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa'.

SECTION II.

Reflections on the Moslem Domination in Spain.—Ib.

One of my favourite[d] resorts is the balcony of the central window of the Hall of Ambassadors', in the lofty tower of Comares'.* I have just been seated there', enjoying the close of a long', brilliant day'. The sun', as he sunk behind the purple mountains of Alhama', sent a stream of effulgence up the valley of the Darro', that spread a melancholy pomp over the ruddy towers of the Alhambra', while the Vega', covered with a slight', sultry vapour that caught the setting ray', seemed spread out in the distance[e] like a golden sea'. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness[f] of the hour'; and though the faint sound of musick and merriment[g] now and then arose from the gardens of the Darro', it but rendered more impressive the monumental silence of the pile which overshadowed me'. It

[a]Grân'â-dâ. [b]Mîks'tshûre—not, tshûr. [c]Eg-zîst'ênse—not, unse. [d]Fâ'vûr'ît. [e]Dis'tânse—not, dis'tunse. [f]Stîl'nês—not, nis. [g]Mêr'rê'mênt.

* One of the towers belonging to the Alhambra, the splendid fortified palace of the Moorish princes that formerly reigned in Granada.

was one of those hours and scenes in which memory asserts an almost magical power', and', like the evening sun'..beaming on these mouldering towers', sends back her retrospective rays to light up the glories of the past'.

As I sat watching the effect of the declining daylight upon this Moorish pile', I was led into a consideration of the light', elegant',[a] and voluptuous character prevalent throughout its internal architecture',[b] and to contrast it with the grand', but gloomy', solemnity of the Gothick edifices', reared by the Spanish conquerors.' The very architecture[b] thus bespeaks the opposite and irreconcilable natures[c] of the two warlike people who so long battled here for the mastery of the Peninsula.' By degrees', I fell into a course of musing upon the singular features of the Arabian or Morisco Spaniards', whose whole existence is as a tale that is told', and certainly forms one of the most anomalous', yet splendid', episodes in history'. Potent[d] and durable as was their dominion', we have no one distinct title by which to designate them'. They were a nation', as it were',[e] without a legitimate country or a name'. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation', cast upon the shores of Europe', they seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent'. Their course of conquest from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees', was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt'. Nay', had they not been checked on the plains of Tours', all France', all Europe', might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the east'; and the crescent might', at this day', have glittered on the fanes of Paris and of London'.

Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees', the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa that formed this great irruption', gave up the Moslem principles of conquest', and sought to establish[f] in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion'. As conquerors', their heroism was only equalled by their moderation'; and in both', for a time', they excelled the nations with whom they contended'. Severed from their native homes', they loved the land given them', as they supposed', by Allah', and strove to embellish it with every thing that could administer to the happiness of man'. Laying the foundations of their power in a system[g] of wise and equitable laws', diligently cultivating the arts and sciences', and promoting agriculture',[h] manufactures', and commerce', they gradually formed an empire'..unrivalled

[a]El'ĕ-gânt—not, gunt. [b]Ar'kĕ'tĕk-tshûre—not, tshûr. [c]Nă'tshûrze—not, tshûrz. [d]Pō'tĕnt—not, tunt. [e]Wĕr. [f]E-stăb'lish—not, ĕs-tăb'lish. [g]Sĭs'tĕm—not, tum. [h]Ag'rĕ'kŭl-tshûre.

for its prosperity', by any of the empires of Christendom'; and diligently drawing round them the graces and refinements that marked the Arabian empire in the east at the time of its greatest civilization', they diffused the light of oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe'.

The cities of Arabian Spain became the resort of Christian artisans', in which to instruct themselves in the useful arts'. The universities of Toledo', Cordova', Seville', and Granada', were sought by the pale student[a] from other lands', to acquaint himself with the sciences of the Arabs', and the treasured lore of antiquity'; the lovers of the gay sciences', resorted to Cordova and Granada', to imbibe the poetry and musick of the east'; and the steel-clad warriors of the north'.. hastened thither to accomplish themselves in the graceful exercises and courteous usages of chivalry'.[b]

If the Moslem monuments in Spain';—if the Mosque of Cordova', the Alcazar of Seville', and the Alhambra of Granada', still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion', can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain'? Generation after generation', century after century had passed away', and still they maintained possession of the land'. A period had elapsed'.. longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman conquerors'; and the descendants of Musa and Tarik might as little anticipate being driven into exile across the same straits'.. traversed by their triumphant ancestors', as the descendants of Rollo and William', and their victorious peers', may dream of being driven back to the shores of Normandy'.

With all this', however', the Moslem empire in Spain'.. was but a brilliant exotick that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished'. Secured from[c] all their neighbours of the west by impassable barriers of[d] faith and manners', and separated by seas and deserts from[c] their kindred of[d] the east', they were an isolated people'. Their whole existence was a prolonged', though gallant and chivalrick struggle for[e] a foot-hold in a usurped land'. They were the outposts and frontiers of[d] Islamism'. The peninsula was the great battle-ground where the Gothick conquerors of[d] the north', and the Moslem conquerors of[d] the east', met and strove for[e] mastery'; and the fiery courage of[d] the Arab'.. was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valour of[d] the Goth'.

Never was the annihilation of[d] a people more complete than

[a]Stŭ'dĕnt—not, dunt. [b]Tshĭv'ăl-rē—not, *shiv'ăl-rē*. [c]Frŏm—not, frum. [d]ŏv—not, uv, nor, *of*. [e]Fŏr—not, fur, nor, *fr*.

that of[a] the Morisco Spaniards'. Where are they'? Ask the shores of[a] Barbary and its desert places'. The exiled remnant of[a] their once powerful empire', disappeared among the barbarians of Africa', and ceased to be a nation'. They have not even left a distinct *name*'.. behind them', though for[b] nearly *eight centuries* they were a distinct people'. The home of their adoption and of[a] their occupation for[b] ages', refuses to acknowledge them but as *invaders* and *usurpers*'. A few broken monuments'.. are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion', as solitary rocks left far in the interiour', bear testimony to the extent of[a] some vast inundation'. Such is the Alhambra':—a Moslem pile in the midst of[a] a Christian land';—an oriental palace'.. amidst the Gothick edifices of[a] the west';—an elegant memento of[a] a brave', intelligent', and graceful people', who conquered', ruled', and passed away'.

SECTION III.

Thoughts on Hand-Writing.—VERPLANCK.

Extract—from Bliss' Talisman, of 1828.

WHEN one has nothing which is actually new or interesting to say upon a subject', it is a question which very naturally suggests[c] itself to the reader', why he writes about it at all'? I', therefore', suppose this question directed to myself'; and reply', with perfect honesty', that', in making such remarks as occur to me on the subject of chirography', I am fulfilling a promise', and also writing a preface[d] to a story which I have to tell'.

I have had reasons for meditating much on the mystery of hand-writings', though my reflections have resulted in no new discoveries'; and I have neither solved any of the paradoxes', nor come to a definite conclusion on any of the doubtful points with which the subject is pregnant'. The first difficulty which was suggested[c] to my mind about it', occurred in early childhood'. I could not discover how the rapping of me over the knuckles with a long', round', lignum-vitæ ruler', until those articulations were[e] discoloured and lame', was to assist me in using my fingers with ease and grace', in copying the pithy scraps of morality which were[d] set before me'. My master', however', seemed to think it was good for me'. The poor man

[a]Ov—not, uv, nor, *of*. [b]Fôr—not, fur, nor, *fr*. [c]Sûg-jĕst'. [d]Prĕf'fĕs. Wĕr.

took a world of *pains*', and gave *me* a great many', to very little purpose'.

I certainly never became a proficient in calligraphy'. I have', however', in the course of my life', been consoled for my own imperfections on this score', by observing scholars', statesmen',[a] and gentlemen at large', who passed very well in the world', and obtained professorships', outfits', and salaries', and the entrée into polite society', whose signs manual were[b] hieroglyphicks', which Champollion himself would give up in despair'. Their whole manipulation', (as the learned[c] would say',) with pen', ink', and paper', produced a result so utterly undecipherable', that', instead of its 'painting thought', and speaking to the eyes',' if their secretaries or correspondents had not known what they wanted to say', or to have said for them', the persons interested in their despatches', might as well have been in the innocent situation of John Lump and Looney Mactwalter', when they had 'mixed the billy-duxes'.'

I have known lawyers and doctors whose autographick outpourings the solicitor and apothecary alone understood by professional instinct': and yet', the bills in chancery of the former', fairly engrossed', produced suits that are not yet decided'; and the prescriptions of the latter', found their way into the patient's system',[d] and caused a great effect'.

There is one thing', however', on which I have made up my mind decidedly'; which is', that one who writes so detestable a hand that he cannot read it himself', acts in an improper manner', and abuses the gift which Cadmus was good enough to introduce into Europe'.

The character of my own writing seems somewhat amended since time has laid his frosty hand upon my head', and cramped the joints of my fingers'. It is less capricious in the variety of directions in which the letters run', and less luxuriant in gratuitous additions to their tops and bottoms', and natural terminations'. They look more like a platoon of regular troops', and less like a militia training'; more like an arrangement produced by the agency of human intellect', and less like the irregular scratches made by the brute creation in the surface of the soil': so that I get along without any material difficulty', and have', indeed', been sometimes complimented on the *elegance* of my writing'.

That the intellectual and moral character of a person may be ascertained from his hand-writing', is a theory[e] which many

[a] Stâtes'mĕn—not, *mun*. [b] Wẽr. [c] Lẽrn'ĕd. [d] Sĭs'tĕm—not, *sis'tum*.
[e] *Thē'ō-rē*—not, *thē'er-ē*.

are fond of believing in'; and', to a certain extent, it may be made to appear plausible'.

The *sex* of the writer may be conjectured with more infallibility than any other attribute'.

> " The bridegroom's letters stand in row above',
> Tapering', yet straight', like pine trees in his grove';
> While free and fine the bride's appear below',
> As light and slender as her jessamines grow."

Still', one cannot always tell from the appearance[a] of a manuscript', whether a lady or a gentleman has held the pen'. I had a female relative', who was a strong', stout-built woman', to be sure', but who wrote a hand so formidably masculine', that the only suiter that ever made her an offer', was terrified out of his negociation by the first billet-doux he had the honour of receiving from her'. He was a slender and delicately made man', and wrote a fine Italian hand'.

Next to the sex', the *age* of the writer may be guessed at from the chirography', with most certainty': but some people write a puerile hand all their lives'. The gravest maxims', the profoundest thoughts', the most abstruse reasonings', have sometimes been originally imbodied in signs as fantastical as the scrawls made in sport by a child'. On the other hand', men of regular temperament', and methodical habits of business', will acquire a formed and deliberate character in their hand-writing', which is often not impaired until extreme age'.

The nation', profession', and other accidental properties of a person', may also', perhaps', in a majority of instances', be discovered from his chirograph'. It is obvious', however', that there is no mystery in this which philosophy needs be invoked to elucidate'. Mr. Owen's doctrine of *circumstances* will explain it very satisfactorily'.

Some conceited people try to write as *badly* as they can', because they have heard', and believe', that it is a proof of *genius*'. While all admit', that this notion is altogether absurd', it is generally conceded that men of genius do write in a very obscure', infirm', or eccentrick character'; in illustration of which fact', a thousand instances might be adduced', such as Byron', and Chalmers', and Jeffrey', and Bonaparte', and so forth':—a goodly *assortment* in the same lot'! One thing is very certain', that they who write a great deal for the *press*', will soon write very badly': and it is by no means necessary to ascribe this circumstance to intellectual organization'. Bonaparte had no time', when dictating to *six* clerks at once', or

[a] Ap-pēēr'-ânse.

when signing treaties on *horseback*', to cultivate a clear running hand'. Distinguished as he was above other men in his fame and in his fortunes', I believe we may also concede to him the honour of having written the worst', possible hand', decipherable by human ingenuity'. And when we find', from the facsimiles of some of his early despatches', how abominably he *spelled*', as well as wrote', we are led to infer', that a defective education', and an eagle-eyed ambition which soon began to gaze too steadily at the sun', to regard the motes in the atmosphere', will sufficiently account for a matter of so small importance to so great a man', without resorting to 'metaphysical *aid*' to account for his bad writing'.

But to leave this droughty and prosing disquisition', I am minded to illustrate both the evils and the advantages of bad or illegible writing', by incidents[a] which have occurred', or are easily supposable', in real life'. My poor old master', against whose memory I cherish no malice', notwithstanding his frequent fustigation of my youthful knuckles', when he despaired of my profiting', either by the unction of his precepts', or the sore application of his ruler', endeavoured to *frighten* me into amendment by examples'. He composed for my use', a digested chronicle of casualties which had befallen those who perpetrated unseemly scrawls'; and after the manner of Swift', entitled his tract', "God's Revenge against Cacography'." I have long since lost the precious gift'; but I have not forgotten all the legends it contained'.

The tale is old of the English gentleman[b] who had procured for his friend a situation in the service of the East India Company', and who was put to unprofitable expense by misreading an epistle', in which the latter endeavoured to express his gratitude'. "Having;" said the absentee', "been thus placed in a post where I am sure of a regular salary', and where I have it in my power', while I enjoy health', to lay up something every year to provide for the future', I am not unmindful of my benefactor', and mean soon to send you an *equivalent*'." Such a villanous hand did this grateful Indian write', that the gentleman[b] thought he meant soon to send him an *elephant*'. Accordingly', he erected a large outhouse for the unwieldy pet'; but never got any thing to put into it', except a little pot of sweetmeats', and an additional bundle of compliments'.

Few who have read the newspapers', have not seen an anecdote of an amateur of queer animals', who sent an order to Africa for *two* monkeys'. The word *two*', as he wrote it', so

[a] In'sĕ-dĕnts—not, dants. [b] Jĕn'tl-măn—not, man.

resembled the figures 100', that his literal and single-minded agent[a] was somewhat perplexed in executing this commission', as it compelled him to make war on the whole nation'. And great was the naturalist's surprise and perplexity, when he received a letter', informing him', in mercantile phraseology', that 80 monkeys had been shipped', as per copy of the bill of lading enclosed', and that his correspondent hoped to be able to execute the rest of the order in time for the next vessel'.

Many', too', must have read a story which appeared in the English newspapers', a few months since', of the distressful predicament into which a poor fisherman's wife was thrown by the receipt of a letter from her husband', who had been absent from home', with several of his brethren', beyond the ordinary time'. The honest man stated', in piscatorial phrase', the causes of his detention', and what luck he had met with in his fishing'. But the conclusion of his bulletin', as spelled by his loving', amphibious helpmate', was as follows': 'I AM NO MORE'!' The poor woman gazed awhile on this fatal', official intelligence of her husband's demise', and then on her eleven now fatherless infants'; and then she burst into a paroxysm of clamorous sorrow', which drew around her the consorts of seventeen other fishermen who had departed in company with the deceased man'. None of them could read'; but they caught from the widow's broken lamentations', the contents of the supernatural postscript'; and taking it for granted', that they had all been served in the same manner by the treacherous element', they all lifted up their voices', and the corners of their aprons', and made an ululation worthy of so many forsaken mermaids'. In the words of the poet', they made "'igh water in the sea'," on whose margin they stood'; when one of the overseers of the poor', who came to the spot', alarmed by the rumour that the parish was like to be burdened with eighteen new widows', and a hundred and odd parcel of orphans', snatched the letter from the weeping Thetis', and silenced the grief of the company', by making out its conclusion correctly', which was', '*I add no more*'.'

There is a memorable passage in our annals', which must be familiar to those who have read the old chronicles and records of our early', colonial history'. I allude to the consternation into which the General Court of the Massachusetts', and their associated settlements', were thrown', when their clerk read to them a letter from a worthy divine', purporting', that he addressed them', not as magistrates', but as a set of *Indian Devils*'.

[a] A'jĕnt.

The horrour-stricken official paused in his prelection', aghast as was the clerk in England'—for whose proper psalm a wag had substituted 'Chevy Chase',—when he came to the words', 'woful hunting'.' He looked at the manuscript again', and after a thorough examination', exclaimed', "yea'! it *is* Indian Devils'." A burst of indignation from the grave Sanhedrim', long', loud', and deep', followed this declaration'. They would all have better brooked to be called by the name of Baptists', Papists', or any other pestilent hereticks', than to be branded as the very heathen', whom they had themselves never scrupled to compliment by calling them children of Beelzebub'. If I remember aright', the venerable Cotton Mather notes', in his biographies of the eminent divines of his day', that the innocent offender was', in this instance', roughly handled by the secular arm of justice', for insulting the dignitaries both of church and state', before he had an opportunity of convincing his brother dignitaries', that the offensive epithet', ***Indian Devils***', was a pure mistake in their manner of reading his epistle'; inasmuch as he had meant to employ the more harmless phrase', ***Individuals***'. The apology was accepted'; though', I observe', that the latter word is', at present', deemed impolite', if not actionable', in Kentucky'; and is as provoking to a citizen of that state', as it was to dame Quickly to be called a woman', and a thing to thank God on', by Sir John Falstaff'.

SECTION IV.

The Monk.—STERNE.

A POOR ***Monk*** of the order of St. Francis', came into the room to beg something for his ***convent***'. The moment I cast my eyes upon him', I was determined not to give him a single ***sous***'; and', accordingly', I put my purse into my pocket', buttoned it up', set myself a little more upon my centre', and advanced gravely up to him'. There was something', I fear', forbidding in my look'. I have his picture this moment before my eyes', and think there was that in it which deserves better'.

The Monk', as I judged from the break in his tonsure', (a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it',) might be about ***seventy***'; but from his ***eyes***', and that sort of ***fire*** that was in them', which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years', could be no more than ***sixty***'.—Truth might lie between'. He was certainly sixty-***five***'; and the gen-

eral air of his countenance', notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time', agreed to the account'.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted'—mild', pale', penetrating'; free from all common-place ideas of fat', contented ignorance', looking *downwards* upon the earth'. *It* looked *forward'; but looked as if it beheld something beyond* this world'. How one of his order came by it', heaven above', who let it fall upon a Monk's shoulders', best knows'; but it would have suited a *Bramin'; and* had I met it upon the plains of Hindostan', I had *reverenced* it'.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes': it might be put into the hands of any one to *design'; for* it was neither *elegant'*, nor *otherwise'*, but as character and expression *made* it so'. It was a thin', spare form', somewhat above the common size', if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure'—but this was the attitude of *entreaty'; and* as it now stands present to my imagination', it gains more than it loses by it'.

When he had entered the room three paces', he stood still'; and laying his left hand upon his breast', (a slender', white staff with which he journeyed', being in his right',) when I had got close up to him', he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent', and the poverty of his order'; and did it with so simple a grace', and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure',—that I must have been *bewitched'* . . not to have been *struck* with it'. A better reason was', I had predetermined not to give him a single *sous'*.

'Tis very *true'*, said I', replying to a cast upwards with his eyes', with which he had concluded his address'—'tis very *true'; and Heaven* be their resource', who have no other than the *charity* of the *world'; the* stock of which', I fear', is no way sufficient for the many great claims that are hourly made upon it'.

As I pronounced the words *great claims'*, he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick'. —I felt the full force of the appeal'.—I *acknowledge* it', said I'—a *coarse* hâbit', and that but once in *three years'*, with a *meager diet'*, are no great *matters'; but* the true point of pity considers that the comforts of life can be earned in the world with but little industry', and that your order wishes to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame', the blind', the aged', and the infirm';—the *captive'*, who

lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction', languishes also for *his* share of it'. Had you been of the order of *mercy*', instead of the order of St. *Francis*', *poor* as I am', continued I', pointing to my portmanteau', full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate'. The monk made me a bow'. But', resumed I', the unfortunate of our *own country*', surely have the *first* rights'; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore'. The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head', as much as to say', 'No *doubt*'; there is misery enough in every corner of the world', as well as within our convent'.' But we distinguish', said I', laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick', in return for his appeal', we distinguish', my good father', betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own *labour*', and those who eat the bread of *other* people's', and have no other plan in life than to get through it in sloth and ignorance *for the love of God*'!

The poor Franciscan made no *reply*'; a hectick of a moment passed across his cheek', but it could not *tarry*'. Nature seemed to have done with her *resentments* in him'. He *showed* none'; but letting his staff fall within his arm', he pressed both his hands on his breast with resignation', and retired'.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door'.—*Pshaw*'! said I', with an air of carelessness', three several times'. But it would not *do*':—every ungracious syllable I had uttered', crowded back upon my imagination'. I reflected that I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to *deny* him'; and that the punishment of *that* was enough to the disappointed', without the addition of *unkind language*'. I considered his *gray hairs*'; his courteous figure seemed to *re-enter*', and gently ask me', what *injury* he had done me', and why I could use him *thus*'? I would have given *twenty livres* for an *advocate*'.—I have behaved very *ill*', said I within myself'; but I have only just set out upon my travels', and shall learn better manners as I get along'.

SECTION V.

Story of Le Fever.—STERNE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies', when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper', with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard'—I say', *sitting*', for', in consideration of

the corporal's lame knee', (which sometimes gave him exqui. *pâin*') when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone', he would never suffer the corporal to *stand*': and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such', that', with a proper artillery', my uncle Toby could have taken *Dendermond itself*', with less trouble than he was at to gain this point over him': for many a time when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest', he would look back', and detect him standing behind him', with the most dutiful respect'. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them', than all other causes', for five and twenty years together'.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper', when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour', with an empty vial in his hand', to beg a glass or two of sack': 'Tis for a poor gentleman'—I think', of the *army*', said the landlord', who was taken ill at my house four days ago', and has never held up his head since', or had a desire to taste any thing till just now', that he had a fancy for a glass of sack', and a thin toast'.—"I think'," says he', taking his hand from his forehead'—"it would *comfort* me'."—If I could neither beg', borrow', nor buy such a thing', added the landlord', I would almost *stêal* it for the poor gentleman', he is so *ill*'—I hope he will still *mênd*', continued he',—we are all of us *concerned* for him'.

Thou art a good-natured soul', I will answer for thee', cried my uncle Toby'; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack *thyself*'—and take a couple of bottles', with my service', and tell him he is heartily *welcome* to them', and to a dozen *more*', if they will do him gôôd'.

Though I am persuaded', said my uncle Toby', as the landlord shut the door', he is a very *compassionate* fellow', Trim', yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his *guest too*'. There must be something more than common in *him*', that', in so short a time', should win so much upon the affections of his *host*'—and of his whole *family*', added the corporal', for they are *all* concerned for him'.—Step after him', said my uncle Toby'—do', Trim', and ask if he knows his *nâme*'.

I have quite *forgotten* it', truly', said the landlord', coming back into the parlour with the corporal'; but I can ask his *son* again'.—Has he a *son* with him', then'? said my uncle Toby'.—A boy', replied the landlord', of about eleven or twelve years of age'; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his *father*'. He does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day'. He has not stirred from the bed-side these *two* days'.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork', and thrust his plate from before him', as the landlord gave him the account'; and Trim', without being ordered', took them away', without saying one word', and in a few minutes after', brought him his pipe and tobacco'.

Trîm'! said my uncle Toby', I have a *project* in my head', as it is a *bad* night', of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure', and paying a *visit* to this poor gentleman'.—Your honour's roquelaure', replied the corporal', has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your *wôund*', when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of *St. Nicholas*';' and besides', it is so *cold* and *rainy* a night', that', what with the roquelaure'! and what with the weather'! it will be enough to give your honour your *death*'. I *fear* so', replied my uncle Toby'; but I am not at *rest* in my *mind*', Trim', since the account the landlord has given me'—I wish I had not known so *much* of this affair', added my uncle Toby', or', that I had known *more* of it'. How shall we *manage* it'? Leave it', an't please your honour', to *me*', quoth the corporal'. I'll take my hat and stick', and go to the house', and *reconnoitre*', and act accordingly': and I will bring your honour a full account in an hôûr'. Thou shalt *go*', Trim', said my uncle Toby'; and here's a *shilling* for thee to *drink* with his servant'. I shall get it all out of *him*', said the corporal', shutting the door'.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his *third* pipe', that corporal Trim returned from the inn', and gave him the following account':—

I despaired', at first', said the corporal', of being able to bring back your honour *any kind* of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant'—Is he of the *army*', then'? said my uncle Toby'.—He *is*', said the corporal'—And in what *regiment*'? said my uncle Toby'—I'll tell your honour', replied the corporal', every thing straight forward', as I *learned* it'.—Then', Trim', I'll fill another pipe', said my uncle Toby', and not interrupt thee'. So sit down at thy *ease*', Trim', in the window seat', and begin thy story *again*'. The corporal made his old *bow*', which generally spoke', as plainly as a bow *could* speak it', "Your honour is *good*';" and having done that', he sat down', as he was ordered', and began the story to my uncle Toby over again', in pretty nearly the same words'.

I despaired', at first', said the corporal', of being able to bring back *any* intelligence to your honour', about the lieutenant and his son': for when I asked where his *servant* was', from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing that was *proper* to

be asked'—That's a right *distinction*', Trim', said my uncle Toby'—I was answered', an't please your honour', that he had *no* servant *with* him':—that he had come to the inn with *hired* horses'; which', upon finding himself unable to proceed', (to join the regiment', I suppose',) he had dismissed the morning after he came'. If I get *better*', my dear', said he', as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man', we can hire horses from hence'. But', alas'! the poor gentleman will *never* get from hence', said the landlady to me', for I heard the *death-watch* all night long'—and when he dies', the youth', his son', will certainly die *with* him'; for he is broken-hearted already'.

I was hearing this account', continued the corporal', when the youth came into the kitchen', to order the thin *toast* the landlord spoke of':—but I will do it for my father *myself*', said the youth'. Pray let me save you the *trouble*', young gentleman', said I', taking up a fork for the purpose', and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire', whilst I did it'. I believe', Sir', said he', very modestly', I can please him best *myself*'.—I am sure', said I', his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old *sôldier*'. The youth took hold of my hand', and instantly burst into *tears*'. Pôôr youth'! said my uncle Toby'; he has been bred up from an infant in the *army*', and the name of a *soldier*', Trim', sounded in his ears', like the name of a *friend*'. I wish I had him *here*'.

I never', in the longest march', said the corporal', had so great a mind to my dinner', as I had to *cry with* him for *company*'. What could be the *matter* with me', an't please your honour'? Nothing in the world', Trim', said my uncle Toby', blowing his nose'—but that thou art a good-natured fellow'.

When I gave him the toast', continued the corporal', I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's *servant*', and that your honour', though a stranger', was extremely *concerned* for his *father*'; and that', if there was any thing in your house or cellar'—(and thou mightst have added my *purse too*', said my uncle Toby')—he was heartily *welcome* to it'. He made a very low bow', (which was meant to your honour',) but no *answer*'; for his heart was full'; so he went up stairs with the toast'. I warrant you', my dear', said I', as I opened the kitchen door', your father will be *well* again'. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire', but said not a *word*', good or bad', to *comfort* the youth'. I thought it *wrong*', added the corporal'—I think so *too*', said my uncle Toby'.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack', and his

toast', he felt himself a little *revived*', and sent down into the kitchen to let me know', that', in about ten minutes', he should be glad if I would step up stairs'.—I believe', said the landlord', he is going to say his prayers', for there was a book laid upon the chair', by his bed side'; and as I shut the door', I saw his son take up a cushion'.

I thought', said the curate', that you gentlemen of the *army*', Mr. Trim', never said your prayers at *all*'. I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night', said the landlady', very *devoutly*', and with my own *ears*', or I could not have *believed* it'. Are you *sure* of it'? replied the curate'. A *soldier*', an't please your reverence', said I', prays as often' (of his own *accord*') as a *parson*'; and when he is fighting for his *king*', and for his *own life*', and for his *honour too*', he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole *world*'. 'Twas well said of thee', Trim', said my uncle Toby',—but when a soldier', said I', an't please your reverence', has been standing for twelve hours together in the *trenches*', up to his knees in *cold water*', or engaged', said I', for months together', in long and dangerous *marches*': harassed', perhaps', in his rear *to-day*'; harassing others *to-morrow*';—detached *here*'; countermanded *there*';—resting this night out upon his arms'—beat up in his sleep the next'—benumbed in his joints'—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on'—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can'.—I believe', said I'—for I was *piqued*', quoth the corporal', for the reputation of the *army*'—I believe', an't please your reverence', said I', that when a soldier gets *time* to pray', he prays as heartily as a *parson*', though not with all his *fuss* and *hypocrisy*'.—Thou shouldest not have said *that*', Trim', said my uncle Toby,' for *God* only knows who *is* a *hypocrite*', and who is *not*'. At the great and general review of us all', corporal',—at the day of judgment', (and not *till* then')—it will be seen *who* have done their duties in this world', and who have not'; and we shall be *advanced*', Trim', accordingly'. I hope we *shall*', said Trim'.—It is in the *scripture*', said my uncle Toby'; and I will show it thee to-morrow': In the mean time', we may *depend*' upon it', Trim', for our comfort', said my uncle Toby', that God Almighty is so good and just a governour of the world', that', if we shall have but done our *duties* in it', it will never be inquired into', whether we have done them in a *red* coat or a *black* one':—I hope *not*', said the corporal'.—But go on', Trim', said my uncle Toby', with the *story*'.

When I went up', continued the corporal', into the Lieutenant's room', (which I did not do till the expiration of the ten

minutes',) he was lying in his bed', with his head raised upon his hand', his elbow upon the pillow', and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it'. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling', the book was laid upon the bed', and', as he rose', in taking up the cushion with one hand', he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time'. Let it remain there', my dear', said the Lieutenant'.

He did not offer to speak to me', till I had walked up close to his bed-side': If you are Captain Shandy's servant', said he', you must present my *thanks* to your master', with my little *boy's* thanks along with them', for his *courtesy* to me':—if he was of *Leven's*'—said the Lieutenant'.—I told him your honour *was*'—then', said he', I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*', and *remember* him'; but it is most likely', as I had not the honour of any *acquaintance* with him', that he knows nothing of *me*'. You will tell him', however', that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him', is one *Le Fever*', a Lieutenant in *Angus's*'—but he knows me *not*' —said he a second time', musing':—possibly he may my *story*' —added he'—pray tell the Captain', I was the Ensign at *Breda*', whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot', as she lay in my arms in my tent'.—I remember the story', an't please your honour', said I', very well'. Do you so'? said he', wiping his eyes with his handkerchief'—then well may *I*'.—In saying this', he drew a little ring out of his bosom', which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck', and kissed it twice'.—Here', Billy', said he'—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side', and falling down upon his knee', took the ring in his hand', and kissed it *too*', then kissed his *father*', and sat down upon the bed and *wept*'.

I wish', said my uncle Toby', with a deep sigh'—I wish', Trim',... I was *asleep*'.

Your honour', replied the corporal', is too much *concerned*': Shall I pour your honour out a glass of *sack* to your pipe'? *Do*', Trim', said my uncle Toby'.

I remember', said my uncle Toby', sighing again', the story of the ensign and his wife', and particularly well', that he', as well as she', upon some account or other', (I forget what',) was universally *pitied* by the whole *regiment*'; but finish the *story*'. *'Tis* finished *already*', said the corporal', for I could stay no *longer*', so I wished his honour a good *night*'. Young Le Fever rose from off the bed', and saw me to the bottom of the stairs'; and as we went down together', told me they had come from

Ireland', and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*'. But', alas'! said the corporal', the Lieutenant's last day's march is *over*'. Then what is to become of his poor *boy*'? cried my uncle Toby'.

Thou hast left this matter *short*', said my uncle Toby to the corporal', as he was putting him to bed', and I will tell thee in *what*', Trim'. In the first place', when thou madst an offer of my *services* to Le Fever', as sickness and travelling are both expensive', and thou knewest he was but a poor Lieutenant', with a son to subsist', as well as himself', out of his pay', that thou didst not make an offer to him of my *purse*'; because', had he stood in *need*', thou knowest', Trim', he had been as welcome to it as *myself*'. Your honour knows', said the corporal', I had no *orders*'. *True*', quoth my uncle Toby'; thou didst very *right*', Trim', as a SOLDIER', but', certainly', very *wrong*', as a MAN'.

In the second place', for which', indeed', thou hast the same *excuse*', continued my uncle Toby', when thou offeredst him whatever was *in* my house', thou shouldst have offered him my *house too*'. A sick brother officer'.. should have the *best quarters*', Trim'; and if we had him with *us*', we could tend and look to him'. Thou art an excellent nurse *thyself*', Trim'; and what with *thy* care of him' and the old *woman's*', and his *boy's*', and *mine together*', we might recruit him again *at once*', and set him upon his *legs*'.

In a fortnight or three weeks', added my uncle Toby', smiling', he might *march*'. He will *never* march', an't please your honour', in *this* world', said the corporal'. He *will* march', said my uncle Toby', rising up from the side of the bed', with one shoe off'. An't please your honour', said the corporal', he will never march'.. but to his *grave*'. He SHALL march', cried my uncle Toby', marching the foot which had a shoe on', though without advancing an inch': he shall march to his *regiment*'. He cannot *stand* it', said the corporal'. He shall be *supported*', said my uncle Toby'. He'll *drop* at last', said the corporal', and what will become of his *boy*'? He shall NOT drop', said my uncle Toby', firmly'. A well o'day'! do what we *can* for him', said Trim', maintaining his point': the poor soul will *die*'. He shall NOT die', by H——n', cried my uncle Toby'.——

The Accusing Spirit', which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath', blushed as he gave it in'; and the Recording Angel', as he wrote it down', dropped a tear upon the word', and blotted it out forever'.——

My uncle Toby went to his bureau', put his purse into his pocket', and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician', he went to bed and fell asleep'.

The sun looked bright the morning after', to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's'; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids', and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle', when my uncle Toby', who had got up an hour before his wonted time', entered the Lieutenant's room', and', without preface or apology', sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side'; and independent of all modes and customs', opened the curtain', in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it', and asked him how he *did*'—how he had *rested* in the night'—what was his *complaint*'—where was his *pain*'—and what he could do to *help* him'? And without giving him time to answer any *one* of these inquiries', went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting for him', with the corporal', the night *before*'.——

You shall go home directly', Le Fever', said my uncle Toby', to my *house*'—and we 'll send for a *doctor* to see what's the *matter*'—and we 'll have an *apothecary*'—and the corporal shall be your *nurse*', and I 'll be your *servant*', Le Fever'.

There was a *frankness* in my uncle Toby'—not the *effect* of familiarity', but the *cause* of it'—which let you at once into his *soul*', and showed you the goodness of his *nature*': to this', there was something in his looks', and voice', and manner', superadded', which always beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him'; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father', the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees', and had taken hold of the breast of his coat', and was pulling it towards him'. The blood and spirit of Le Fever', which were waxing cold and slow within him', and were retreating to their last citadel', the heart', rallied back'—the film forsook his eyes for a moment'—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face'—then cast a look upon his boy'.

Nature instantly *ebbed* again'—the film returned to its place' —the pulse fluttered'—stopped'—went on'—throbbed'—stopped again'—moved'—stopped'—shall I go on'?—No'.

CIRCULAR.

LECTURING SEMINARY,

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

CONDUCTED BY

S. KIRKHAM AND H. WINCHESTER,

With the assistance of Miss CAROLINE WINCHESTER, and, also, Mr. JOHN L. CAREY, Teacher of *Languages*, at

No. 16, N. FREDERICK STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE building in which this School is conducted, (together with the advantage of an *extensive* and an *elegant yard* attached to it,) is sufficiently spacious to enable the Principals to accommodate YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES in *separate* and totally *distinct* apartments.

The management of this Institution, and the course of instruction adopted in it, are based upon the following

GENERAL MAXIMS.

1. Without ORDER, rapid improvement is impossible.

Government consists, not so much in a flourish of the *rod*, as in the exercise of *moral influence*, grounded in respect and esteem. Raise the ambition of a youth by rendering his studies agreeable and inviting, and by causing him to respect himself, and he is easily governed. "As far as light excelleth darkness," so doth *kindness* transcend severity, and encouragement, compulsion. "A gentle hand will lead even the elephant by a hair."

2. To possess knowledge, is one thing: to communicate it to others, is a *very different* thing. Hence, accomplished scholars often make but *indifferent teachers*.

3. No one is able to communicate knowledge which he does not *possess*. Hence, for one to profess to instruct others in a branch of science which he does not understand himself, is gross empiricism.

4. Children and youth should be *led* along the path of knowledge, not *driven*.

5. Ideas must be *obtained*, before they can be treasured up. The *understanding* ought, therefore, to be addressed before the memory is exercised. It is more important to be made acquainted with *things* than with *words*.

6. Children are endowed with *intellectual* powers, which ought to be developed and brought into active exercise. Hence, to treat them as *automatons*, is both cruel and absurd. The mind requires *intellectual* food, as much as the body does *physical* aliment.

7. A youth is capable of learning but *one* thing at a time: therefore only *one* branch of learning should be presented to him as the *main* object of pursuit at any given period, although several other branches may be successfully prosecuted *collaterally*, at prescribed intervals, by way of variety and recreation.

8. Inasmuch as *early* impressions are the most durable, and exercise the most potent influence over one's conduct through life, the *moral* and

religious instruction of youth should, *in no case*, be neglected. They should never be allowed to forget, that they are endowed, not only with intellectual and physical powers, but, also, with an *immortal spirit*.

9. *External* accomplishments, or such as relate to a genteel and graceful deportment, though not so important as those of an intellectual character, are not unworthy to be ranked among the minor parts of a good education.

Believing these principles to be of paramount importance in the instruction of youth, the Conductors of this Institution will be governed by their rigid observance.

PLAN.

The operations of this Institution will be conducted, as far as practicable, according to a REGULAR SYSTEM, (a *particular* description of which will be given at the Seminary.) Every science taught in it, will be unfolded by *Oral Lectures*. In these lectures, the principles of each respective science, will be *thoroughly* developed, and familiarly and *critically* explained, and followed up by an immediate, *practical application*, both by the lecturer and the pupil.

BRANCHES TAUGHT.

The *leading* object of this Institution is, to communicate to those who attend it, a THOROUGH, PRACTICAL knowledge of the *substantial branches of a good English education*—an object rarely accomplished in this day of *fashionable* learning.

PLAIN BRANCHES.

Among the foremost of these will be, ELOCUTION, (by which is here meant the *science of Reading*,) ENGLISH GRAMMAR, and RHETORICK, (including *extensive* exercises in verbal and general criticism,) GEOGRAPHY, VULGAR ARITHMETICK, and PENMANSHIP.

MATHEMATICKS and HISTORY will also be taught; and, occasionally, Lectures will be delivered on NATURAL and MORAL PHILOSOPHY, and some branches of CHYMISTRY.

S. Kirkham is now delivering to the pupils of the Seminary, a Course of Lectures on ANCIENT HISTORY.

ELOCUTION.—Text-Book, S. Kirkham's "ESSAY ON ELOCUTION."

To urge upon this community the importance of this science, would be considered, by many, like attempting to prove the correctness of the plainest, self-evident proposition; but when we reflect, that in our seminaries of learning, the study of elocution meets with greater neglect than any other of equal importance, and that the consequent ignorance of its principles, often betrayed by tutors and learned professors in the presence of their pupils, by students in their recitations and declamations, by publick speakers in the pulpit, at the bar, in publick assemblies, and in our legislative halls;—ignorance which, were it evinced by the same individuals, in any other equally important branch of learning, would inevitably expose them to the pity, if not to the contempt, of their auditory;—when we bring these facts into consideration, is it not clear, that every argument should be adduced, every honourable motive urged, and every passion addressed, which is calculated to awaken the attention of the young, and direct it to the momentous advantages resulting from the proper cultivation of this science? To say nothing of the arguments which might be drawn from the devotion of the ancients to this subject, there is one of sufficient weight nearer at hand, arising out of the mortification experien-

ced by every person of correct taste who is compelled frequently to listen to a *bad reader:* for, indeed, how few there are that can take up a book, and enunciate even an ordinary passage, without causing the words to blush at the indignity cast upon them, and the sentiments to tremble for their safety!

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—Text-Book, S. Kirkham's "ENGLISH GRAMMAR IN FAMILIAR LECTURES."

The plan pursued in teaching this science to the pupils of the day-school, is so similar to that adopted by the Principals in their evening Lectures, (as explained on a subsequent page,) that a particular description of it in this place is deemed unnecessary.—It is no less *critical* than simple, and no less *practical* than pleasing. The leading features of it consist in enabling the learner to *understand clearly* the nature, and design, and *use* of every principle as it is presented to him, and to commit every thing in theory to memory, by much repetition *in applying it to practice.* The facilities of this method of teaching English grammar, are such, and the practical results, so great, as entirely to transcend the belief of those who have not witnessed its effects. A *critical* examination into its utility and *substantiality,* is particularly invited; for it will stand the test of the *most rigid* scrutiny. Most pupils who study this science a *few months* in this Seminary, acquire a *thorough* knowledge of it.

GEOGRAPHY—with the use of Maps and Globes, is taught according to an *improved system.*

PENMANSHIP and the construction of MAPS are taught in a *superiour* style. In this Institution, most pupils learn to write an *elegant hand* in three or four months.

The LATIN and GREEK LANGUAGES are taught to such as desire it, in the most critical and effectual manner, by a gentleman altogether competent to the task.

The FRENCH LANGUAGE is also taught by a classical gentleman from Paris.

ORNAMENTAL BRANCHES.

Competent teachers will be employed to instruct those who may desire it, in PAINTING, DRAWING, and so forth. MUSICK is taught at the present time; but the Principals wish it to be distinctly understood, that no pupil will be permitted to pursue so many branches, *at any one time,* as to perplex and embarrass him, retard his improvement, or produce literary insanity: nor will they ever allow the more substantial, and practical, and useful branches of learning to give place to refined nonsense.

The wooden age of *beating* knowledge and obedience into the heads and hearts of children and youth by the exercise of the birch, the ferule, and the cudgel, has nearly gone by. A brighter day now dawns upon them. The temple of wisdom is unlocked. The fountains of science are opened up, and are sending forth their pure streams in broader and deeper channels than the eye of our forefathers ever rested upon. The walks of literature are now literally strown with flowers. The Principals of this Institution entertain strong confidence in their ability to introduce IMPROVEMENTS into the method of instruction which, in some degree, will correspond with the spirit and improvements of the age, and with the free and liberal institutions, and the growing prosperity and increasing demands, of our country.

"Time is money," even with the young. If, under a judicious and an enlightened course of instruction, youth can acquire a greater amount of useful information in *one* year, than they could in *four* years under a stupid course, (which fact, who that

is competent to judge, will presume to deny?) the advantages of the former over the latter, in a few years, are such as to annihilate all attempts at computation or comparison.

For the attainment of the important objects contemplated in the establishment of this Institution, the Principals apprehend that, without the countenance and co-operation of the parents and guardians of their pupils, their own highest efforts will prove unavailing. They, therefore, respectfully solicit the patrons of the School to look into its plans, to mark its progress, to watch over its operations, and to ascertain its merits and demerits, point out its defects, suggest improvements, and judge of its utility—*by paying it frequent visits.* By their often calling at the Seminary, and by their inquiring into the intellectual, moral, and corporeal treatment of their children, and by thus evincing to them the interest they take in their welfare—by thus convincing them that, "when sent to school," they are no longer doomed to a temporary and dreaded banishment from paternal solicitude and protection, in which their privations, their toils, their advancement, and their merits, are alike unnoticed and unknown—by the aid of such co-operation and support on the part of parents, the Principals hazard the belief, that the feeble talents they possess, when energetically exerted, in connexion with such as they will bring to their assistance, will be crowned with a high degree of success, and enable them to establish this Institution on the desirable and firm basis of *local*, if not *general*, *utility.* Under the auspices of such efficient auxiliary support, they feel confident that the acquirement and talent which will be brought into requisition in the prosecution of their design, may be so skilfully directed as to rear up in Baltimore a Temple of Learning that will long flourish, unsullied by impurity, uncontaminated by pedantry, and undisgraced by quackery;—a Hall of Science in which genius may germinate, blossom, and luxuriate under the fostering rays of a genial sun;—a School in which intellect will be distinguished from matter, the talents of youth properly appreciated and directed, honourable and delicate feeling cultivated, the social affections and the finer sympathies of our nature cherished, the reasoning powers elicited, brought into vigorous exercise, and be permitted to range freely through every useful track of thought;—a Literary and Scientifick Institution, in short, which will prove no discredit to those who conduct it, but a monument of lasting usefulness to all who come within the range of its influence.

☞ Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and visit the school *at any time*, but more especially on *Friday afternoon* of each week, at which time an *examination* of the classes will take place.

PUBLICK ADDRESSES will be delivered at the Seminary from time to time, and be duly announced in the daily journals.

N. B. A few more pupils from the country can be accommodated with BOARDING.

TERMS—TWELVE DOLLARS a quarter.

LECTURES

ON ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND GENERAL CRITICISM.

S. KIRKHAM & H. WINCHESTER

Are in the practice of giving Lectures to adult classes of Ladies and Gentlemen, on ENGLISH GRAMMAR and RHETORICK, (in the evening,) three evenings each week, from the first of October to the first of March.

These Lectures are founded upon the maxim, that—Theoretical knowledge is useful no farther than it can be applied to *practice.* Hence, they are addressed directly to the *understanding* of the learner; and involve a clear and simple process of reasoning upon the principles of grammar, by which their nature and character are developed and illustrated, and their utility, and beauty, and practical application, exhibited: and, thus, this important subject is divested of its mystery, freed from obscurity, rendered easy, inviting, interesting, and brought within the reach of the most common capacity. In short, the advantages of these instructions are such, that any one of common talents, who is totally unacquainted with grammar, will be able, by attending one term, and by a moderate exercise of his intellectual powers, to parse common language with the greatest facility and *accuracy*, and to correct errours in composition by the application of all the most important rules and notes of syntax. These lectures, therefore, assert strong claims upon the attention of those who wish to acquire a large amount of scientifick and practical knowledge in a *short* time, and at a *small* expense.

☞ About the middle of November next, S. Kirkham proposes to commence a course of Lectures on ELOCUTION.

MAY 5, 1834.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In an advertisement to the first edition of this work, the author announced to the publick, that, "in the course of ten or twelve months," he designed to publish "*another* work on the same subject, entitled

A SEQUEL
TO S. KIRKHAM'S 'ESSAY ON ELOCUTION.'"

Dr. Rush, in his "Philosophy of the Human Voice," boldly addresses *posterity*. This is manly; and I hazard little in prophesying that posterity will gladly give him a *hearing*. My pretensions reach not so far. To the present generation only, I present my claims. Should it lend me a listening ear, and grant me its suffrages, the height of my ambition will be attained. Though unwilling to be a mere *time-server*, yet I know not that I have any thing on which to rest my claims upon generations to come. In accordance with these views, I shall continue, for the present, to plod along in the humble path so early chosen, and endeavour to render another small service to the youth of my country, by presenting to the publick, as soon as practicable, (probably, in the course of eighteen months or two years,) the above-named "Sequel."

The object of the "Sequel" will be, to give an extensive development, and a more detailed, copious, and critical elucidation, of the science of Elocution, than the limited extent of this "Essay" would permit. It will contain extensive selections taken from the masterpieces of rhetorical and poetical composition, both ancient and modern. These selections will not only be thickly studded with the most precious gems which the brightest geniuses have been able to collect from the rich mines of literature and science, but they will likewise be accompanied by such remarks and directions in reference to the proper method of applying to them the principles of Elocution, as greatly to facilitate the acquisition of this elegant and useful branch of learning.

In order to enhance its value to the young American reader, it will contain copious extracts from those of our own elegant and classical writers, whose noble productions have already shed an unfading lustre, and stamped immortality, upon the literature of our country.

Its principal merits, however, (should it happen to *possess* any,) will rest, it is believed, on the *additional principles* and *illustrations* which it will present, on the science of Elocution—merits, it is hoped, sufficient to secure it a place as a first Class-Book in schools.

S. Kirkham is also preparing for the press, an improved system of

RHETORICK AND GENERAL CRITICISM.

This work is undertaken under the belief, that the science of Belles-lettres may be much better adapted to the common purposes of instruction, than it is in any treatise upon this subject extant.

It is the intention of S. Kirkham, likewise, (life and health permitting,) in the course of a few years, to publish a *new* edition of his

"ENGLISH GRAMMAR IN FAMILIAR LECTURES,"

containing *important improvements* on the present edition; and to follow up that improved edition, by the publication of *another*, and *a far more extensive and critical, work on the same subject*, designed for the higher classes in Academies and Colleges, and for the private study of individuals.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR,

IN FAMILIAR LECTURES, BY S. KIRKHAM.

This work is published by *McElrath, Bangs, & Co.* New-York, by *Marshall & Dean*, Rochester, N. Y., by *Morgan & Sanxay*, Cincinnati, Ohio, and by *Plaskitt & Co.* and the *Author*, Baltimore—and is sold by most of the booksellers in the Union.

To the thousands and tens of thousands who have become the warm advocates, and the firm supporters, of this system, and who have given it a decisive preference to any other on the same subject, and especially to the Author's personal friends in various parts of the Union, it may be gratifying to learn, that, within a few years, it has passed through more than SEVENTY EDITIONS. It is now studied by more than ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND children and youth; and is more extensively used than *all other English grammars published in the United States.* The simplicity and clearness of the illustrations given in the work, and its advantageous arrangement, have induced hundreds *successfully* to study it *privately*, or without any other aid than that presented in the book itself, and thousands to study it in schools, who could not endure the drudgery and tediousness of method imposed upon them by other systems.—This unexpected and unparalleled success of his work, the author cannot but look upon as a higher compliment to his talents than they merit, and a higher reward for his labours than they can justly claim.

THE following notices of this work, are selected almost *promiscuously* from among not much less than *one thousand* written recommendations which it has received. What chiefly tends to give them weight, is, that the most of them are the result of *convictions* drawn from observation and *practical experience in teaching this system.*

Extract.—Mr. Kirkham—Experience has convinced me, (having used your Grammar, and it only, for the last twelve or thirteen months,) that a pupil will learn more of the nature and principles of our language in *one quarter*, from your system, than in a *whole year*, from any other I had previously used—in twenty years' teaching. I do, therefore, most cheerfully and earnestly recommend it to the publick at large, and especially to those who, anxious to acquire a knowledge of our language, are destitute of the advantages of an instructer.

Yours, very respectfully, SAMUEL BLOOD.

Chambersburg Academy, Feb. 12, 1825.

Extract.—Mr. Berry—I introduced the first edition of Mr. Kirkham's Grammar into the Chambersburg Academy in 1824. * * * I have followed him up through the various editions, and have invariably found the *last* to excel any former one. * * * I have used this Grammar, and it only, for the last *six years*, and, without wishing to flatter, I do say, that the sixteenth edition is *cheap, very cheap*, at *a dollar*; and could I not obtain one for the use of my own children for a less sum, *ten dollars*, for one copy, would be considered no sacrifice.

Chambersburg, May 13, 1830. SAMUEL BLOOD.

Mr. Kirkham—I have carefully examined your Grammar in Lectures, and I consider it truly a desideratum, both to the pupil and the teacher. The nice discrimination, systematick arrangement, and simple, yet lucid, exposition throughout the whole, give it, in my opinion, a preference to any other I have seen.

I would recommend it to the *teacher*, as a *model of order* and *system*; to the *pupil*, as comprising instruction *adapted to his capacity*; and to the private gentleman, as a sure guide to a knowledge of the science through the means of his own exertion. I shall use it as my text-book. Yours, JAMES WILTBANK.

University of Penn., Philadelphia, Nov. 14, 1829.

I cheerfully concur in the foregoing recommendation by the Rev. Mr. Wiltbank.

Philadelphia, Nov. 18, 1829. JOHN SANDERSON.

Mr. Wiltbank has very clearly expressed my opinion of Mr. Kirkham's Grammar, which I intend to introduce into my school. EDWARD CLARKE.

Lancaster, Nov. 28, 1829.

I have no hesitation in subscribing to the opinion expressed by the Rev. Mr. Wiltbank, in the foregoing recommendation. CHARLES F. KLUGER,

Lancaster, Dec. 1, 1829. Pr. of the Moravian School.

Extract from the "Western Review."—Rev. T. Flint.

Among the improvements of this work, may be mentioned some additional rules and explanatory notes in syntax, the arrangement of the parts of speech, the mode of *explaining* them, manner of parsing, manner of explaining some of the pronouns, and the use of a synopsis which presents the essentials of the science at one view, and is well calculated to afford assistance to learners.

In his arrangement of the parts of speech, Mr. Kirkham seems to have endeavoured to follow *the order of nature*; and we are not able to see how he could have done better. The noun and verb, as being the most important parts of speech, are first explained, and after-

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 04980 8564
DO NOT REMOVE
OR